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MEMOIR OF THOMAS DUNLOP

WITH

OCCASIONAL PAPERS

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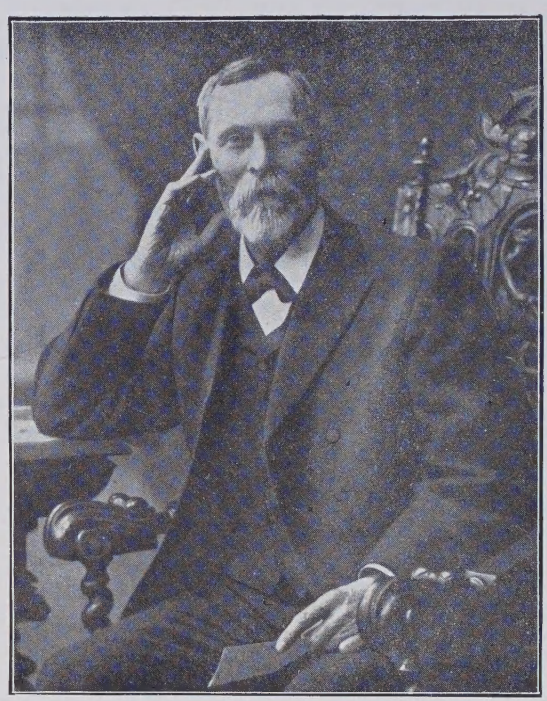

Yours sincerely

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Biog

MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS DUNLOP BOOTLE

WITH SOME OF HIS

OCCASIONAL PAPERS

J. E. H. THOMSON, D.D.

EDINBURGH
ANDREW ELLIOT
1919

"Deep peace enfolds him; yet about his rest
Throng memories of the life so strong and tender;
The life-long friend, the ever-welcome guest,
Of righteousness and truth the sure defender.
Dear visitant, who ever knew how best
In deepest sorrow, deepest love to render,—
Greeting! till in good time we cross the tide
That from dear band of friends so nearly doth divide."

S. E. J.

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PREFACE

As Mr. Dunlop left behind him a considerable number of very characteristic writings of the occasional class, it has been thought well that these should be collected together. They had been published either as tracts or as articles in the "Kilmarnock Standard," and so had passed through the Press under his own direction. Many of these, as will be seen, are avowedly autobiographic, others had an instructive light thrown on them by the circumstances in which they had been written. In the light of these things it seemed that the only way to supply an adequate setting was to give alongside of them a biography of the writer. Every man more or less owes most of the features of his character, in addition to those due to ancestry or upbringing, to the reaction of his spiritual nature on the successive circumstances through which he has passed. The greater is this reaction in proportion to the spiritual sensibility of the individual, and few had more of this than my friend Dunlop. This afforded an additional reason for dwelling on his life's history with

more of fulness than was possible in introducing the volume of sermons. In the present narrative it may seem that a disproportionate amount of space has been devoted to the earlier portions of Dunlop's life and ministry. For this several excuses may be put forward. It was, as with everyone, the most formative period, and further it was a period which in many of its features, in ecclesiastical matters, has passed away. There is the further excuse that while the present writer's knowledge, stage by stage, of Dunlop's life in Bootle was not so full as in regard to what had gone before, information regarding it has been supplied by one amply able to do justice to it.

Thanks are due to Mr. Henderson-Smith of the "Monthly Visitor," and the publishers of the "Kilmarnock Standard;" also to Mr. Thomas Smellie, F.S.A. (Scot.), for allowing his drawing of the birthplace to be reproduced from "Old Kilmarnock."

J. E. H. T.

BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS DUNLOP

(House at Top of Stair)

MEMOIR

CHAPTER I

FORBEARS AND EARLY LIFE

There is an old-fashioned two-storied house, standing at the corner of two streets in Kilmarnock, the one called Grange Street, the other Gas Brae from its proximity to the gas works ; it has an outside stair by which the upper storey is reached, the stone steps of which are now hollowed by the tread of the feet of many generations. In this upper storey on the 10th of May, 1839, was born Thomas Dunlop, the subject of the following memoir. He was the seventh of a family of eight sons. There is a superstition in Scotland, and perhaps elsewhere, that on the seventh son falls the mantle of the seer. To us who knew him, this idea found a justification in him of whom we wish to write, —few had so much of the seer's prophetic gift of seeing the real beneath the seeming,—still fewer are so well endowed with the power of translating his visions into the music of verse.

We have from his own pen, portraits of the heads of the household into which he was born. His father, James Dunlop, revealed many of the stern and solemn virtues of the Covenanters, tempered by his own sunny,

placid disposition. His son says of him in a letter to his friend, John Hume,—"He was a good man, the best of fathers, in his humble sphere a fine spirited gentleman." He gave a more elaborate portrait of his father in the Edinburgh "Monthly Visitor."

A FATHER'S MEMORY

My father was blind during the last seventeen years of his life,—a blind old man, but not a blind disciple. It was a dark world to him; but his heart was not dark. Jesus dwelt there. Doubtless he saw Jesus, and the Father's glory in the face of Jesus, all the clearer because other things were dark. It is the privilege of night to bring out the stars. My father's night brought heaven near to him. While the old man went his way through that long dark avenue of years, not a murmur passed his lips. He was patient in tribulation; calm, contented, peaceful to the last. He died in his eighty-seventh year. How old his piety was I cannot tell; I am not sure that he himself could tell. If piety be real, we need not be too curious about its age; and it may be ripe without being very old. The first thing I knew about my father was his piety: he was of middle age, and it was ripe then. From the first it was like the meat and drink on which my spirit subsisted. I feel as if it were at this moment in my bones.

His religion was not violent or obtrusive; it was more felt than seen; it made no noise. When it spoke,

it spoke in natural tones; and while it did not despise the ear, it had a special love for the heart and understanding. Under it we children came to know, in the quietest possible way, that God was good, and greatly to be feared because he was so good. The Saviour's name, His gentle life, His bitter cross, His bright resurrection, His heavenly glory, His all-availing intercessions; these and such like were in various ways wafting their sacred influence around us and into us every day. The old hearth is cold; but the old home will never be cold until it ceases to be remembered, and while heaven lasts, that time will be far distant. The following are some elements whereby, in the Bethel of my father's house, his Christian life was breathed into us.

1. *His blessing asked at meals.*—This was not long, but it was spoken with great solemnity; so much so that each simple meal had the air, if not the virtue, of a sacrament. He began, "O infinitely great and glorious, and highly exalted Jehovah;" bowing his head, and with his left hand held out and kept moving to the modulation of his voice, and this again as deep drawn as it could be, and all in a tremble, as if labouring with a larger soul in it than it could well hold. Thus, several times every day, we felt carried heavenward as on the wings of a great eagle. What an impression it gave us of God's mercy, in food and in forgiveness! For it was all asked, with pardon of sins, "for Jesus the Redeemer's sake." It must work for great evil on the minds of children when grace is

said gracelessly, as if meant to tell God and man that we are *not* thankful.

2. *His family worship*.—In home phrase, this was to "tak' the Book." The door was "snibbed," to prevent intrusion. Father and mother at opposite sides of the hearth, the children circling about their feet, the words, "Let us worship God" were spoken, and then we all felt that the place and the moments were not our own. It was God's house,—a beautiful commingling of His house and ours; for still it was our home, only lifted up, as it were, and set down for the time being at the feet of God. We were at the top of Jacob's ladder; the breath of heaven was about us; visions of angels passed and repassed before the inward eye while the psalm was being sung, the chapter read, the prayer offered up. What sincerity in the eye, what sobriety on the brow, what sacred awe at heart on these occasions!

Father's voice is best remembered in prayer,—mother's in the psalm singing. The most difficult family worship we ever had was at her dying bed, where we sang. or tried to sing, her favourite psalm, the 23rd, and her favourite tune, "Scarborough." Hard our struggling was to keep the melody from being broken, and to keep the heart itself from breaking. But we did get through; and when we were at the last verse,—

> "And in God's house for evermore,
> My dwelling place shall be,"—

she gently passed away. Most fitly, the chariot that carried her home was praise.

The psalm most often used by father in worship was the 40th,—

"I waited for the Lord my God;"

and I know that the idea thus imparted of waiting upon God has been a wonderful help to me numberless times. When God veiled His face and all seemed going wrong, I have said to my impatient soul, "*Wait a wee*," and this motto of my old home has never failed to render me angelic service,—my only regret is that it has been too seldom trusted.

3. *His family discipline.*—He ruled his house well. His discipline was of a godly kind. It was severe, without being in any way grim. His motive in it all was love; his aim, reverence and obedience. We owned him as God's vicar—God's prophet, priest, and king to us. His authority, usually mild, became stern when it was tampered with, and did not delay in judgment. Sometimes the stroke would come with astonishing swiftness, and make both ears tingle; but rarely if ever undeserved. To look back on the discipline, it seems grandly patriarchal. It was ever guarding us against ourselves, and doing it as tenderly as possible. Like the discipline of God, when it came with severity, it was only to shield us from something severer than itself.

Two things in the house, besides the Bible, seemed to show what my father's spirit was made of,—an old

broadsword, with basket hilt, that lay aside under the bed; and the *tawse*, hanging conveniently at the fireside. Types of religion, freedom, and headship of a family,—the Bible, the broadsword, and lastly the "tawse," with its half a decalogue of fingers,—fine old consecrated weapon both of law and gospel! There is nothing due but thankfulness for what one suffered under that "old economy."

4. *His Sabbath-keeping.*—It was not sombre; but sober. The realities of the other world seemed to descend upon us. The quiet of the house was great. We walked softly; we talked softly. Weekday things were laid aside. Our food and clothing were changed. We had our best to put on, and our best to eat. It was a fast day, in one sense; a feast day, in a better sense. If all was not felt to be at its best, we children understood well enough that the fault was ours. It was what *ought* to be best. We understood that our books, our tasks, our behaviour, our demeanour, were to be such as became the children of a King. For the time being, we were heaven's own.

Well do I remember how mother, with her "specs" on, and with an exquisite play of grace and humour about her mouth, used to scan the page we were reading to see if there were any good words on it. She had a quaint way of chanting while reading the old psalms, whereby those Sabbath evenings were made very musical; and as there was more melody in her heart than her voice could hold, it came out also in the swaying of her body to and fro, and in the motion of

her foot beating time upon the floor. Not more pathos in this than there was of patriarchal dignity in father's catechising, whereby impressions, noble and eternal, were given us of "man's chief end,"—"to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever." No doubt, our Sabbath-keeping was strictly ordered; but the power of God was in it unto salvation, and it seems inexpressibly beautiful and sweet to look back upon.

3. *His churchgoing.*—Our family pew was as familiar to us as our family board. My father's heart was in the sanctuary. We loved it for his sake, and he taught us to love it for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. We were always there, in one compact group. It was the lifting up of our house bodily into the house of God, which we felt to be both bigger and better than our own. Thus our sympathies were widened. We were but part of a larger family; and our home was but one of "many mansions" in the great Father's house. Though in very humble circumstances, father never entered church without a cheerful offering. His gift was always a sacrifice; and in this we all took part. No one, from the oldest to the youngest, was ever allowed to go empty-handed. By the example of the Redeemer's cross, and the faithfulness of God, we were taught to be magnanimous in our small way, and in small things.

5. *His righteousness.*—This was of the law in its strength, but from the Gospel in its origin. The love of Jesus kept him right. A poor, helpless sinner, Jesus pitied him: Jesus died for him; the blood of Jesus

washed him from his sin; the merit of Jesus was his only plea; the intercessions of Jesus, his hope and confidence. His desire, therefore, ever was that the Redeemer's righteousness, in which he trusted, might be fulfilled in him. To a large extent it was. His only pride was to be free from stain. To do a mean thing was to trample on the Saviour's blood. I well remember with what serene satisfaction and pious punctuality he would go to the landlord, on the very day, with his half-yearly house rent. Faithfulness was the girdle of his reins. He learned all this sitting humbly at the feet of Jesus, breathing the incense of the cross.

7. *His end*—was peace. His last words were, "The day is far spent, the night is at hand; He will abide with me." Shortly after, the daybreak of heaven dawned on those poor blind eyes. "My father, my father! the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me!"

God of our Fathers! mercifully yield us
Thy love to cheer, and Thy strong hand to shield us
From day to day!
Give us Thy truth, which they so well defended;
Give us Thy peace, wherein, when warfare ended,
They passed away.

Give to our mirth the twilight of their sadness;
Give to our drooping grief their dewy gladness,
From day to day!
Do more than lead us in their paths of duty,—
Fain would we be, embalmed in Thine own beauty,
More bright than they!

Our Fathers' God! Are these their voices calling
At break of morn, or when soft eve is falling,
From day to day?
Thro' the all-silent air these voices quiver:
"Children, we come, and come more near than ever,
To guide your way!"

Our Fathers! yes, they still are round about us,
Between our hearts and this hard world without us,
From day to day!
Our Fathers' cross—we shall as bravely bear it;
Nor shall their crown, when we in glory wear it,
Lose one bright ray!

The mother, with a piety as real, exercised a modifying influence on the family. In her there was a poetic element, a love of beauty and a vein of humour. We have in a few lines a sketch of her in a "Foreword" which Dunlop wrote, prefaced to a Memorial of his brother, the editor of "The Kilmarnock Standard." "Humour made up not nine but ten-tenths of her mental constitution, and the sparkling thing followed her, like a benignant angel, to her grave. She was the minstrel of the family. It was her daily ecstacy to sing or be sung to; and at last her spirit was wafted upwards on the psalm-singing of her sons, when she was too deep in the valley to do it for herself. She had the literary instinct; in a moment she knew a good thing when it came her way." Every one of his many friends would recognise in the Rev. Thomas Dunlop the union of the two strains, a piety solemn, serious, and at times almost severe, tempered by a sympathetic tenderness,

and at the same time an overflowing, kindly humour. Another personality has to be considered in regard to Dunlop's childhood, his paternal grandmother, whom he commemorated in his poem, " Five Generations."

> " Auld grannie, knitting in her big armchair ;
> Sedate, as tho' she always had been there ;
> All for the Queen, Established Church and State ;
> Facile in speech, unvanquished in debate ;
> Waiting, erect and calm, as on a throne,
> To meet all comers, and to hold her own !"

This grandmother recognised in her grandson special gifts which she wished him to develop, especially drawing. A picture is presented to us of the stern old dame, standing over Tom with a stick, to get him to persevere. His fellow-students, whom his impromptu illustrations of professorial lectures so enlivened, had reason, had they known, to bless the ancient grandmother.

If there is anything in the effect on character in the place of one's birth and childhood of the power of the *genius loci*, to mould disposition, it may be noted that in the County of Ayr there may be seen the same double strains. Ayrshire was one of the great strongholds of the Covenanters : in Ayrshire was Drumclog fought ; in Ayrshire, Richard Cameron, sternest of Covenanters, had his most devoted followers, and in Airs Moss, in Ayrshire, he died. On the other hand, Ayrshire was the county of Burns, with his soul of boundless fun and humour. No one can read the volume of poems Dunlop published, " John Tamson's Bairns," without

recognising his kinship to the greatest of all Ayrshiremen, nor his tracts and sermons, without feeling that the preacher was of the race of Howie of Lochgoin, and the men of the Covenant.

Dunlop's parents, like those of Burns', were in plain circumstances, and like the household of which the poet was a member, that of Dunlop's was a consecrated one. Indeed, he seems to have seen in his own father, one that might have been the "Father" in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," as may be seen by the echo of that poem in the verse about his father in the "Five Generations," who,—

> "daily at the fireside, swept and snod,
> Opened the Book with, 'Let us worship God.'"

We would subjoin a description of James Dunlop and an estimate of him from the pen of a companion of Tom's boyhood—Mr. Roxburgh, of Liverpool—"I recollect Mr. Dunlop's father very well. He was rather spare in appearance, square in figure, moderate in height, not so tall as his son Thomas. To my mind he was a deep thinker and very intellectual."

Besides the fact that Burns had a connection with Dunlop's native town, so intimate, that it was in Kilmarnock that he published his poems first, there were other links between him and the inspired ploughman. He tells us in a paragraph supplied to the "Standard" —"My great grandfather occupied a farm adjoining Lochlea, when Burns' father lived there, and as it chanced that the march-dyke between the farms

required to be repaired or rebuilt, the owner of the soil, according to custom, supplied the material, and the work was done in equal parts by the tenants of the farms. For this work two sons were drafted respectively from the two farms, one to do the carting and the other to do the building on either side. In this way my grandfather and his brother came to be co-workers with Gilbert and Robert Burns; the latter acting as carter for Lochlea, and tradition says he proved a very poor hand at the business. My grandfather has been heard to say that Robin never could be got to set his mind to do his work; while sitting at the front of the cart would too often let the beast go where it pleased; he meantime confusing his head 'ower little bits o' pamphlets,' until some kindly overthrow into the neighbouring dykesheugh brought him to his senses again." It was a case of Pegasus in a dung cart!

Another incident which he has immortalised in a poem throws light upon his character. A little boy, he is sent out on an errand by his mother, and on the way he sees in the wet and darkening dusk a woman barefoot and in rags, singing in the streets. Child as he was, he realised her misery, her degradation, and his heart was filled with profound pity for her. Young enough to be a mother's help, but old enough to have a Christ-like sympathy for the poor degraded waif.

IN KING STREET, KILMARNOCK

Indelible and well-defined
The impress on a child's fresh mind:
'Tis more than fifty years ago,
Struck by a spectacle of woe,
I felt a sympathetic thrill
Run thro' me,—and I feel it still.

The night's dark wings were drooping down
In rain upon my native town:
With dripping rags and naked feet
A woman slowly paced the street,
Singing the while some plaintive ditty,—
It might have moved the stones to pity.

The eager crowds went heedless by
Nor cast one look, so did not I:
My heart-strings held me to the spot;
I felt the misery of her lot;
The desolation and the pain
Swept like a tempest thro' my brain.

Bent was I on some charge or other;
On some child-errand for my mother;
And homeward when at length I turned,
A strange fire in my bosom burned,—
No tidal-tumult of the town,
Nor oceans of the world could drown.

I was too sad to shed a tear;
A mystery of solemn fear
Possess'd me, pierced me thro' and thro';
It throbb'd in every breath I drew;
It mounted on the rain-soak'd air
Like incense of unspoken prayer.

The wretched vagrant never knew
The good she was ordained to do:
God's alphabet to my young eyes,
She taught me how to sympathise:
Bearing in that most piteous line
Her own sins, she was bearing mine.

Blessing be hers, where'er she be!
A blessedness she was to me,
And to a thousand thousand more,
Rich by the agony she bore
In life's unutterable loss,—
Companion of the Saviour's cross!

Since the days of Knox, education has been all-important in Scottish homes. That the household of James Dunlop shared in this is evidenced by the fact that one son became a doctor, two became ministers, and one a journalist. James Dunlop might not be able to claim much book learning, but he must have encouraged the love of learning in his family. We have already quoted Mr. Roxburgh's words that he regarded Mr. James Dunlop as "very intellectual." There was a habit among the Seceders of holding "Diets of Examination," in which the highest themes in theology emerged. Sometimes these weaver and shoemaker theologians delighted to nonplus the young minister who was presiding. One young minister being warned that among those to be examined was one noted for his theological learning, determined to overwhelm him with technicalities, and carefully got up the doctrine of the two natures in the person of our Lord, and intended to be specially strong on the

hypostatical union, the technical term for this union. He began with this worthy—"Well, John, how many natures has our Lord?" "He has twa natures, sir, a divine nature and a human nature, and these two are mysteriously conjoined in what Divines call the hypostatical union." Of course the clergyman had to pass on. These Diets of Examination were superseded by the weekly prayer meeting. It was to this stock that James Dunlop belonged, and such exercises tended to sharpen the intellects of those who took part in them.

One of the characteristics Dunlop mentions of his father is the way he enforced regular attendance by all his family in the church. In addition, he caused them to attend the Sunday School—a mode of promoting religious instruction among the young early favoured by the Seceders. Mr. Roxburgh tells of how he and the two younger Dunlops used to walk home so far together from the Sunday School. Mr. Roxburgh speaks of Tom as being somewhat shy and silent, but always giving eager attention to what the others were talking about.

There was no room for idleness in the household of James Dunlop, so, after the rudiments of education were got in Langlands Street school, Tom was apprenticed somewhat tentatively to a printer. Meantime, like so many lads who have to work for their livelihood, but yet do not feel their education sufficient, he attended evening classes in a school taught by Mr. Gunnyon. There he carried on his English education, and gained the rudiments of Latin, and possibly Mathematics.

About this time his elder brother, Dr. John Dunlop, now a medical practitioner in Glasgow, thought it would be a pity if his young brother were nothing but a printer; he saw there was more in him than in most. He asked him if he would not like to go to College. His answer was that he would like, but did not see how it could be accomplished. The difficulty of expense was overcome by the help of his brothers. The first step in preparation was to attend evening classes in the Kilmarnock Academy, and thus get enough Latin, Greek, and Mathematics to join the classes in Glasgow College. Much Greek was not needed in those days, as in the Junior Greek the alphabet was taught. Equally rudimentary was the knowledge of Mathematics required. Still, these rudiments of Greek and Mathematics had to be gained beforehand, so that what was got in the first week in the College classrooms was merely revisal. As in all parish schools Latin was taught at least in a way, the junior class in that language was not quite so rudimentary. Now, of course, with a strict and somewhat severe entrance examination, all this is changed.

At one of the schools Tom attended in early youth, he heard a blunder made by a master which remained in his memory through life. On a public occasion the national motto was quoted—"Nemo me impune lacessit," which the master pompously translated—"Evil be to him that evil thinketh!" Tom felt shame for the man in being guilty of such a blunder. It seems to us a characteristic of the future man coming out in

the boy, that he should thus have a vicarious shame for the blunderer so strongly developed, as to stand out in memory for more than half a century.

We should have liked to speak at large of the brothers:—John, the wise, kindly doctor; James, the keen defender of orthodoxy, but his seeming fierceness full of the milk of human kindness, as those who were guests at Kilmaronock Manse can testify; George, the journalist, with his delicate taste and fine literary faculty; but time would fail; moreover, the likenesses of the last two have been portrayed by the subject of the present sketch himself. They, too, elder brothers and younger, helped to mould his character. With this brief reference to them, we end Dunlop's early life.

CHAPTER II

UNIVERSITY STUDIES

In one of the illustrations of a French translation of Sir Walter Scott's " Rob Roy," the duel between the cousins is represented as taking place on the banks of the Kelvin, within the grounds of the present stately University buildings. The French artist who had been sent to Glasgow to give local accuracy to the illustrative drawings, had evidently been better skilled in draughtmanship than in the tongue of these islands, and accepted the present University buildings as those which had always housed it. This mistake may be made still by visitors to Glasgow, and even by residents whose knowledge of the city dates since 1870.

When Dunlop contemplated continuing his education in the University, Glasgow as much the nearest of the four Scottish seats of learning was that in his mind and that of his brother ; but the University, as we have just indicated, was very differently housed then than now. Till near the end of the 19th century the classes of the Faculties belonging to Arts, Divinity, Medicine, and Law, which made up the University of Glasgow, met in a low-browed building in the High

Street, that seemed to frown on the dismal poverty and vice which surrounded it. In 1856, when Dunlop became a student, or to use the mediæval word, an *alumnus* of Glasgow University, there were still many remains of a yet older Glasgow which have disappeared before the efforts of city improvements, trusts, and other modernising agencies. Up the Rotten Row—a street that vied with High Street in squalor, although its name suggests Hyde Park and the highest fashion—there rose behind the front buildings the fragment of a tall gable which, tradition said, was all that remained of the Rectory or Pedagogy, that in pre-Reformation days represented the later University. It has long since been swept away with the noisome piles which surrounded it. Not far off stands the stately Cathedral, and then near it still stood the thatched cottage that was identified with that in which Darnley lay sick, and from which Queen Mary wiled him to Kirk-o'-Field, and his death.

Though in the centre of the most active and modern city in Scotland, the University had in its customs and the rights it assumed, a great deal that it retained from the days of its founder, Pope Nicholas V. Although it was surrounded by the city of Glasgow, theoretically it was not under the authority of the city police or magistracy. Even in the pursuit of an evildoer the constables might not enter unless at the permission of the Senate of the University.

The student who, in November, 1856, passed in by the vaulted doorway of Glasgow College, found himself

in a narrow court, to the right side of which was a stately stairway, with a Unicorn and a Lion at the first landing stage, guarding the way to the rooms in which the Senate met. On the side of the court, next the street, and just within the gate, was the fragment of a cloister. In this court were the Divinity class-rooms. Opposite the entrance was a tower of Jacobean architecture, and in a niche about halfway up its height was the bust of the Rev. Zacchary Boyd, whose legacy built the tower and the building that formed the eastern side of the first court. He left a volume of verse which he required the University to publish. The University, by one excuse and another, evaded the fulfilment of this condition of printing a thousand copies of his verses in folio form. It was more to his reputation that they did so. It was a paraphrase of Scripture which he had perpetrated, in which he succeeded with his wooden verse in making the sublimities of Scripture appear ridiculous. These verses were not by any means so bad as the caricature verses which tradition attributed to him.

Occupying a portion of the lower storey of this tower was a gateway which led into the second court. As the first court was devoted to the Faculty of Divinity, this had round it the classrooms of the other three Faculties. The buildings closing in the east side of the court were erected in the first decade of last century, and shewed in the architecture the influence of the ruling "Adam's" style. In it was the Common Hall, also used as class-room for Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Chemistry,

Medicine, Anatomy, and Law. Beyond this was a third Court, the side of which was somewhat imperfectly closed up by the Library; on the north side was the gable of one of the Professor's houses, while opposite to the Common Hall stood the Hunterian Museum, a domed building, the exact proportions of which gave one an impression of severe elegance sorely wanting in most modern structures. The architect was William Stark, with whom, according to Sir Walter Scott, died more genius "than was left behind in all the collected universality of Scottish architects." We are the more particular in our description as those who remember the old structure are few, and daily becoming fewer. One specially regrets the Museum buildings, which are entirely swept away, and the collection housed in the Gothic halls on Gilmore Hill. Behind the Museum lay the College Green, a long stretch of grass, with a row or two of unhealthy looking trees. Here was the place where Sir Walter placed the duel that the French artist had in his illustration carried west to Gilmore Hill: rarely was it traversed by the students, except in the neighbourhood of the Museum. It was most frequented when the Volunteer movement of the early sixties made its spaces useful for drilling.

In speaking of Glasgow University, we must not omit to refer to the students' gown. It was an inheritance from Bologna, the statutes of which University were the model on which those of Glasgow were drawn up. The colour was the most brilliant scarlet. Many wise students, not only from motives of economy, but

to render less apparent the fact that they were novices, purchased second-hand gowns. Others resorted to various devices to deprive their gowns of the obnoxious newness. When the students got into any rows in the city their presence was cryingly evident by the scarlet gown.

Another aspect of Glasgow student life would be shewn to Dunlop when he entered the University. He could not be many weeks an *alumnus* of the University till he would find himself in the thick of a Rectorial Election. The students had the right to choose the titular head to the University, the Lord Rector. The contest usually ran on political lines. Some of the greatest names in party politics were willing to be put forward as candidates—Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, John Bright, sufficiently shew this. Literature was also represented, though generally, even there, the political element entered in. Macaulay the historian, Jeffrey the critic, and Campbell the poet were Lords Rector, and Sir Walter Scott was at least a candidate. The successful candidate in 1856 was Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the novelist.

The mode in which the students voted was peculiar, involving, like so much else in Glasgow, mediæval elements. As in all the prominent Continental Universities, Bologna, Paris, and Prague may be brought as examples. The students were divided into four "Nations." These were distinguished by names referring to the birthplaces of the students. Those born in Clydesdale belonged

to the *Natio Glottiana*. Those born in northern counties—Stirlingshire, Perthshire, etc.—were called *Natio Transforthana*, formerly it was named *Natio Albania*. Those who hailed from the west of Scotland, from Ireland, from Canada or the United States, were the *Natio Rotheseiana;* while those from the east formed the *Natio Londoniana*. Of course the *Natio Glottiana* was by far the most numerous. The Lord Rector was elected by the majority of " Nations." As the candidate elected might easily have, and frequently had the minority of voters in his favour, there was very frequently a tie, two " Nations " on the one side and two on the other. Formerly the retiring Rector had the casting vote, but a change was introduced by which the Chancellors of the University had that privilege. However, there was no need for the casting vote as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was elected by a majority of all the " Nations."

Such were the University buildings and their surroundings when Thomas Dunlop became a student. The first duty of the student was to matriculate, which in those days was done in the Library, and involved the payment of a pound, which went to the Library, and a deposit of another pound to protect the Library from the misuse of the books and careless students or dishonest ones. Nathaniel Jones, the librarian, was a Cockney, who demanded, when one asked for a book, " Where does it lay ?" Tradition says that an impudent student had informed him that it was not a hen he asked for, but a book !

Having matriculated in the Library, he would then proceed to Professor Ramsay's house in the College Square, and pay his fee to him as Professor of Humanity, as the teacher of Latin was then designated in Glasgow. That was the way in those days. Now there is no intercourse between teacher and taught in the matter of giving and receiving. Next to be visited was Professor Law Lushington, Professor of Greek, brother-in-law to the Laureate, the poet Tennyson. The first of these was a ruddy-faced little man, with a resounding cough, that was apt to come down like a bludgeon on any poor student who was staggering through a complex sentence of Cicero, or rounded off the criticism of a defective exercise like the bursting of a bomb ! About Lushington there was a severe aloofness,—this was due, so it was said, to an invincible shyness. He wore his hair long, and it hung over his forehead a shaggy mass, narrowly missing his left eye.

Ramsay had published a book on Roman Antiquities as part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, that is still esteemed as a class book. It is specially valuable as explaining the mysterious agrarian laws that continually confuse the student of Roman history. Professor Ramsay had been at one time seriously ill with some lung trouble, which left him with that cough of which he made such good use. After that he was unable to take the whole duty of the class, and always had an assistant. As both Juniors and Seniors met twice each day, and the first hour of the Juniors was from eight to nine, it was not to be wondered at that

the Professor of Humanity needed assistance. The assistant in those days was named Taylor, a big purple-faced man who was liable to be late for the early class, so much so that on one occasion, amid a riotous performance of impatient students, a voice shouted—"I move that the janitor lock the door, and Mr. Taylor bring an apology to-morrow!" At the second hour of his Senior Class Ramsay read some Latin author, explaining the difficulties, and illuminating it with references to Roman history and habits.

To hear him translate Plautus was a lesson not only in Latin but in English bargee vituperation. Lushington, again, was cold and exact; in his lips even Aristophanes became gentlemanly. His elucidations of the text, especially when philological points were involved, were often very striking. The awe with which he inspired his rather uncouth pupils was wonderful. Once in the confused melee of a snow battle, an errant snowball hit Lushington; as if by magic the battle ceased, an awed silence fell on the combatants as if they looked for the heavens to fall!

Dunlop, however, was only one year a student in Glasgow University. The mediævalism of Glasgow University had no attraction for our friend; in fact, its grimness was repellant, as one may judge from what he says of it in his memoir of his friend, Rev. Hugh Barr. He speaks of Barr, "standing apart, thoughtful and pensive. Think of the drizzle of those dull November days, that smoke-pall of Glasgow's morning, and the College Courts of awful gloominess, hemmed in

by hearse-like edifices and crape-coloured walls." To one to whom the old Glasgow College presented this aspect, sentimental regrets would not be present on severing old ties with her.

Although his brothers were willing to assist him, he felt the duty of self-help. In this necessity to support himself while he was studying, he was only in the same circumstances as most of the Scottish students. Naturally the means of self-support at once most congenial to the student and most attainable was teaching. Although the population of Glasgow is more than twice that of Edinburgh, education does not bulk so largely among its industries. On the one hand, from the fact that the Law Courts are in Edinburgh, the professional classes gravitate there when they retire from active work, and they always demand for their children education in a higher sense than do ordinary citizens. Then in Edinburgh there are numerous educational foundations which employ quite an army of teachers. There was, consequently, more demand for teachers there than in Glasgow. For this larger opportunity for teaching, among other reasons, Dunlop migrated to Edinburgh and joined the University there for the second year of his curriculum. Philosophy was the branch of study which came now in course, and in that Faculty there was nothing very inspiring in Glasgow. Professor Buchanan, who occupied the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics (really Psychology), read the same lectures in the late fifties that he had read in the early thirties. Everything was fixed and settled. Kant or

Hegel were never referred to, even Descartes was not much noticed. In the Moral Philosophy Class matters were even worse, for Professor Fleming was essentially puzzle-headed. Certainly Edinburgh had lost her two great glories, Christopher North (Professor John Wilson) and Sir William Hamilton, the greatest philosopher of the day. Their successors had a reputation which was increased by the partisanship engendered by ecclesiastical controversy ; moreover, the glamour of Hamilton was still about the classrooms.

The " Ten Years' Conflict," as the non-intrusion controversy was called, which resulted in the Disruption and the secession from the Scotch Established Church of the Free Church in 1843, had effects long after that event. The two philosophical professors in the University had made themselves very prominent as adversaries of the right of the people to choose their own ministers. When the Free Church set up their Theological College in Edinburgh, they determined that their students should not be obliged to attend the lectures of Hamilton or Wilson, or be exposed to their contaminating influence. Consequently, in addition to the Chairs necessary for the teaching of Theology, there were set up in New College the Chairs of Ethics, and Logic, and Psychology ; and Professor MacDougal was appointed to the one and Professor Fraser to the other. The patronage of the Chairs in Edinburgh University was vested in the Town Council of the city. The Reform Bill of 1832 had swept away all restrictive privileges, and it had become an eminently popular

body. They were animated by popular sentiments and preferences, so they appointed Professor MacDougal to Wilson's Chair—the first that fell vacant—and Professor Fraser to that of Hamilton, which had been rendered vacant by Hamilton's death in 1856. To the latter appointment there was considerable opposition, but in the canvass the talents of the Free Church candidate were exalted by all Liberals. He was an ardent follower of Bishop Berkeley, and in Logic was prepared on the one hand to consider the novelties introduced by Hamilton, and on the other to examine the bearing the mediæval questions of Nominalism and Realism had on modern Logical speculation.

In many ways, Edinburgh as a city was a contrast to Glasgow: the stir and bustle of the latter stood in marked antithesis to the quietness and dignity of the former. Age was the note of the one. The houses in the older portion of the city all point to a historic past.

> "The shields above the doors of peers
> Are old as Mary Stuart's tears."

Glasgow, again, is intensely modern, ready to sweep away all that is old for utilitarian advantage. But in regard to the Universities all this is reversed. In Glasgow University everything is mediæval, whereas in Edinburgh history begins with the Reformation and the reign of James VI. The students had no academical garb, had no voting for a Rector, no division into "Nations." So far from being able to claim an authority co-ordinate with that of the

Corporation, and independent of it, the University was completely under the superintendence of the Corporation—the Lord Provost being the Rector. As one Professor said to me—" Edinburgh University is very much a bigger Mechanics' Institute." The building in which the Edinburgh University was then housed, and still is to a certain extent, represented visually the contrast between their constitutions. While Glasgow College, alike in appearance and arrangement, suggested mediævalism, that of Edinburgh, erected from the designs of the brothers Adam in 1789, suggests modernity alike in its classic ornaments and the commodious way in which the classrooms are arranged.

When Dunlop came to Edinburgh he enrolled himself a student in Fraser's class for Logic and Metaphysics, and in Kelland's for Mathematics. The latter opposed the tendency to reduce to algebraic formulæ the problems involved in Conic Sections and Trigonometry, and maintained the Geometric character of these branches of Mathematical science. It was in Philosophy that Dunlop excelled, and took honours in both Fraser's and MacDougall's classes. Mathematics was less to his taste. In Philosophy to the end he manifested a lively interest. To shew how he kept himself abreast of the most recent philosophic speculation, the present writer latterly enjoyed a lengthened exposition by him of the abstruse doctrines of Bergson. In MacDougall's class a prize was offered for a poem. Two compositions stood out above the others, Dunlop's and another: the poems were submitted to Professor Aytoun, who

adjudged them equal, but added that Dunlop's was almost worthy of publication; this from so finical a master of style in regard to the work of a student was very high praise.

Our friend proceeded in due course through the classes of the curriculum necessary for entrance into the Divinity Hall. Dr. James Forbes, of glacier fame, was Professor of Natural Philosophy when he entered the Edinburgh University, but before he reached in his curriculum the study of Natural Philosophy, Forbes had become Principal of St. Andrews in succession to Sir David Brewster, and his place in Edinburgh was occupied by Professor Tait. Professor Aytoun, however, influenced him more, although he was suffering from ill-health when Dunlop attended his classes. To the last he spoke with appreciation of the way in which Aytoun read Shakespeare; without any apparent effort of marked emphasis he gave his audience to see what Shakespeare meant to depict. It spoiled Dunlop for witnessing theatrical representations of these plays—the glaring, paltry scenery,—the unequal talent of the actors,—instead of assisting the comprehension of the drama, hindered it. He did not proceed on to a degree; very few students did so in those days. The fees were a consideration to most of our students, and the degree itself was very little esteemed.

In those days when teaching was not yet the highly specialized profession it has since become, in which one has no hope of being able to earn a livelihood unless he has numerous degrees and certificates, one might get

employment in that profession to support himself, while preparing for something else. Dunlop easily found employment in teaching. He was one apt to teach, and throughout his student course he never had any difficulty. He was mainly employed in teaching in schools, though he had some private pupils also.

When he came to Edinburgh, Dunlop had by his brother's advice joined Dr. Finlayson's church in Rose Street. James Dunlop thought that Dr. Finlayson might be of use to Tom in his search for teaching. Latterly he regularly attended the ministry of Dr. Peter Davidson. His congregation had removed from Stockbridge, and met in Queen Street Hall. This building had been purchased by the United Presbyterian Church for the meetings of their Synod, and also for the training of the candidates for the ministry of their church. For the meeting of the Synod it was needed only for a fortnight in May, and that during week days, and was let for Sundays to Dr. Davidson's congregation. The pastor was a man of mark. He published two books —one, "Opinions of Jesus Christ," which is not without its value still. Another, "The Pentateuch Vindicated," as it was directed against the forgotten attacks of Bishop Colenso, is not of so much count. Dunlop joined in the work of the congregation, and in consequence made many friends—above all, he made the friendship of John Hume, with whom he corresponded regularly till Hume's death in 1911. Fortunately Hume preserved the great mass of those letters. They are illuminative, throwing a light on the character of both

correspondents. At his funeral his friend pronounced an affectionate *eloge* at the grave, and afterwards wrote a fuller sketch.

JOHN HUME:

A COMMONPLACE CHRIST-LIKE MAN

"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."—John i. 47.

Had Jesus died when He was thirty years of age, it is not likely anyone would have written about Him. Up till then, excepting the incidents of His birth and boyhood, His life was uneventful, and hence left unrecorded. The strange and striking features of His mature life came afterwards, and have been duly noted, with so much simplicity and charm, in the Four Gospels.

And yet, who would presume to say that the thirty years' life of Jesus, lived in commonplace circumstances, was less valuable in itself than what came afterwards? It must have shone in the Heavenly Father's eyes with a beauty which none on earth could see. It must have had in it the original of that redemption-life which we hope to arrive at, through the virtue of His great sacrifice. No toil, no drudgery, not the grimiest conceivable, could soil the commonplace life of Jesus: it was so inwardly pure: it was too retiring, too humble, too unsensational to attract notice; and yet it was the most precious jewel which the world contained,—ever did contain, or ever shall!

Now notice this, that Jesus Himself amidst the splendours of His public ministry, amidst His mighty working therein, seems always to have put the highest value on the mere commonplaceness of a godly life. The exceptional startling things might gain the applause of the crowd; but it was the lowly, modest, unobtrusive little things of divine charity that pleased *Him* most: the cup of cold water; the warm sympathy which a kind word conveyed; the obscure widow's obscure offering; the act of the Good Samaritan, done at the lonely roadside, without thought of recognition or reward. Then also, the apostles Jesus chose were just a sample, as though taken at random, from the common people; they were commonplace men, engaged in the ordinary routine duties of their various occupations; and they never ceased to be the plain, simple-hearted men they undoubtedly were when Jesus selected them.

The present writer feels quite sure that John Hume would have been one of the chosen, had he lived at the time, and had he happened to come in the Good Master's way. He was just the type of man to draw the attention of Jesus, and to be chosen for special service as the apostles were, or as Lazarus and the two sisters, Martha and Mary, were chosen for service of another and more domestic kind. It will be evident that when I speak of John Hume as a commonplace Christian, it is not meant for disparagement but for distinction. His Christian life and character were too consistent, too evenly and altogether good, to make display of

any kind, or attract notice from anybody; just as the Carpenter of Nazareth, as apprentice and tradesman, concealed Himself, as it were, behind the commonplaceness of His life, lived in entire integrity and unobtrusiveness.

It is not all loss when we think of our departed friend. Doubtless he is, more than ever, a comfort to us to-day (day of the funeral), reminding us of the words of Jesus, "*I go away; I come again; if I go not away, the Comforter will not come.*" There is something about John Hume clearer, softer, sweeter to-day than ever was before. The truth is, he is more like himself, in our readjusted vision. To anyone who really knew him, he is seemingly farther away; but shines like a new star in the firmament. It is not easy for me to speak of my dear friend except in terms that may seem extravagant. But perhaps I, more than anyone else, may have the liberty and the privilege to do so. It is about fifty years since my acquaintance with our friend began; and it never ceased, nor ever met with the faintest shadow of interruption. Acquaintanceship with such as he meant friendship; and as it lengthened, it deepened; and so deepened as to lose self-consciousness altogether. That we were friends never, I believe, crossed the mind of either of us, so absolutely unquestionable the thing was. We were just what we were; and the mutual relation, in unity and restfulness, was too simple, too elemental, like the daylight, to need or admit of explanation, or even recognition. And now, when I speak of him as

my friend, it is with something of a wrench, and a sore feeling as if some gap of separation had occurred.

For well-nigh fifty years John Hume was secretarial agent for the "Scottish Monthly Visitor" tracts; and I can imagine that he would be doing the best work he ever did for the Society were he to appear amongst the Biographical Subjects. Never could the Gospel, in its essential points, be better served by any tract ever issued than it is by this notice of a plain man, who followed the Master in a plain way, quite consistently, through his long, sequestered, and yet not inconspicuous life.

He could not speak of any conversion, sudden, or otherwise; but grew up steadily in the knowledge of the Saviour, and with a sense of need for Him which ever deepened with multiplying years and experiences. No man could hold the great verities of the evangelical faith more firmly than he did; and whilst these were at first more a matter of intelligent trust, they became afterwards, through the stress of life, matters of deep-rooted conviction and experience.

Simple faith in Jesus as Redeemer of mankind; the Friend of sinners; the children's Friend; everybody's Friend; Image of the unseen eternal Father; the Babe of Bethlehem; the Workingman of Nazareth; the wondrous Teacher; the mighty Worker, upon the bodies and souls of men; the Crucified,—the Lamb of God, whose sacrifice takes away the sin of the world; the Resurrection and the Life; Pledge of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; Preparer of our eternal rest;

Advocate, Intercessor, Sympathiser, with more than woman's tenderness; "as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you!" This was John Hume's faith; solid, unshaken, in Divine righteousness, love, mercy; and whilst renouncing all *confidence* in one's own good works, neglecting none of them; but pressing "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

I first became acquainted with him in student days. He had a small book-shop, and secretarial office, in the back quarters of No. 5 Hanover Street, Edinburgh; and in that little *sanctum* many young students often gathered, who, in their outlook on and preparation for the future, were wondrously helped by his warm sympathy and unfailing sagacity, and not least by the sunshine of his piety, which was never dogmatic, but always inspirational and genial. Early in life he had been left with the care of a little family of orphans, of whom he was the eldest; a duty which he discharged with characteristic fidelity. Later on he was himself taken care of by Mr. Innes, a worthy citizen, whom he succeeded in business, whose memory he ever venerated, whose nurture of him in Divine things, by word and example, he ever recalled with deep thankfulness.

Besides the one just mentioned, there was another little *sanctum* at his lodgings, 13 Pitt Street; and never anywhere on earth was Christian hospitality dispensed in a finer way than it was dispensed there. The cheerful glow gone out, is melancholy to think of, but sweet to remember. It was there many a hopeful youth warmed

both his hands, before going out to fulfil his task ; and they are now sprinkled over the whole land, and over the whole world : not one of them will ever forget John Hume, the quiet, mild-spirited apostle of the hearth, who shrank from public view himself, but was the unconscious agent in preparing many others for high places of public service in this and in other lands. He had a genius for making friends, and keeping them. God made them, through his benign personality. He had a genius also for Christian work, done always with entire disinterestedness. He was the means of founding Sabbath Morning Fellowship Societies of young men in different parts of the country. He was " a pillar in the temple," under the ministry of Dr. Peter Davidson ; was always present in church life where he was expected to be, and unfailing in any duty he was expected to do ; he was the Asaph of his church, training and conducting the service of praise, voluntarily for many years.

He was secretly devout, if any man ever was. Not long before his death he told me it was impossible for him to doubt the efficacy of prayer. Once he was on a visit to the north of Ireland in company with a number of friends. They had gone, and now alone in his hotel, suddenly he was seized with a most agonising trouble. And as it grew beyond endurance, he threw himself on the bed, and cried, " O Lord, have mercy "—he got no further ; scarcely had these four words passed his lips when the pain ceased, and never returned. He took a sensible, as well as pious, view of the case. It

might not be evident to others; but sure evidence it was, and would ever be, to *him*, that God hears and answers prayer.

All his life he remained unmarried. Like his great Master, he was a lonely man, and homeless: he too was a man of sorrows carried for other people. And yet he was one of the happiest of men, and the least given to murmuring. Numberless were the homes he knew; he was welcome in every one of them; and perhaps, after all, the sweets of home at their best were more enjoyed by him, from the outside, than by those within the hallowed little circle of the family. His bishopric was to be a father not so much to individuals as to whole families and households; and over the length and breadth of the land there are many who were nurtured on what he gave them, as they grew up from childhood to manhood and womanhood, whose children, and children's children even, along with themselves, regard the memory of John Hume with a love and veneration so sincere and deep as hardly ever to have been surpassed, I believe, in the whole realm of what we call Patriarchal!

Only a word may be said of his religion: it was so obvious, and so great. He had a genius for that too. It had the daylight of the Holy Ghost all through it: so humble, and reasonable, and unobtrusive; so thoroughly embued with the charity that is kind and seeketh not her own. Two passages of Scripture, one in the Old Testament, the other in the New, are suggested by what he was in this respect. In the

Psalm, "*Let my right hand forget her cunning: let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I forget thee, O Jerusalem! if I do not prefer Jerusalem above my chief joy!*" Again, when it is said in the Book of Revelation, "*I will make him a pillar in the Temple of my God.*" Our friend was that "*pillar*," if ever one existed. And when the Scripture proceeds to say, "*He shall go no more out*," we think of our friend's fidelity, the steadfastness, the unmovableness, and strength of his upholding service, into which his best was all concentrated—his wide and well-read intelligence, his wonderful sagacity, his Christ-like purity of motive and aim, his utter unselfishness, enlightened zeal, unyielding principle, joined all with the simple-heartedness of a child. Never, in his whole life, was there a happier circumstance than that his final rest should be side by side with his old venerated friend and minister, Dr. Peter Davidson. It was the climax to the Providential goodness that he said had followed him all his days, and the answer to an unspoken appeal his spirit would most gladly have made to that old friend many years gone by, "*Where thou goest, I will go; and there will I be buried.*"

In our friend, as in most good men, and very notably in the Hebrew Psalmists, there was a curious combination of the despondent and blithesome feeling, of the geniality that lights up everything with a smile, and the pathos that is ever ready to shed tears, or to draw them forth from others. In his darkest moments his playful humour never forsook him; and oftentimes it was this chiefly that captivated the young people,

and drew forth an astonishing amount of sympathy from them in response to his own. I close by giving an instance of this which I witnessed at the bedside where he lay in death, still and solemn as eternity. The servant girl, who had often attended him, was admitted to have a last look of the good old man. She went quietly up to the bedside, bent over him, cast her arms about his head, gazed on him for a moment or two, kissed him, gazed again, and then turning away gave relief to herself in a great cry of weeping. Meanwhile the little page-boy, who had followed her into the room, stood by, his eyes full of tears and very miserable, because he had not stature enough to do the same thing! These afflicted children felt truly that they had lost a father. Such as he, I imagine, St. John the beloved disciple must have been.

He was a commonplace Christian, and Christ-like at the same time; and after all, perhaps the finest and most abiding service done to the Redeemer's kingdom is done by plain-living, unnoticed and unnotable disciples such as these; such as any ordinary reader of this sketch may be. He died at Bridge of Allan September 5, 1911, and was buried close by his old pastor, Dr. Peter Davidson, in Warriston Cemetery, on September 8. "The memory of the just is blessed."

The following was found amongst Mr. Hume's papers after his death :—

Do you know I will complete my 80th year if I am spared till Monday next? You see I have a long look backward, and how full of mercies it has been! The

older I grow, the more do I wonder at God's goodness to me all my way through life. How my preferences have often been set aside, and something better given in their place. How with fragile health all through, but with few serious illnesses, I have been kept at my post till recent years. What a host of kind friends have been raised up to me, and how delightful have been my associations with them: and of these I can never forget my dear old landladies and their wonderful devotion to my comfort and wellbeing during my forty-four years' residence with them. My associations too in various connections with great numbers of sincere and hearty Christian workers—the salt of the earth—have been a guide and a stimulus to me in any such work I have put my hand to. And now at eventide how mercifully I am dealt with, having friends always ready to do anything needful to minister to my health and comfort. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Hume was Secretary of "The Monthly Visitor Tract Society," and got some of his friends to write tracts. Many of those "Visitors" came from Dunlop's pen. From his correspondence with Hume he seems rarely to have read a religious biography without thinking if it could be reduced into a "Monthly Visitor." This gave him an introduction to a public which he was peculiarly fitted to benefit.

It was while he was a student in Edinburgh that the spiritual crisis occurred that altered the whole

aspect of his life. As in the case of Augustine, of Luther, and of Bunyan, it was one that shook his whole nature. To some of those who have had the privilege of a godly upbringing, as in the case of his friends John Hume and Hugh Barr, this change takes place gradually, they grow up into a recognition of God in Christ, but strong natures that have in them great depths of spirituality only attain at the price of great struggle. We have an account of this from his own pen :—

THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION

I was a student at Edinburgh University. One evening, while I sat by the fire with a fellow-student, who had been a shepherd in Dumfriesshire, he told me in what manner the great change had happened to himself. He was on the hills tending his sheep. Suddenly, in answer to his prayer, his whole inner being was transformed. He had long been seeking to know Christ by inward spiritual experience ; and now here was personal touch with the Saviour realised far beyond what he had asked or expected. He was in a new world. He was almost beside himself with joy. That night he felt as if he could have leapt to the stars.

It was a strange story to me. I had read of such things, but never before had I met a living man who had experienced such things. My friend's case did not much impress me, except with a feeling of incredulous contempt. I made some disparaging remark which I

do not remember, but I never can forget his pride-wounding reply to it. He said he pitied my ignorance.

Not long after, I was at home on holiday. Evangelistic meetings were being held in my native town. I attended one of these, at which a minister told how several cases of conversion had taken place in a neighbouring town. He was doing this very calmly, when all at once, to the amazement of the whole audience, a young man threw up his arms with a loud cry for mercy, and then sank down, burying his face in his hands. I am not excitable in my temperament, nor was I then, but the circumstance impressed me as deeply as though I had seen a visible hand reach down from heaven, and the finger of God touch an individual near me. At any rate, I myself was so touched. It shook my inner self terribly.

On leaving the meeting that night and returning home, it seemed to me that a wonderful change had come over all things. The lamp-lit streets were changed. My home was changed ; my parents changed. Of course I knew the change was in myself. I needed something done for me, which no creature could do. That was my feeling. And everything I looked on seemed to have a most peculiar *far-away-ness*. I felt myself apart from nearest and dearest friends, from every creature, from God Himself—He at one end of the universe, and I at the other, absolutely alone and helpless, with a cold chill of utter desolation creeping over me. What this was I knew very well. My godly upbringing left me in no doubt about it. It was conviction of sin,—

not sins, or groups of sins, but simply *sin*. Morally I had been blameless. But in that to me there was no comfort. I was simply and soul-destroyingly a *sinner*, —what type of sinner did not concern me; and for three days my wretchedness was extreme. My misery did not arise from the fear that I had the place of woe to go to—I felt as if that place was actually, for the time being, in my own breast.

I consulted no one, but simply looked up to my crucified Redeemer, and trusted the Holy Spirit's agency. I took to prayer and the reading of my Bible, the Penitential Psalms especially. To me that Book was changed now. It grew intensely interesting. It touched me like a living thing. Now remembered I the case of my shepherd friend, and I resolved that I should (God helping me!) lag no step behind him in coming to a real and close acquaintanceship in the spirit with my unseen Saviour. In this resolve I firmly pressed my lips and set my teeth together. And I said to myself, that if I went down to perdition, it would be after God had heard a poor sinner's cry and disregarded it. In a few days the murky darkness within me was somewhat relieved; but I was not content. I wanted to put Christ's existence to the proof. I wanted to have His faithfulness and power recorded in my soul's experience, as had been in the case of Chalmers and M'Cheyne, Bunyan, Luther, Augustine, the Apostle Paul, and that fellow-student, too, whom I could now secretly thank for the sting he gave my pride when he pitied my ignorance.

In the little back room behind the kitchen of my home I spent most of my time, in Scripture reading, prayer, and meditation. Sometimes I took up my college books, but only for a moment, for a voice would ever recur, with a great depth of pleading in it, saying, "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*" So, as I had no wish to be disobedient to the heavenly vision, the books were laid aside. My poor mother, I remember, cast many a curious and compassionate glance at me, not quite sure what it was that troubled me. She had a sharp eye; she was full of humour and pathos. Without looking, I knew she was watching me; and she, too, without seeing it, knew as well that I was watching her. Sometimes, while bending over her sewing web, she would let her hair drop, as if by accident, between me and her wet eyes. My dear mother! how often do I still breathe the name while laying my head down on my nightly pillow!

It is likely she thought I was anxious about making a living for myself when I returned to Edinburgh, for I had had rather a hard struggle there, having only a bran roll for my dinner sometimes, which I would eat in a dark entry, or on a back stair, with relish, and great thankfulness to the Father who seeth in secret. However, time went on, and I waited to see what God would do for me. Very often my courage drooped and patience forsook me. It was no use trying any more. I would give up knocking at a place where no door seemed to be. In this mood, one passage helped me

exceedingly: "*I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.*"

This, and other psalms like this, which my father often used in family worship, were a sweet cordial to my weary heart. I deliberately took "*Wait a wee*" for my motto, assured that light would yet rise and peace come, through God's good mercy. Nor did I trust only the mercy of God,—I trusted His reasonableness too. When the time came that I should go back to college, I made due preparations. I gathered my books together, set off, and began to work, in the confidence that, having committed my whole case to God, He would in His own time and way attend to it, not less because I followed what seemed to me the sensible path of duty. And so He did. About six weeks after, one night at bedtime, while on my knees in prayer, fervently asking, as was my wont in my solitary lodging, that Christ would reveal Himself to me, as one living being can do to another, suddenly, in an instant, the change came, bringing with it a blessedness almost more than I could bear. It flooded my whole soul with light, peace, joy. My spirit felt as a butterfly might be supposed to feel when it escapes from its sordid envelope, and soars, a new creature with wings, into the free, balmy air and sunlight of heaven.

This was, indeed, the baptism of the Spirit of which I had heard and read. Now, I said to myself in an ecstasy, It is done! it is done! The secret of God is

with me! O what blessedness it is to "taste and see" for myself! Then I, too, could have leapt to the stars. Consciously I felt nearer to Christ than to my own hands and feet, and more real was He to me than they. I talked to Him far on into the night, too glad to sleep. Over and over, more times than I can tell, I thanked Him for His faithfulness. Yet, through it all, calm good sense did not forsake me. Is it possible, thought I, this is but a delusion of distracted nerves? If so, to-morrow's daylight will dispel it. But it did not, and it has stood the test of a good many years of very searching daylight since then.

This simple story of mine is as true in every particular as though it had been "Holy Writ." Far be it from me to say that all converted people must have this experience; but there are astonishing results to be attained in spiritual life by those who will but seek earnestly and wait patiently. When I began to knock at Christ's door, I learned that he long since had been knocking at mine. So we had entrance to each other, He to me, and I to Him. The fellowship was a glorious feast. I knew then "the power of His resurrection," and since then, through trials not small nor few, I have known very thoroughly also "the fellowship of His sufferings." Of my trials I mention one only, without which my story would not be complete. Years had passed. I was a minister. Scarcely had my ministry begun, when my young wife died. I did not believe God would take her from me, so necessary did she seem to me to be, for my work's sake, and for the Gospel's sake.

But—the sorrow came; and my faith sank with her in the tomb. God pitied my frailty. One Sabbath evening, while I sojourned in a distant city, He led me to a place of worship which I never had visited before, and there, through text and sermon, spoke to me; but not so closely as He did soon after, when I learned that the preacher's mind had been supernaturally constrained to lay aside a favourite subject for that Sabbath evening, and select the one I listened to. The evening he preached was the evening following that on which my young wife died, though I was not then aware of it; and his text, as if chosen by her own glorified spirit, was: "*Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.*"

This affected me like a new conversion, and after it, more than ever, I could trust "as seeing Him who is invisible." It was like the drawing aside of the veil, the opening of a door in heaven to me. It showed me that my weakness and my small affairs were not forgotten by the great Father who numbers the hairs of our heads, and rules the rising and falling of a sparrow. Would that these simple words of mine might convince thousands toiling in this workaday, weary world how real the unseen and eternal world is, and how near it is! Christ is a great reality: mighty to save. His cross is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and

thou shalt be saved." "The Lord is gracious." "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

This gave a double consecration to Dunlop's wish to consecrate himself to the ministry of the Word.

CHAPTER III

THE DIVINITY HALL

When he entered college Dunlop's aim was the work of the ministry. He had been brought up in too godly a household to regard the work of being a preacher of the Word merely in the light of a profession by which he could gain a comfortable and respectable livelihood. He recognised to some extent the solemnity of the position any one occupies who has to speak to men in the name of God, and as leading their devotions, to voice their petitions to the Almighty. Even on the lower aspect of it there was a certain consecration implied in determining to be a minister. But the great spiritual change through which he had passed had given to his determination a double consecration.

As he had been brought up in the Secession Church —or to give it the name assumed on the Union of 1847, the United Presbyterian Church—it was to the Divinity Hall of that denomination that his thoughts had been directed from the beginning. To be allowed to begin his Divinity studies, the intending candidate for the ministry had to pass an entrance examination,—not very severe,—and had to show that he had attended

regular University classes in Latin, Greek, Logic, Metaphysics, which was really Psychology, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy. The entrant produced evidence of having been a student on these subjects, and having satisfied his professors was not enough, he had to satisfy the Presbytery also. At the time Dunlop entered, Cicero *de Officiis* and Xenophon's *Memorabilia* were required for Classics, Hamilton's four volumes of Lectures for Logic and Metaphysics. In Mathematics the requirements were rudimentary, the first six books of Euclid and Algebra to quadratics. For Natural Philosophy, some text book, I forget what. Every Presbytery possessed a copy or two of the books required;—individual ministers might have them ;—some students too had copies, and so by free lending every student was accommodated. When a student had taken his degree in those subjects he was exempt, so far as they were concerned. Still, there remained Hebrew, New Testament Greek, Bible knowledge, and personal religion. The examination on the first of these subjects was merely on the heads of Hebrew Grammar and reading the first two chapters of Genesis. There was a written examination on all these subjects, except that on personal religion ; only after this entrance examination had been successfully passed was the student allowed to enter himself a student in Queen Street Hall.

The Divinity Classes of the United Presbyterian Church were held (as we have already said) during the holiday months of August and September. It is an

evidence of the poverty of the students who were candidates for the ministry of the non-Established Church of Scotland, that the period for study under professors was only two months, and that the months chosen were those that were usually regarded as set apart for holidays. These months were those devoted to holiday in Edinburgh, and though Glasgow had the two earlier months, and its population was by the middle of the 19th century double that of Edinburgh, still the Law Courts ruled. The students were presumed to be working for a livelihood all the rest of the year. For five successive sessions the students sat under professorial lectures : to some, five years in addition to the University course seemed a long period of preparation, but it was felt to be all needed and more, to ripen the judgment of one who was to undertake the important work of the care of souls, as not a few felt when their course was ended and they contemplated the work before them.

As we have already indicated above, these Lectures were in the Hall, No. 5 Queen Street. This building had been purchased by the United Presbyterian Church, after it had been constituted by the Union of the Secession and Relief Churches in 1847, to serve as a meeting place of the Supreme Synod of the denomination. For that purpose, as we have already said, it was only needed in normal circumstances during a couple of weeks in the month of May. The rest of the building, beside the larger hall, was occupied with rooms for committees and apartments for the accommodation

of the Library. As the standing committees had no meetings during the holiday months, the building was free to be used during those months for the meeting of the Theological Classes. The four—originally five—professors were not relieved from their charges as ministers, save for the two months during which they lectured to the students. They got but a moderate salary, and the Church supplied their pulpits for them. The main advantage, that to a slight extent counterbalanced the shortness of the session, was the fact that by remaining pastors the professors still had the effect on them of contact with the spiritual need of their people. Men who are only professors are apt to become so absorbed in the scientific side of their subject, that applicability to human needs is lost sight of.

When Dunlop joined the Divinity Hall there were two main divisions, Juniors and Seniors. The former of these met upstairs in the largest of the committee rooms. The students were two sessions there under the tuition of Professors Eadie and Lindsay. Each professor had a course of two years, and so, though the second year's students heard the same lectures as the first, they did not have a mere repetition. Moreover, both professors were too actively minded to repeat the lectures of one year over again. Dr. Eadie's subjects were Hebrew, New Testament Greek, Biblical Criticism, Hermenutics, and Apologetics,— a most extensive province for a course of sixteen weeks in all, divided into two sessions. In Hebrew, as in New Testament Greek, he examined rather than taught, giving explan-

ations as he went along. There was a joke of which he was guilty,—to read in the class the story of Balaam, and assign to the poorest Hebraist Numbers xxiii. 30, and when the fellow had stumbled through the words, the professor would say, " The ass spoke better Hebrew than that !" Another biennial joke was to announce—" We shall not read Hebrew to-morrow afternoon," then, after the applause with which the announcement was greeted had subsided, add quietly, " We shall read Chaldee," and name some section of Ezra or Daniel to be got up against the following afternoon. He was a man who never lost his youth, and so had always the sympathy of his students. From his vast store of miscellaneous information, he was able to illuminate every subject with something apposite. Needless to say his influence was eminently stimulative. You were bound to respect a man who had seen and handled the venerable uncial codices, who in discussing the reading 1st Timothy iii. 16, and the question whether we should read " God was manifest in the flesh," or " who was manifest in the flesh," or " which," etc., could tell how he and Tregelles had looked through the same magnifying glass at the Codex Alexandrinus to determine whether the line which seemed to change O *omicron* into Θ *theta* was due or was not due to the *sagitta* of the ϵ *epsilon* on the other side of the parchment shining through. If the former, the translation was " which "; if the latter, " God." The student could not but feel that information from such a man was first hand. Sometimes in pouring it out he would be

apt to forget a name, and appeal to his class to assist him. There was, in short, an element of *camaraderie* which drew the affection of his students to him. Eadie's appearance aided his influence: he was a tall portly man, with a frank expression of countenance. His profile was very fine, suggesting that of a Roman Emperor.

Lindsay, again, had more of aloofness, but retained the respect of his students by the feeling his lectures gave of conscientious painstaking accuracy. His subject was Exegetical Theology: this he taught by taking an epistle in Greek, and going over it verse by verse. He taught his students how much attention was to be bestowed on the force of tenses, and to the shade of meaning conveyed by a preposition, if they would gain the truth of the passage before them. Again, he would examine the logical force of an argument, or shew how the arrangement of clauses added to the rhetorical force of an appeal. Next to the sense of accuracy one had, in hearing his list of commentators whose views he accepted, criticised, or rejected, was the feeling of earnestness and responsibility in studying the Word of God. He had noticeable blue eyes,—how they used to kindle when he was sending home a truth, or enforcing an argument! No view of the Junior Hall would be complete without some notice of Blumenreich, the Hebrew tutor, attendance on whose class was compulsory on first year's men. He was a German Jew who had become a Christian. His English was somewhat deficient, and some rude fellows of the baser sort delighted in putting him about. When one was anxious

to learn, and already knew some Hebrew, he could get benefit from his teaching. He acted as City Missionary in Edinburgh. Such was the Junior Hall of the United Presbyterian Church when Dunlop was a student.

While he was in the Junior Hall, he suffered from a breakdown, occasioned by over study, and spent the most of that year in his brother's manse at Kilmaronock in Dumbartonshire, near the shores of Loch Lomond. He returned to his second year to come in contact with men who had started their Divinity studies a year after him. The men of that year at once welcomed him. While the students did not, as do the students of so many of the English colleges, stay within the same building, the majority of them stayed in lodgings in a narrow street of the new town of Edinburgh, so narrow that from one side of the street the inhabitants of rooms could see who their *vis-a-vis* were entertaining at tea of an evening. In a letter to Mr. Hume on Dr. Brown's "Scottish Probationer," Dunlop mentions frequently having seen Davidson coming to Douglas's rooms opposite to those occupied by him: shyness prevented him, he says, intruding upon them to meet Davidson. One would like to picture what such a meeting between the two kindred spirits—the two "T. D.'s" would have been.

Dunlop had a harmonium on which he expounded to me the Christian element in Handel's Dead March in "Saul," and consequently its superiority to Beethoven's "Marche Funebre" in one of his sonatas, which I was exalting.

With his third year of his curriculum the U.P. Divinity student entered the Senior Hall. There were in it, as in the Junior Hall, two professors, Harper and MacMichael. The former, as the senior, was regarded as Principal, though the title was not given till some years later. Dr. MacMichael's subject was Church History. This he treated under the heads of the great controversies. They were divided into three classes,—those connected with the Divine Nature, the Doctrine of the Trinity,—the Person of Christ,—the Personality of the Holy Ghost: those connected with the anthropological side of Theology, Atonement, Sin, Original Sin, Free Will, Election, and cognate questions; those connected with the Sacrament of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and Church Government. This was the natural order, in which the history of the Church and of Doctrines should be treated, and this was the order in which our friend heard them. Dr. MacMichael made the history circle round the great personalities that were prominent in the successive controversies: noticeably was this the case with regard to Athanasius in the controversies more distinctly Eastern as to the Arians and Semi-Arians; and Augustine and the anthropological controversy of the Western Church on Election and original sin. Despite oddities of manner, spasmodic grins and jerks, and eccentricities of speech involving occasional Spoonerisms into which he fell when he made impromptu remarks, his lectures were intensely interesting, and for one having to meet the ordinary controversialist, as every minister has, very

useful. In every one of these controversies the student was supplied with answers to gainsayers, of the most telling description. His most marked peculiarity was a way of inserting " p'raps " amid his remarks, out of all connection. It certainly would have been disturbing had any one but he, after summing up the argument for the Divinity of our Lord, added a remark, into which a " p'raps " was so awkwardly introduced as grammatically to throw doubt on the preceding argument. It was said that at his marriage he qualified his acceptance of the lady with his inevitable " p'raps !"

Dr. Harper was in every way a contrast to his colleague. He had a fine voice with clear-cut features of the Roman type, and a voice, beautifully clear, if cold. He lectured on Systematic Divinity and Pastoral Theology. At the beginning of every session, the student felt that he could not fail to benefit by these lectures, delivered in such a lovely clear voice. Soon the unaccented monotony of clearness ceased to hold the attention : some of the students drew sketches on their notebooks ; others leaving the notebooks, surreptitiously read books, not always on Theology. His reading of his lectures conveyed the impression that he himself was not thinking of the words his lips were uttering. There was some report at the time that he was suffering from brain fag. Not impossibly it might merely be the effect of repetition of these lectures, year after year. One thing is certain, that one lecture on the temple of Denderah, that came into the course as an interpolation, shewed no signs of brain fag. On the

interior roof of this temple of Upper Egypt were depicted in symbol, the various constellations, in somewhat close approximation to the relative positions which they occupy to the observer at present. It was however noted by some one, that some of these exhibited, not their present mutual relation, but one in approximate agreement to the appearance they would have presented to a spectator 20 or 30 thousand years ago. It was argued in consequence, that the Mosaic chronology was all wrong. More careful study showed, however, that if some of the constellations agreed with this hypothesis, others were in flagrant disagreement with it. Finally an inscription was found which showed that the temple had been erected by one of the later Ptolemies, but was only quite completed in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius. His clear, caustic voice emphasised every point in the breakdown of the case against Mosaic chronology. Yet more splendid was his impromptu criticism of a charge of Bishop Wordsworth. The bishop had allowed himself to indulge in some disparaging remarks on Presbyterian learning, and, if I remember rightly, on Presbyterian manners. The professor came into the Hall with a copy of the morning's "Scotsman," which he spread on the desk, and then began his dissection of the charge. It was a demonstration of the use of the controversial scalpal. His lectures on Pastoral Theology were an exposition of the pastoral epistles. A number of side issues were introduced which broadened the subject in consequence of this method :—The authenticity of the pastoral Epistles,—their date in the life of Paul,—the

settling of some disputed points of interpretation—*e.g.*, the reference in 1 Tim. iii. 15 of the phrase, " pillars and ground of the truth," were discussed ; at the same time he gave us homely and seasonable advice as to our conduct. Sometimes the progress of events and the change of social customs unnoticed by the old man made some of his advices *post horam.* The young minister was warned, in his pastoral visitations to avoid refreshments. There had been a period, not a quarter of a century before 1868, when these lectures were being delivered, when wine or spirits were always presented to the minister when he visited his flock. The progress of teetotalism among pastors and people was unrecognised by him, and the consequent cessation of this danger to sobriety. Unlike the most of us, Dunlop thoroughly enjoyed Harper, and got behind his monotonous manner to what was really good. At the same time this did not prevent him from indulging in humorous drawings of men and things. The " Scottish Probationer " had not Dunlop's esteem for Dr. Harper's lectures,—he was overheard saying on coming out from hearing one,—" I wonder for what sin, in what past state of existence, have we been compelled to endure this."

Every session closed with a social meeting in which a representative of each year gave a speech. In 1864, the year in which he became a senior student, Dunlop was selected to represent the year. His speech was unique—was memorable. It was the allegory—

"STRAIGHTWAY TO STARLAND"

In Scripture we read of a certain mountain on which there shall be nothing to hurt or to destroy. It was on this mountain, many, many years ago, before men had begun to hate one another, and before the beasts of the field had learned from bad example to hate each other like men, and to tear each other to pieces with savage claws and teeth,—it happened that a General Social Meeting was held of all the tribes of living things, from the Eagle that looks down upon the clouds to the Grasshopper that hides beneath the broad roof of the daisy from the rain and from the storm.

His Most Exalted Majesty the ELEPHANT occupied the chair; and after saying how much pleased he was to see so good an attendance, he called on the Secretary, My Lord Lion, to read the minutes of last meeting and to tell the business of the present one. And, before sitting down, he said that My Lord Lion had better speak loud, so that all the members might hear. This last was not much needed, for My Lord Lion was rather proud of his fine voice, and took every occasion to show off its power.

Then My Lord LION arose, and after thrusting his paw several times through his long hair—for being of the literary department he had of course let his hair grow till it came down all over his ears and lay in massy folds upon his breast—he read, in a voice more like that of a god than of a beast, first of all a note of apology

for absence from the Fish of the sea, which said they always felt out of their proper element when they went from home; but they had no doubt that their dear cousin and delegate, Sir Flying Fish, would fitly represent them at the meeting. And then My Lord Lion read the minutes of last meeting, and said that their present business was to decide upon ways and means of getting a new world to live in. And here he held up a very long paper containing a list of grievances from every fowl of the air, and every beast of the field, and every creeping thing. Some complained of cold, some of heat; some of too much rain, some of too little. The Owl, for example, said he would rather be in a world where there was no sun, for it hurt his eyes; the Bat, on the other hand, said he would like to be where the sun did really shine in earnest, for he never could see it. And so on.

And after reading the list My Lord Lion sat down amid a tumult of applause; and the Chairbeast called on the meeting to say what was to be done. After a pause the Hon. Sir GIRAFFE rose and began to speak; but his mouth was so far above his feet, where most of the members sat, that except the Monkeys on the tops of the trees, nobody heard what he was saying. So the Elephant politely said that in his case it would not be thought disrespectful to give his oration without rising to his feet. So the Hon. Sir Giraffe sat down, and gave a long speech to the effect that, before moving in the matter, they should appoint some one to take a little tour among the Stars to see if the beasts there were

any better off than themselves, and to search if by chance he might find some world to let that would give suitable accommodation to each, and be big enough for all.

This proposal was highly approved and loudly applauded. Then came the choosing of one to go on this lofty pilgrimage and all-important errand. My Lord CHITTER CHATTERWELL, the Ape, proposed that as it might not be convenient for every one to undertake such a journey, the Hon. Sir Giraffe, next time the Moon passed by his door, should speak to the Man that lived there—which he could easily do by only rising to his feet—and ask him to negotiate with the heavenly bodies, and see if anything could be done to get a better and bigger dwelling-place for the beasts of the earth. The Hon. Sir GIRAFFE said, in reply, that he would have been very willing to do as proposed had there been any chance of success; he had often spoken to the Man in the Moon, but had never yet got anything from him but a sulky look; and besides, he was always moving off, as if he thought he might be in better company.

After this a chirping voice was heard indistinctly, and cries of "Speak out!" made all the country ring. It seemed that my Lady LEAPLIGHT, the Grasshopper, wished to speak; so she was taken on to the end of the Elephant's trunk, and she went on to say that she would be very happy to undertake the journey and do all the business for the Society. If she were just placed on the Elephant's back she would be quite able

to leap to the moon, and then she would leap from star to star, and gather and bring back all the desired information. There was a good deal of laughing in various parts of the assembly on this presumptuous proposal, and no one would rise to second it.

At last the meeting was divided between two candidates, the Eagle and the Antelope. The very Rev. Dean CAWCANNY, the Crow, flapping his sable sleeves, made a speech of great length and learning. He began discoursing of things in general before the foundation of the world, and giving his opinion and value of each thing in particular; and it was not till Sir Deacon SPARROWHAWK called him to order, remarking that they had not met to amuse themselves with such trifles, like a parcel of Philosophers, that the Dean touched on the subject before the meeting. He then said that a certain member (evidently meaning Sir Deacon Sparrowhawk) was well known to be of the old blind school of bigotry and superstition,—as for himself he was an advanced divine of the new school, and was able both to take a broad view of the subject and to give a liberal charity to those who could not. After this he had extreme satisfaction in proposing Sir SPLENDID EAGLE, an intimate friend of his own, and german cousin by the mother's side. At this the Eagle was seen to lift up his spreaded claw and open his eyes double wide, it was thought in utter astonishment at the learning and eloquence of the Dean, who continued to urge that he had often been privileged to enjoy the hospitality of Sir Splendid Eagle, and he could assure them that no

one could spread a more sumptuous table, and in high life no one held a more exalted station; and in conclusion he would urge that Sir Splendid Eagle was the best able, and it was less trouble to him, for the journey to the Stars was part of his way home.

But the Hon. CUNNING FOX rose and urged that the matter of getting to Starland was not of so much importance as getting the desired knowledge as soon as possible. You all know, said he, that over this world on which we live there strides a mighty arch, and that all who go to Starland must mount and cross that arch. Now you have only to lift up your eyes to see that one foot of the arch rests on yonder hills, and who can better or sooner make this journey to the Stars than my honourable friend Sir LIGHTFOOT ANTELOPE; and if His Highness the Eagle thinks of making the journey by any other than this overland route, he had better take along with him the things needed to cure a sore head or mend a broken wing; for I can assure him that he will find the roof of the arch harder and thicker than his own or the skull of anybody else who is not an Ass.

Upon this a most alarming and unearthly noise was heard, which made a great uproar in the meeting for a few moments; and after the uproar fell it was understood that the noise had been made by His Grace the Most Noble the Duke AWFULBRAY DONKEY, who rose to ask if the Hon. Cunning Fox meant anything personal by that remark; and on being assured that nothing was farther from his intentions, the Duke slunk back his long ears as usual and sat down appeased. It was

settled at last that both Eagle and Antelope should undertake the journey, each taking his own route, and that the expedition should set out immediately, so that the report might be given in at next General Meeting.

This business having been done, My Lord Lion next read a report from various members about a new and strange beast that had appeared on the earth. All accounts said that the beast was ridiculously upright, used only two of its legs in walking, and made the other two swing ludicrously in the air; it had a nasty white skin, and had no tail. The Secretary, after reading the report, protested against calling that ugly creature a beast, it was more a fowl than a beast; but the winged creation on their part protested against calling it a bird; and as the finny brethren were not there to make a like protest, the meeting agreed to call it in the meantime a strange Fish out of the water, until next meeting at least, when it was resolved to summon the creature to appear before them and give an account of itself. After this the meeting separated, and the two delegates set out for the Stars.

About the Antelope there is not much to be said; it sped away like an arrow, and thought to be at least moon-high that night; but the poor creature was no more heard of, and it is reported to this day among the tribes of the sea, that he rushed on half round the world, and then in disappointment and rage plunged into the sea, where his bones are still to be seen. As for the Eagle he soared aloft and was soon out of sight; and he did not find the roof of the arch so hard as the

deceitful Fox had said, but went on unhurt and unconfined through all the Garden of the Stars. He found them all teeming with happy creatures; and after a long journey he came to an unbounded and exceeding fair and fertile land, where there was plenty of room for creatures hundreds of times more numerous than those of the earth, and where each one might have his utmost wish gratified the moment that wish arose. Here for a while the Eagle revelled in the pleasures and beauties of the place, noting the manners and customs of the creatures there; but nothing was more wonderful or delightful to him than this, that as he ate of their delicious food, his own body gradually changed, his big hooked beak and his claws peeled quite off, and instead, he got the beak and claws and whole form and feathers of the Dove; and in his bosom a new and exalted fire began to glow. And now he burned to tell his brethren of the earth, and to bring them thither also. So he set out one day, taking in his mouth a branch from one of the celestial trees as a trophy and memorial of his visit to Starland. And through the Garden of the Stars once more he wandered, seeking the way to his home and to his friends upon the earth.

Now, in the meantime, war had broken out among the tribes of the earth. The beasts were now tearing each other like men; and men were tearing each other to pieces like beasts, as at this day. And on the face of the earth was nothing to be seen but the frown of wrath and the tear of sorrow; and nothing heard but curses and cries of agony and woe. And the Eagle,

turned into a Dove, was coming blithely down the sky, bearing the branch; and a little child at a cottage door saw it, and cried "Father;" and he came wiping the sweat from his brow, and saw the bird, and wondered, and waited to welcome the stranger from the sky.

But when the Eagle, turned into a Dove, was about to rest on his native rock, one of his own kindred came out with a great swoop and pounced upon him, and tore him to pieces; and his dying wail, so sad and piercing as had never been heard before, made all the hills and forests break out in bitter lamentation. "He came unto his own and his own received him not."

Each sorrowing beast, and bird, and creeping thing,
With waiting eyes, watch'd for his absent wing;
His kindred soared in hope and breathed his name,—
"Why tarriest thou?" they cried,—*and slew him when he came.*

But the earth was not without a witness; for both the branch from the celestial tree that he was carrying, and the pure blood from his veins fell down to the ground; and the blood fell on the Daisy, and ever after that her sweet and rosy lips told the story of his death; and the branch was taken up by the little child,—who was weeping for "her pretty Dove," for she had already begun to call it her own,—and she took the branch and planted it, and it grew to be a tree, and it seeded seed, and spread over all the land, and a branch of that tree was ever taken as a symbol of peace and good news from heaven to earth, and they called it the Olive Tree.

. . . . .

We may mention as an evidence of the impression it made, the speaker was asked to have it printed,—an honour which students do not commonly give their comrades. Some of the survivors of those who heard it were able to recall its main features after an interval of more than half-a-century.

We should like to picture our friend as he was in those now far-off days. He used then to carry a stick with a somewhat peculiar handle. When one met him in the passages or in the Library, the stick would go up to his chin, a humorous twinkle would light up his eyes, a haunting smile would play about the corners of his mouth, and some quaintly funny remark would come to his lips. With all his fun there was seriousness behind, as everyone felt who had intercourse with him. To sustain us under the strain of lectures and examinations from ten to four, there was an interval of half-an-hour, devoted to what some regardless youth called the study of "practical piety." Dunlop dragooned all his friends to support a baker who had suffered the spoiling of his goods on account of the Annuity Tax. The Edinburgh Town Council, in addition to what was the legal right of the Established Church, wished to tax the citizens for an annuity to the ministers of that church. It was opposed by all the non-Established Churches,—they resorted to passive resistance and at length got it repealed. This baker had been one of those whose goods had been sold to pay this obnoxious impost.

While he was thus completing his theological studies, the subject of the present memoir was active in teaching

as his daily work, and in church work, also. The fruit of this is found among other things in "The City of Peace," an allegory.

THE CITY OF PEACE; AND THE KING'S HIGHWAY TO IT

Last night I sat down to compose my mind and gather thoughts on the subject of true Peace, and the right road to reach it. And after beating my brains for a long time, and in vain, I gave up the weary task, and lay down to rest: I suppose I must have fallen into a deep sleep and dreamed, for in a twinkling I found myself floating in a sea of clouds; and suddenly there appeared before me, a chariot of curling vapour, with wheels of rainbow, and drawn by horses of fire-mist. And in the chariot stood a bright and beautiful spirit, who, when she saw me, drew in her horses, and said, "Child of Earth! tell me the thoughts that trouble thee!"

And I answered, "This is a strange place, Daughter of the Sky! but when I was at home I was troubled because I could not find the Way of Peace." Then she bade me come up into the chariot; and I went up, and was carried along through cloudland on wheels of the rainbow and rails of the lightning. In a short time we arrived at what seemed to be the solid ground, and the habitations and walks of men. And when we had come to a place where was a gate, the chariot melted

into thin air beneath our feet, and we stood in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare. And my guide drew me aside, saying, "Sit thou here, beside the gate, and ponder what thou seest."

And sitting down there, I noticed that the place into which we had come was like a market-place, full of bustling people. And from it there stretched out in different directions five very broad roads, to get along one or other of which seemed to be the great desire of the crowd. And they did get along, jostling one another very much, and yet the market-place kept as full as ever; and I was puzzled to know where all the people came from. The place was like a man's hand; the market-place was the palm, and the five roads made the five great long fingers that seemed to reach to the end of the world.

Now there was a little bypath that led up to the gate near which I sat; few of the people seemed to look that way; and indeed I saw that it was not much frequented, from the tufts of grass that were growing here and there upon it. But presently I saw a very big fellow come shouldering out of the crowd, and make for the gate; he was the strangest creature, not to be a fish, that ever I saw. His body was covered all over with round scales, varying in size from a threepenny to a crown piece, and overlapping each other like slates on a housetop. At first I thought he had found it inconvenient to carry an umbrella in so great a crowd, and that this was a contrivance of his own to keep off the rain. But as he drew near I saw that they were

more for ornament than use, for he could not go a step without surveying himself complacently from the shoulders downwards. He had large bars of shining metal across his breast, and hoops of the same stuff dangling at his nose, and upon his fingers to the very tips. And when he came up to the gate, he shouted with a loud voice, " Hullo ! Porter !"

And immediately a Shining One stood at the gate, having a very fair countenance, and two stars for eyes. " Is this the way to King Christian's Palace ?" inquired the man. " Yes, sir, this is the way, walk ye in it," replied the Shining One. Then said the man again, " The King is going to be married, I understand, and I'm bidden to the marriage." " Very good, sir," said the other ; " all things are ready, come in to the marriage."

Then I saw in my dream that the man made to enter the gate, but the gate was very strait and very low, so that he could not get in. And the Porter, when he saw this, called out to him, " How hardly shall they that have riches enter ! It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle ; but cast off your coats of metal, and then try ; for such dresses are not to be worn at the marriage at any rate." But the man would not ; and turning from the gate he went away, saying that the wedding must be a very poor affair indeed.

Then I asked of my companion who this was, and she said, " His name is Silversides, a man of very great size to all appearance, but in reality he is very small and thin ; for it is his fashion to clothe himself with

these scales of shining metal, coat above coat, until, as you see, he has grown to a prodigious size, and he would sooner lose his life than part with one of them." Then I looked after Silversides, and saw him consider for a little a finger-post that stood in the middle of the market-place, and then he went hobbling along one of the five wide roads. And my companion, seeing me watching him, said, "That way he has chosen is the road of Riches, called also in the vulgar tongue, Jingleton Highway, and it leads into the valley of Unrest and Desolation."

Upon this I saw another man come up to the gate; he was quite a likely man to get in, for he was of small size and sparsely dressed. But on his head he carried a huge volume; and as he walked up with great dignity, and was crossing the threshold, the book struck against the top and sides of the gate, and he fell backward into a ditch at the side, with the great book on the top of him; and he would have been drowned for certain had not the Porter come out to his assistance. Then I heard the Porter advise him to leave the book where it lay, and to come in without it, just as he was, and he would get a wedding garment for him, clean and white, with which to go into the presence of the King. But the man took up his book in a huff, and said that if he did not get in with his book he would not go in at all, and the King himself would be the only loser. With that he turned away down another of the wide roads, and was soon lost to sight. And as he went away I heard the Porter say, "Let not

the wise man glory in his wisdom, for the wisdom of this world is foolishness."

And turning to my companion, I asked who this man was; and she said, "His name is J. P. Thinkerdeep, a man famous for learning and thought; his books alone would make a circulating library. You saw that large volume he was carrying?" "Yes," said I. "That was all of them bound into one; and he meant to give it as a present to the King, on the occasion of his marriage, with the author's compliments. The road he has now taken is the road of Learning, otherwise Splore Lane. It leads by a different route to the same place, the valley of Unrest and Desolation."

The next one who came to the gate was a man of fierce countenance, and clad from top to toe in all the panoply of war. An immense helmet was on his head, a spear like that of Goliath in his right hand, a sword like that of Gideon at his side, and on his left arm a shield as large as a complete rainbow. The Porter saw him coming, and called out that he need never think of getting in at the gate with all that trumpery; he must cut his straps, and throw everything into the ditch. "Ye enter not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." When the man heard that he broke out into a great rage, and swore, saying, "Hang it, what's the use of a strait gate like this! Dash my spurs! if I don't send both you and the gate over there into the ditch!" And with that he gave the gate a terrible kick with his heavy-booted foot; but the gate had spikes pointing outwards, and they

ran into his foot; and he turned away crestfallen, limping very badly, and groaning with pain.

And I heard the Porter say, "How hard it is for thee to kick against the pricks; better is he that subdueth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Then said my companion, "This is one Captain Gideon Thunderclap, a very valiant man, and a great conqueror; and you notice he is going to his own place like the others. That road he is taking is the road of Power, sometimes described as Blade and Ball Avenue; it provides a short cut through Cold Steel Ironworks to the same place—Desolation. But here comes another to the gate, for many are called. The name of this caller is Publicpuff." "What a great size of a monster he seems to be," said I; "but he is a great favourite with the people surely, for they are very familiar with him, and seem to entrust him with all their secrets." "Ah!" said my companion, "you notice that they put their mouths to his ear, but they are not telling secrets so much as puffing him up with flattery; they have little horns which they put into his ear, and then blow in praises, and every time he swells out larger than before; this pleases him very much, you see, and it gives them amusement at very little cost. But look!"

Hereupon Publicpuff waddled up to the gate, and bobbed about it a long time, trying vainly to get in; for though of immense size, he was as light as a balloon. And the Porter said to him that before he could get in he must go to the doctor and be bled; for though he could get in just now, he was of too good a corporation

to enjoy the marriage supper of the King, where there was to be a "feast of fat things, of wines upon the lees, of fat things full of marrow." Then Publicpuff would not so much as utter a word, but, snorting in disdain, turned round, and went to his own place also; and that was along another of the broad roads, which I understood to be the road of Reputation, leading, like the others, into the Valley of Unrest. And as he turned away, the Porter called after him, "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; now are ye full, now are ye puffed up; woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger!" And I turned again to see what would become of him; I could see him a great way off, for he was like the shoulders of a mountain; and while I looked he suddenly collapsed, and was not. And I was wondering what had come over him, when my companion said, "Publicpuff is now too small to be seen without a microscope; for in the crowd somebody has chanced to give him a scratch with a pin, and all his greatness has departed."

Then all of a sudden I heard a great outcry, and saw a great shuffling of the crowd; and the people cried, "Make way for Lady Somebody! Make way for Lady Somebody!" And immediately a carriage appeared, drawn by four horses, and carrying an old lady with a very uncomely face, and a robe of purple about her body. And she demanded if this was the way to King Christian's Palace. "Yes," said the Porter, "but there is only accommodation here for foot passengers; come down from the chariot, and cast off

that old rag, and enter in to the marriage." But the old lady grew very red in the face, and screamed out threatenings as to what the Duke of Ditchwater would do when he heard of it. Then the Porter meekly replied, "There is but one way, and this is the door; all that enter not in by the door are thieves and robbers." Then Lady Somebody, when she heard that, began to scold her servants for bringing her into that spider's den, and rupture of the earth, as she called it, instead of King Christian's highway; and as they turned the carriage to go back, she screamed out again to the Porter, that when she got to the King's Palace she would soon have all that baggage swept away, or her name was not Lady Somebody, and Duke Ditchwater was no relative of hers! And as the carriage turned I saw my lady's face to better advantage, and noticed what I took to be the family escutcheon on the door of the carriage. On each side of the usual shield there was a standard, the staff of which was fixed in a human heart; and on the one banner the words "Noble Blood" were emblazoned, and on the other banner the words "Hereditary Talent." Noble blood and hereditary talent! Well, upon my word! although it was no joke, I never felt more inclined to burst out laughing in all my life, for the creature sitting there seemed to have no more blood in her of any kind than the spoke of her carriage wheel; and as for talent, her face was as little expressive of that as the face of the moon, only it was not so honest-looking, nor so clean.

But my thoughts were soon diverted from this droll scene to a young lady that fluttered past on her way to the gate. She was very handsome, and tripped along with a most graceful and musical motion, making her head swing and every limb move as if in keeping with some tune that she might be humming. It was almost too dazzling for the eye to look at her, with her sparkling beads and diamonds, her French flowers, her rich Indian dress, trimmed and mounted with the most curious and costly lacework; her cloak of royal purple, her shawl of lavender, as light and ghostly as the gossamer. In her hand she carried an umbrageous fan. In a word, she fluttered as gaily, and contentedly, and coquettishly, as the first butterfly of the season. And I asked my companion who this was, and she said, "Her name is Slippergrace; but listen!" So by this time she had come up to the gate, and before the Porter could say a word she began to apologise for coming on foot, saying that the coach was needed to carry her things, and that it would soon be up with a few wagons more; and she ended by saying, "I hope this marriage is not to be a quiet affair, do you think, Porter?"

"Alas! my dear," said the Porter, "you have made a sad mistake if it be the marriage of King Christian that you mean to attend,—for all the dresses are provided within by himself, and none can enter in here but those that regard their own things as worthless rags, and cast them all over there into the ditch to the moles and to the bats. For here is the proclamation of

my Lord the King." And then the Porter drew a paper from his bosom and read, "Thus saith the Lord, take away the bravery of your tinkling ornaments, and the cauls, and the round tires like the moon,—the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers. The bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings and the nose jewels; the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins; the glasses and the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils. But seek ye first the Kingdom, and all these things shall be added unto you, with excellent majesty, a crown of glory, and a diadem of beauty."

Now Slippergrace seemed to be very much annoyed by this interruption, and replied in a pettish tone, "Tush! I have no patience with your prosy harangues and sentimental nonsense,—let me in, I tell you: stand aside, sir!" And truly the Porter offered no resistance; but, as I said before, there were hooks and spikes in the gate, with the points outward, and as the young lady pushed in with a great flounce, and a majestic toss of her head, the nails caught her dress and held fast, tearing it very badly. Poor Slippergrace! she stood stupefied for a moment,—the next, she was boiling with rage,—the next, she began to cry,—her rage boiling over into tears. In vain did the Porter tenderly and compassionately advise her to throw off her finery, and come in just as she was; and assure her that the King would be all the more pleased to receive her for what had happened. She turned bitterly

from the gate to go to her own place like the others. And I saw in my dream that she had not gone far, when she was hailed by Lady Somebody, and taken up into her carriage, and they both rolled away out of sight along another of the great wide roads, which I was told was the road of Rank and Fashion, which terminates at the further end of the Valley of Unrest and Desolation.

And after this I thought in my dream that I heard a voice, like the voice of a child, singing a very melancholy tune, and it seemed to come from near the edge of the crowd; and presently there appeared a little ragged boy, who came sauntering along the bypath that led up to the gate; and as he drew near I heard him chanting these words mournfully :—

I'll seek the great man's gate no more;
Lo! here I see a humble door
Along this narrow road.
I'll turn aside; perchance it may
Give entrance to a castaway,
Into a friend's abode.

I have no home, no parents here;
No hand to help, no friend to cheer:
I'm weary of this world of sin,—
O let me in! O let me in!

Hungry, I have no bread to eat:
Naked to winter's wind and sleet;
Sore head above; sad heart within:—
O let me in! O let me in!

If thou hast pity left in thee
For a poor vagrant child like me,
Good watchman! if it be no sin,
O let me in! O let me in!

This was addressed to the Porter, who appeared at the gate, and made this reply :—

"Come, vagrant! cease thy useless prate!
Dost thou not know King Christian's gate?
Think'st thou to grace (foul, wretched thing!)
The marriage banquet of the King?"

And then the boy made reply :—

"Oh, sir! I ask—and that is all—
The crumbs that from His table fall;
Good watchman! if it be no sin,
O let me in! O let me in!

Then said the Porter, "What is your name, boy?" "I have no name, please your honour," returned the lad. "No name! why, what do people call you?" "Some call me blackguard, some vagabond, some thief; and that lady in the carriage, when I asked alms of her, called me detestable brat, and imp of the wicked one. Oh sir! I have no name."

Then I saw that the Porter was moved exceedingly; and casting off his counterfeit severity, he reached forth and drew in the lad by the jacket—if such the rag could be called—saying, "Come in and welcome, child! for of such is the Kingdom!" Then my companion drew me aside a little to a chink in the wall,

that I might see what became of the lad, and I saw the Porter strip him of his jacket, which he cast into the ditch outside the gate, and I saw a company of Shining Ones attend on the little beggar, and take him to a fountain near, and wash him there; and then they clothed him in white shining raiment, and anointed his head with oil; so that you would not have known but that he was the King's son. And putting my ear to the chink I heard also a burst of music that thrilled me as with a thousand raptures; and I asked of my companion—"Is all this rejoicing for that morsel of humanity that has just entered the gate?" "Yes," returned she, "it is even so: for out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the King perfects praise, and their angels do always behold His face. But come hither now, and have a talk with the Porter at the gate."

Then when we came up I made bold and said, "Good Sir Porter! do you not find this a weary task: had you not better have your freedom and enjoyment among the crowd in the market there?" "Bless you, no!" said he: "a day here is better than a thousand,—I had rather keep a door in my Lord's house a thousand times!" "You seem to be troubled with very few this way," said I. "It seems so," said he; "but I have given entrance to a great multitude in my time, of the poor, and blind, and halt, and of those that have need of all things; for you see that not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble enter." "But have you not had any of the great ones of the earth?" "Oh

yes, kings have come and cast their crowns and sceptres in the ditch there, and entered in."

Then I looked into the ditch and saw all manner of things jumbled together, and rotting in the mud. And the Porter showed me the crown and sceptre of Nebuchadnezzar the King, who, he said, had pared his nails and shorn his feathery locks on the very spot where I had been sitting by the side of the gate. And there in the ditch, also, was the crown of David the King, and the harp of David the Sweet Singer of Israel; for, said the Porter, those that enter here have to learn a new song and play on nobler instruments. And I saw there also a number of fishing nets, and all the tacklings of fishermen, and I understood they had been left by Peter, and James, and John. And my companion said, "Look steadily into the ditch and tell me what thou seest." And I looked, and said, "I see like the ghosts of human faces flitting here and there, now appearing and again disappearing." "These," said she, "are proud looks of kings and rulers, distressed looks of the heavy-laden, the downtrodden, and the slave,—distracted looks of men in haunts of business, and the looks that in all kinds of homes and pleasure haunts, have come from covetous, malignant, envious, and lustful eyes."

Then I noticed that the phantoms presented all the tortured and twisted features of evil and agonised feelings; and I learned that these also had been cast off by those who had entered in to the marriage of the King. And as I cast my eye upon the gateway, I saw

that it was hewn out of solid rock, and had inscribed over it the words, "I am the way," "I am the door, if any man enter in by Me, he shall be saved." "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom as a little child, shall in no wise enter." "Leave all, and follow me." My companion, seeing by my looks that I wished to enter, said "Nay; thou must return and tell thy friends and neighbours what thou hast heard and seen."

I felt my heart leap into my mouth, which, when the Porter saw, he said, "Be of good cheer! thy name may yet be written among the living in Jerusalem." And with that the vision fell from my eyes, and the music from my ears, and I heard the howl of the tempest and the rain pattering on my window, and then I knew that I was yet beneath the sun, and not so far as I thought I was from the Valley of Unrest and Desolation.

Also, about the same time he wrote another in a somewhat similar mood, "Old Immortality." He afterwards translated it into rhyme, and changed its structure somewhat. Everyone to his taste, but for our part we prefer the prose.

OLD IMMORTALITY

Dreaming has almost become to me a second nature; so much so, indeed, that it is sometimes hard to tell which is the dream, and which is the reality. But this is nothing peculiar to me. Our life in any case,

and at the very best, is a confused mixture of dream and reality. Mankind are a sleepy race; nearly half of their time is spent in bed, and even when they seem to be awake they are in most cases only in a dozing state.

Some years ago, after having witnessed a grand panorama of Scripture lands, I had a very severe attack of what I call dream-sickness. I began to think I was in one of those desolate and remote places in the land of Edom, where the people once made their abodes in the clefts of the rocks. I felt myself alone, and there was a great calm. Indeed, it was truly awful to stand in that solitude, shut in by those mighty rocks, with the stony faces cut out upon them, and horrid mouth-like caves gaping on every side, which one could well imagine to be haunted by robbers or devouring beasts. Very much solemnised and bewildered I sat down on a stone and gazed around, not so much, I confess, to view the grandeur of the scene as to be on the watch for enemies. There was no fowl or fly great or small to disturb the air: and not a creeper to displace the small dust of the ground. The desolation was complete; the stillness infinite. It seemed as if the spirit of destruction had wearied itself with havoc, and then lain down to sleep amid the ruins it had made.

It was not long, however, till my attention was attracted to the mouth of the cave not far off. I heard the faintest noise in that direction, and on looking there saw two bright eyes staring at me from within. I could see no body at first, and although the eyes were

too small for a lion's or a tiger's, yet I felt in great terror lest they should belong to some venomous or voracious beast. But presently their owner presented himself to my view in the shape of an old, I should say a very old-fashioned man. His dress, and gait, and face were all supremely patriarchal. His head had no covering, or rather it had the best of all coverings, an abundant overflow of white hair that shone like refined silver, fell in many folds upon his shoulders, and crept down his breast, twisting with a beard of the same complexion. There was a strange youthiness about his face, although it had seams down the cheeks, and saws across the brow; and it was one of those illuminated faces that seem as if lighted up by magic and a lantern. He might have been the father of Abraham for the dignity it shewed, and the father of Job for its tranquility. In short, his whole appearance and demeanour reminded me of Moses at the time God took him,—certainly his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

I could not help rising to my feet at the spectacle of this venerable man, and as he approached me I felt subdued by the excessive lustre of his eyes, which he kept fixed upon me; and had it not been for strong religious principle, which I am thankful to say I maintained even in my dreams, I should have fallen down and worshipped him. On coming near he made a signal for me to resume my seat, and sitting down beside me, he began as follows, in a voice far too steady and clear for so old a man—"Stranger, thou art one

of very few who find their way into this lonely region. Who art thou, and what is thy business here?" "Venerable sir," said I, "I know not how nor wherefore I have come to this outlandish place, nor do I know what to make of myself now that I am here; but I do remember, when at home, I had just been licensed as a preacher of the Gospel."

"It is long since I began that business," returned he. "Indeed, it must be so, if you began it in your youth," said I; and feeling encouraged by the frankness of the man, I made bold enough to ask his name, and to express surprise that he should choose so desolate a place for his abode, and that if he still held to his business as a preacher (I ventured to remark) that his congregation must be very small. "My name," said he, "is Old Immortality; my house is not so destitute as you would think; my preaching, though old-fashioned, is neither given up nor out of date; and you would be astonished at the number of my hearers." "I'm afraid," said I, "you have not been popular in your day." "Certainly I have not," said he, "although I have made a good noise and stir in the world too. I often think of the time when Noah and myself preached the world empty at the Flood. It was a——" "The Flood!" said I, "You cannot possibly be so old as that?" "Well," quoth he, "I am not very old; I am five thousand past, and shall only be six thousand years by next century."

Hereupon the patriarch (seeing me puzzled and incredulous) smiled over me, just as your grandmother

might do over you, my reader, if you should deny that the world goes round. And then he went on to tell me that he was old as the beginning of the world; and when I asked him how he had escaped the Flood, as I had not noticed his name among those saved in the Ark—"Oh," said he, "you know very little about me if you do not know that none of the elements can do me harm; water cannot drown me, however deep; fire cannot singe a hair of my head, though heated seventy times seven; though you should put the whole earth over me, you could not bury me; and though you closed up the winds in their ancient caverns, you could not take away my breath. My shoes," he continued, "are mouldy, as you see, and my mantle is moth-eaten; but you never find any mould about my bones, or canker in my flesh. I am as nimble and strong to-day as when I shielded the first pair from the flaming sword when they left Paradise. That was the saddest day in my life, and a harder battle I never fought before nor since; for I have been a great warrior as well as preacher. It was not my fault if the adversary got the advantage in the Garden; and if your first parents had followed the counsel I gave, there would have been no disobedience to bring death into the world and all your woe."

And so the old man went on in a similar strain, discoursing to me many strange and curious things. He spoke of the patriarchs as one would speak about his schoolfellow; and when I alluded to the great age of Methusaleh—"Poor man," said he, "he was in his

cradle when I was but a stripling of seven hundred years, and scarcely had my beard grown an inch, when he was dead and in his grave." He told me of King David also, what I did not know before, that in his later years he was sorely troubled with rheumatisms, contracted in his youth, I suppose, when he was hunted like a partridge on the mountains, and exposed to all sorts of weather in dens and caves of the earth. Speaking of the Pyramids, Old Immortality remembered the building of them as a thing of yesterday,—and the Tower of Babel as having happened the year before. When I asked him what he thought of the great battles and heroes of the world, he did not seem to understand at first what I meant; but afterwards I saw that he viewed those battles as no more than the concourse and struggle of a few brawling ants on a molehill. He spoke of Alexander the Great as a very small fly with a great buzz; and I was amused at his remarks on the reputation coveted, and seemingly so often gained, by warriors, poets, painters, orators, and other great men in general. He said that their immortal fame was neither more nor less than mortal nonsense.

While discoursing on the subject of dignitaries, he suddenly paused for a moment, and then went on, "By the by, you come from Britain, do you not?" "Yes, sir," said I. "I thought so from your speech," returned he. "Now can you tell me, has the crown descended yet to Albert the LXth. or is it abolished altogether?" "Our sovereign," replied I, "is her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria." "Is it so still?"

quoth he. "I was at her coronation the other day; but people live such short lives nowadays, it takes the line of a hundred sovereigns to make the twinkling of an eye in my account of time. Queen Victoria, indeed! I knew her forefathers well when they lived on raw flesh and acorns in the forests of Germany. You yourself," he continued, addressing me, "are sprung from a line of distinguished painters." "That surpasses any dream I ever had," said I; "ours I thought was a plebeian stock, so utterly flat, stale and unprofitable, that if any one did write family records, no one thought it worth while to keep them and hand them down. Pray, go on."

Then he went on to tell me that my ancestors were really great artists; but my vanity exploded when he said that instead of canvas they practised their painting on their own naked skins, and that the want of variety in the colouring was made up by the abundance of great blotches of the most heavenly blue. And to console my wounded pride, he finished up by saying that it was not my fault if they were thieves and murderers into the bargain. And so we conversed about one thing and another, until I asked him if he did not think of spending a few holidays at the Universal Exhibition—it would be so nice a change, and he would see such wonderful productions of human industry and genius. At this he smiled, and remarked that he knew so much already of what man could contrive and do, that he would be sure to see nothing surprising there. "But," says he, "if you step with me into my house

over there you will see many things you never saw before, and more curious and precious things than were ever shewn in any human exhibition."

I readily consented, and we were soon on the threshold of the cave. No sooner had we crossed it, however, than I was almost blinded by a most dazzling brightness; and had I not put my hands over my eyes I must in a few moments have lost my sight altogether. My guide, noticing this, threw a vail over my face, and by this means I was enabled to look stedfastly around me. Instead of a dismal and narrow cave, as I expected, it was the most boundless and beautiful place I ever saw. It was roofless for height, and endless for length, and broader than my two eyes could stretch. How the place was so gorgeously lighted, I could not conceive. Certainly it was not lamplight, nor gaslight, nor the light of any sun that I could see; and I noticed at a glance that it was furnished after the style of museums, with all sorts of stands and cases, containing to all appearance articles of every kind and quality. There were great galleries and staircases also, crossing and recrossing one another in every direction, and yet without confusion. But what surprised me most of all was to see the place peopled with a happy and shining multitude, who glided along without noise or bustle, and whose very talk was musical. I was so transported with the scene that for some time I paid no attention to my venerable guide Old Immortality; and when I did turn to speak to him, it struck me at once that there was a marvellous change in

his appearance. There was nothing mouldy or moth-eaten about him now. If he was old he was not old-looking. His hair might be grey, but in this new light it had the glitter of gold. If there were wrinkles on his cheek or brow they could not have been shewn forth in a better light, and none were visible. And yet he had the same dignified and venerable aspect,—only it was a thousand times more godlike.

I stood in awestruck silence before him; but he took my hand and said in a gentle voice, "My abode is not so desolate as you supposed; but this that you see is only the ante-chamber to my house, and yet it would take more than a thousand years to traverse the length and breadth of this single room. This is only one of many rooms in the first storey, and there are more stories in the building than you could number. But come hither and I will shew you some curious things which I have picked up in my time, and kept from the destruction of the world." Then I thought in my dream that he took me to see many antique and rare things, which it would require a memory as great, I suppose, as one of his own rooms to hold. One thing I remember was the pastoral crook of righteous Abel, the first thing of the kind that had ever been used, and you could still see the mark of his own blood upon it. I remember seeing also the widow's barrel wherein she kept her handful of meal, and the cruse that held her drop of oil. There also were the harp and sling of David, and the five smooth stones, with a bloody mark

on one of them, and the very scrip also in which he carried them. Not far off, too, there was a little coat hanging up, with many colours curiously inwrought with one another; but this was not the famous coat of Joseph, as I supposed, but one of those made by Hannah as a yearly present for her boy Samuel; "for," said my guide, "nothing is preserved here but the work of faith and the labour of love."

But it would weary you to tell even those things I remember to have seen; you would require to see them for yourselves. I cannot help telling you, however, how surprised I was to see a couple of very small coins of the very basest of metal evidently, set up in a most prominent place and kept with the greatest care. These, I was told, were the widow's mites. And an article that was lying near, and as worthless-looking as a matchbox,—that, I was told, was the broken box of Mary wherein she kept her precious ointment. And when I pointed to an earthenware cup of the coarsest kind, and asked my guide what was the use of keeping a thing like that, he said he would not lose it for the world,—it was the cup wherein Sir Philip Sydney gave a drink of cold water to a wounded soldier; and I was told that not one cup had ever been lost that had done the like service. And I noticed also the thimble of Dorcas, and the two pennies of the good Samaritan. And side by side with the pages of immortal authors, with their pens and penknives, I was pleased to see the small pieces of money, and other gifts, that children's hands had used in the service of Christ.

Nor should I fail to tell you of the rare old pictures that were here, exhibiting the deeds of good and faithful men, women, and children ; and they were all done on canvas that never decays, and in colours that never fade,—so that I had not known they were old, but for my companion, who told me how many centuries had gone since this or that one was put into its frame. And looking up sadly into his face I lamented that there were no such deeds to paint, and no such painters nowadays. "What," said he, pointing to a host of shining ones who seemed to be entering the building, "who are these, and what do they carry in their hands ?" "I do not know," said I, "but they seem to be busy and happy, and I think they carry lovely pictures." "These," said he, "are part of the great cloud of witnesses who go to and fro through all the earth taking faithful likenesses of every action meet for immortality ; and these pictures, as well as every article you see, are first registered in the catalogue of the Book of Life, and then placed in their frames, according to their own rank and order, to be kept in view and admired through endless ages."

Glancing at the pictures as they were being carried past, I saw that they presented a great variety of subjects. There were sick beds, and battlefields, and workshops, and palaces ; rich and poor, old and young, from hoary greybeards to babes and sucklings, in all styles of dress, and engaged in every kind of occupation. One I noticed in particular represented a little black girl on her knees in prayer, and another seemed to

represent a white man talking to a group of savages. Then turning to my guide, I said, "O blessed Immortality, do your servants take notice of what is done in desert places and heathen lands?" He took me aside a little space, and set me before a certain picture, telling me to look for myself and see. I was astonished and much affected to find before me that very scene over which I had lingered tearfully in the pages of Mungo Park. It was Mungo himself in that African wilderness, lying down faint and weary, in the midst of those negro women, who gathered around and tried to cheer him with a song whilst they were feeding him with corn and milk. The very words of their song were engraven on the frame of the picture, and shone like gold—"Let us pity the poor white man; let us pity the poor white man; he has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn; let us pity the poor white man."

Seeing me deeply touched by this, my guide remarked that such deeds were becoming more common in the earth every day, and that not one of them was done however secretly, or in places the most remote, without its own faithful witness to mark it down upon the spot, and bring a copy of it into his treasure house. Then I began to be anxious about myself, and enquired of Old Immortality, if he would not turn up the catalogue and see if there was nothing I had done worthy of being pictured in that famous gallery. "It is the Lamb's Book, and not mine," said he, "and none else is worthy to take the Book of the catalogue,

and open the seals thereof; and besides, it is kept in the upper sanctuary, where the saints also are kept in waiting till the resurrection and the judgment, when the Books shall be opened." "And is that the reason," said I, "why you have only shewn me the harp of David, when I had much rather have seen his face?" "True," said he, "for although the saints have taken the seats of the immortals, and sung the new song, and play on nobler instruments, they have not yet been clothed upon with their immortal house; and till then they cannot behold these galleries of wondrous and curious things, nor till then will these galleries be fully furnished for their reception; but when all things shall have been gathered in, the redeemed shall walk there."

Then I begged he would admit me to the repose and fellowship of the upper sanctuary, and pleaded that I was faint and weary; but he answered that I must needs go back and finish the work of my faith and the labour of my love. "And see," he continued, "be not weary in welldoing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." With that he took the vail from off my eyes, and instead of a gorgeous palace, or the desolate rocks of the land of Edom, there was a dead fireplace before my sight, and four dull walls, enclosing, beside myself, such homely and mortal things as a bed, a table, a sofa, and half-a-dozen chairs. Nevertheless, for that brief interview with Old Immortality, I felt happier than a king, and wiser than if I had lived a thousand years.

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In composing something of the nature of an interlude for the Sabbath School children, he introduced negro interlocutors. It occurred to him that it might be well to discover if he had correctly represented the negro dialect. In Dr. Davidson's congregation was a young lady from Jamaica, a missionary's daughter, making a home for a brother and sister younger than herself. He applied to Miss Carlile. She put him right in the matter in question. This began an intimacy fruitful of results.

The course under the professors was, as we have seen, short, only two months a year in the period of five years. As we have already said, the student was presumed to be all the rest of the year engaged in working for a livelihood; but all the while he was expected to be continuing his theological studies under the supervision of the Presbytery within the bounds of which he was resident, during the ten months which intervened between the sessions of the Divinity Hall. Presbyteries were not allowed to choose the method of study which they should expect their students to follow,—a scheme was drawn up by a Church committee instituted for that purpose. According to it a student was expected to read over Neander's Ecclesiastical History and Planting of Christianity two volumes in each winter, and pass an examination on each portion. In some Presbyteries this was a written examination. Another book read through was Dr. Dick's "Theology." It was fortified by passages of "Calvin's Institutes" in Latin. Hagenbach's "History of Doctrines" was

expected to be perused and examined on. Davidson's "Biblical Criticism" and "Hermeneutics," besides other books. There was a regular course of Hebrew, the first year several chapters in Genesis—next year in the second Isaiah, the year after some of the Psalms, and in the fourth year some of the Chaldee chapters of Daniel. In Greek, passages from the Gospels and Epistles were prescribed. Besides these studies, the student was expected to deliver two discourses each winter before the Presbytery. In some cases these discourses were submitted to a member of Presbytery, to peruse and give his opinion, before they were given before the Presbytery. To add to the severity of the ordeal these discourses—most of them—were expected to be delivered *memoriter* before a group of ministers and elders, to many of whom the whole thing was simply an interruption of business. Such was the course of study through which a United Presbyterian candidate for the ministry was expected to pass under the guidance of the Presbytery. Its main defect was that while some Presbyteries were strict, others were very lax.

When the student had completed his theological studies the fact was communicated to the Presbytery under whose charge he was. They promptly took him on "trials" for license. This embraced examinations on all the subjects he had studied during his curriculum, including Hebrew and New Testament Greek. The New Testament was to be read *ad aperturam libri*, wherever the book opened. It was alleged that in some of the laxer Presbyteries the Greek Testament

used had a knack of opening at one passage, and that a fairly familiar one. Besides passing this examination, the aspirant had to deliver four or five addresses. Two of them were called "popular discourses," a sermon and a lecture, an expository discourse on a fairly lengthy passage. These might be of use to the future preacher, but others could be of no direct advantage;—a passage in the original Greek or Hebrew to be expounded with due reference to various readings;—a thesis on some controversial point to be maintained according to a fixed—somewhat scholastic scheme. A passage was taken, and the student was expected to deduce a doctrine from it, and defend that by other passages of Scripture. He was asked as to his relation to the "Confession of Faith" to which a qualified adherence was expected. Most impressive of all was a private examination as to personal religion and motives, becoming a candidate for the ministry. The effect of this examination was deepened by the fact that each student had been presented with a copy of that solemn book, Baxter's "Reformed Pastor." After all these tests had been satisfactorily passed, the Moderator from his Chair put the question, to which added solemnity had been given by all that had gone before—"Are zeal for the glory of God, and desire for the salvation of souls so far as you know your own soul,—and not worldly advancement,—the motives that have led you to offer yourself for license?" I do not envy the conscience of any young man who could answer lightly such a question put in these circumstances.

After the student had been declared to be duly licensed, the Church authorities were informed of the fact, and he was added to the List of Probationers. I would add this remark. I have been the more detailed as to the training United Presbyterian students passed through, that the number of those who remember it are becoming fewer every month. The long winter session was introduced in 1880. That involved a greatly lessened Presbyterial supervision, and a much shortened course of study,—three years instead of five. The Union of 1900 introduced further changes.

BALFRON CHURCH

CHAPTER IV

BALFRON

As we have just indicated, after the student had been solemnly licensed to preach the Gospel, the next step was that the licentiate should be placed under the authority of the Church Committee charged with pulpit supply. When any minister had to be temporarily away from home, or was unable to occupy his pulpit for any reason, he applied to this committee and they sent a licentiate, or failing them a senior student to preach. When a church became vacant by the death or translation of the pastor to another charge, again the Committee was applied to and they sent a licentiate, —a probationer as he was also called,—to supply the pulpit. If the congregation preferred him to be permanent pastor, they were empowered to apply to the Presbytery, in order that proper steps be taken to settle him whom they wished among them. In order that the congregation should have opportunity of fairly judging of the probationer's acceptability, he was appointed to preach two Sabbaths. These Sabbaths were usually successive, and he was expected to stay the fortnight to visit the sick, conduct prayer meetings, and in general act as pastor. They had thus an opportunity of judging of the probationer's suitability for the

pastorate among them. When he was sent to supply a minister's pulpit, the minister was expected to keep him from the Friday before, to that following the day on which he preached: he had thus, in addition to a money fee, the right to a week's board. This arrangement was inherited from a time when railways were not. At a still earlier date the first expense of the newly fledged probationer was the purchase of a small pony, or "Sheltie," and a pair of capacious saddlebags. Of course, in those earlier days the board of the pony went along with the board of his rider. It was somewhat of a tax on the ladies of the manse, as the probationers were sometimes in manners not all that they might have been—and all preachers were, in consequence, at times made to feel that their presence was only tolerated. In outlying manses the residence of a young preacher was often welcomed as a breath from the outer world. If the preacher were accommodating, in general he was well treated, and by meeting all sorts of people he had a social education of a sort that was fitted to be useful to him. The accommodation provided by vacant congregations for the preachers was sometimes inadequate,—occasionally ludicrously so. A lodging was hired for them in the house of some necessitous widow, and her necessities were sometimes more considered than the comfort of the candidate. At other times the preacher stayed sometimes with one member of the church, sometimes with another. It may be mentioned that congregations had only a very limited right to select those whom they wished to hear.

Dunlop, however, had but little experience of the probationer's life, as he was very soon called to become minister of Balfron congregation. The village was, and is still, a small one lying outside the main line of traffic. In the beginning of last century, and the latter decades of that preceding, there had been an extensive printworks, but the lack of the easy railway communications enjoyed by other situations, led to the abandonment of the work in Balfron, and its transference to Campsie, where a printwork was erected. It was during the season of the printworks' prosperity in 1793 that the Relief congregation was formed, and they built a church that same year with 320 sittings. The building then erected was of the usual type of Presbyterian "Meeting House." The churches of the Presbyterian dissenters in Scotland made no pretensions to beauty. This was to some extent due to the relation in which they stood to the Established Church. They had seceded from the Scottish Church, rather than dissented from her avowed government or doctrine. I remember of an aged Secession minister telling of a rebuke he received from his mother, when she overheard him telling a companion that the building to which he was taken Sabbath after Sabbath by his Seceding parents was "Oor Kirk"—he was told—"That's no oor kirk, it's oor meetin' house the noo"—then pointing to the Parish Church—"Yon's oor kirk, when we get oor richts."

They maintained that the Church of Scotland as by law established, by her faithlessness to her charge as

custodian of the Crown rights of Christ, as only King and Head of the Church, and defender of the rights of the Christian people to choose their own ministers, had forfeited all right to the buildings and emoluments she enjoyed. These outside denominations claimed each to be the true Scottish Church, and they worshipped in these ungainly structures until such time as a government arose that would do justly, then they would enter anew into possession of the churches and manses of those who had been false to their trust.

Another cause was also at work. These denominations were all intensely Protestant, and inbred with the essential ideas of Protestantism: they regarded that the primary reason and purpose of a congregation was to hear sermons;—in short, they were a joint-stock company to pay one to supply them with weekly sermons. In consequence, the first thing to be thought of in a church was a place in which people could hear sermons in comfort. The result of this ideal was a cubical structure with a sentry box-like pulpit occupying one wall, and galleries round the remaining three walls. Some vague association of ideas led to them placing two long windows, one at each side of the pulpit, terminating in a pointed Gothic arch. Symmetry led to the insertion of two similar windows in the wall opposite the pulpit. The rest of the windows were usually square like the windows of a factory. In front of the pulpit was the Communion table. It was usually the whole length of the church, and had pews on each side of it for communicants sitting at it, opposite

to each other. Passages ran on either side of this from door to door. Behind it were tiers of seats divided by passages. Two other tiers of seats, one to the right, the other to the left, faced towards the pulpit. Such was the United Presbyterian Church of Balfron when Thomas Dunlop was ordained to be its minister. One advantage this sort of church had, its accoustics were perfect. With the introduction of Gothic churches has arisen the necessity to discover remedies for bad echoes which render speaking to be heard almost an impossibility.

So much for the building, but the mode of worship within it was in ordinary circumstances as much devoid of the beauty which every one now feels ought to be associated with worship. There might be, it is true, in the hearts of the worshippers the beauty of holiness, and in many cases there certainly was, but that beauty shunned anything like æsthetic expression. It was not so long before the date of which we speak, that everything but the Psalms of David in the metrical version of Rous the English Puritan was *tabu :* not even the hymns which, under the name of paraphrases, had by the authority of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland been collected and appended to the psalms, were permitted to be sung. The Relief denomination, to which, as has just been narrated, the Balfron congregation belonged, in advance of the sister denomination, had gone the length of introducing a Hymn Book : but it was not generally used. After the Union, in 1849 a Hymn Book for the United Church was collected

and introduced; though in not a few churches it was still rejected, Balfron Church had the Hymn Book, so Dunlop had no difficulty on that score.

Hymns, however, to serve their purpose must be sung, and music was systematically neglected by those Seceding congregations. The sole guide to the psalmody was a precentor, who probably sang by ear, and to whom it was to some extent a matter of chance what tune he should sing to any psalm. I remember of one precentor pathetically protesting against the demand of the Session, under whose authority he was, that he should put up a board with the name on it of the tune he was to sing:—"Hoo can a man tell what tune he's gaun to sing till he's begood?" At a date slightly earlier than that of which we speak, each line of each verse was read over by the precentor before he sang it. This practice was introduced at a time when the paucity of psalm books in the congregation had to be considered. It will be easily understood that any use of a musical instrument to help the singing was strongly condemned as savouring of Papacy and the "Scarlet Woman," or at least of Episcopacy. This refers, of course, to a time now past, and even then was true mainly of country places.

With his feeling for music, and still more his feeling for the seemly in worship, this somewhat rude mode of conducting sacred praise did not suit Dunlop at all, so he determined to mend matters. When nearing the end of our course in, I think, our fourth session, the Psalmody Committee of the United Presbyterian

Church, desirous of impressing its future ministers with the importance of the service of song, determined to teach the Divinity students the sol-fa system, then at the height of its popularity. An energetic lecturer was sent who, as unruly students soon found, would stand no nonsense. He knew music thoroughly, though his knowledge in other directions might be liable to question, as the pronunciation of Latin words sometimes indicated. He would at a time make his pupils grin by speaking of "Te Deum *lowdemus*." Whatever his defects, he in a manner obliged all his pupils to know the sol-fa system, and some he made enthusiasts in it. Armed with this system, possessing a good ear and a true voice, Dunlop determined to train a choir. It was soon discovered that there was much musical talent latent in the congregation, and a choir was formed to lead the singing on Sundays. The young people were enthusiastic, and met once a week not only to practise hymns, but to acquire anthems and other pieces of sacred music. They were so successful that they gained some fame in the locality, and were invited to give their services at tea meetings outside their own church. Dunlop conducted, and his harmonium was used on these occasions. Though nearly fifty years ago, this choir is still well remembered in Balfron, and is spoken of with affectionate enthusiasm by the old members.

To return to the village of Balfron to which Dunlop had been called : a little to the west of it had passed in older days the Highland line behind which the language was not Lowland Scotch, but Gaelic. Some

of the turns of expression and some of the modes of thought revealed the proximity of Celtic influences. Balfron was not near enough to Glasgow nor had it railway accommodation sufficiently convenient to make it suitable for the residence of Glasgow merchants who wished to be daily in town. Though it was not without the beauty which results from the association of hill and dale, woodland and stream, its beauties were not celebrated enough then to attract summer visitors. The result was that there was developed a certain quaintness both in place and people. There was less than in more frequented places to rub off those personal angularities that make for individuality. To a man of Dunlop's sense of humour and ready sympathy all this was fitted to afford delight.

Connected with the church there was a "manse," as the house provided for a Presbyterian minister is called, and with it a small piece of land called a "glebe." This manse was a comparatively recent structure, resembling a Swiss chalet. It faced the south, and nearly opposite rose the Campsie Fells, from behind which in early summer the sun rose. It is part of the hill system that occupies the centre of Stirlingshire, and is called by different names in different localities. In one of his poems Dunlop refers to these hills when he speaks of

"The soft feet of the Fintry Fells."

Down the valley which separated the village from these hills flowed the Endrick, a typical brown Highland

stream. At no great distance it falls into Loch Lomond. In the centre of the village is a grass grown square called the "clachan," the nucleus of the village in the days before there were printworks, and which survives still after these printworks have departed.

With his poetic nature Dunlop, as we have said, could not fail to delight in Balfron and its inhabitants. It was a treat to hear him in after days describe some of them. One church official had strong objections to his minister reading his sermons. Some of the old Seceders and Relievers maintained that a sermon to be preached must be delivered *memoriter*, without the use of a single scrap of paper to help the memory. I remember nonplussing one of these sticklers for old ways — not in Balfron, however — by saying that as the word it was derived from, "preaching" meant acting as a herald, and a herald always read his proclamation. I was supposed by that statement of my views to give evidence of being too much addicted to profane learning to be listened to; but we would rather give way to Dunlop himself.

SANDY M'VICAR AND HIS MINISTER

The village where Sandy lived was on the border of the Highlands, in a quiet valley, trodden, it is said by Rob Roy, whose youngest son, Rob Oig, in quest of booty, found a wife there, and carried her off to the mountain fastnesses further north. The village was

mainly one long street, with offshoots ; it stood, facing south, on the slopes of a high ridge, a peaceful river meandering at the bottom, and on the other side a range of hills of considerable height, rising steeply like a wall. It was a beautiful strath, where, on the small farms, many generations of fine families had been reared in days gone by ; but now most of the small farms had vanished, having been merged into a monstrous one, with the result that no more crops of fine families were produced. Near the foot of the village stood Sandy's dwelling and place of business. He dealt in cattle, living and dead ; he was butcher in chief to the small community ; and did not look unlike it. He was a tall, gaunt man, of severe aspect, and hard-featured, tawny and thick-skinned, with long arms and very horny hands ; he had a firm mouth, which clapped-to like the door of an iron safe ; he was a man of emphatic speech, but taciturn.

Sandy was ruling elder in the kirk. The other members of session, mostly farmers, were douce men of quiet timidity ; so that Sandy usually had it all his own way in the management of session and church affairs. The rest were " passive resisters " if anything inclined them to resist at all. A gentleman of culture, and in a position of high trust, in the village, used to say that Sandy, like the Duke of Wellington, held all the seals of office on his single sword ; and said also that any reasonable proposal made by himself in church affairs was sure to be objected to ; in consequence, he was obliged often to use apostolic " guile " for the good

of the cause, and when he wanted the people to move one way, he did as Paddy does with his pig, gave a tug in the opposite direction. The pulpit had been vacant for some time, and this of course extended the ruling elder's power of jurisdiction. In the absence of the interim moderator of session, who lived many miles away, Sandy M'Vicar convened meetings, and dismissed them; he himself alone oftentimes was *the* meeting, and passed resolutions; he alone stood at the plate at the church door on Sabbaths; he alone counted the money; he alone made note of the amount in a small passbook; he alone put the money into a green bag, carried it home, and next day deposited it in the bank. He was the treasurer of the church, and bore the office with a high sense of its responsibilities.

Another office he held, which some would reckon still more important. He was interim beadle of the church, the minister's minister, so to speak, when the vacant pulpit should be filled; and he magnified his office in a queer original way which it is the purpose of this article to disclose. But, meanwhile, the reader's patience must be stretched a little more. The pulpit Bible was a big quarto, and kept in the manse, when not in functional use. Every Sabbath, Sandy would be seen carrying this, in a large black bag, to and fro between the manse and the kirk, between the kirk and the manse, a quarter of a mile away. It was an interesting spectacle, but to the natives not surprising, to see Sandy carrying this burden up the village brae, with long, slow, measured steps, and slouching gait,

and his clay cutty pipe in his mouth. I hope I do not make Sandy seem worse than he was, when I speak of his oddities. He was a good man, up to his lights. It was not his fault if he came out of a coarse mould. He was wanting in humour; but not in a rough kind of reverence. He lived a pure life, I believe. He was never known to be dishonest. He was pious and quite respectable. If I call him a converted Jebusite the sound of the name seems to suit his case well,—although I do not know exactly what it means.

More than a year ago the vacant pulpit had been filled by a young minister. It was his first charge. He came fresh from the Divinity Hall; and did not as yet know how much he had to learn. The people had given him a unanimous call, which he regarded as coming from a higher source than they; and most sincerely and devoutly he applied himself to be their servant in divine things. He had a distinct and definite message for them. After long and earnest entreaty and search on his part, one night in his solitary lodging the Eternal had gripped him once and for all. From that moment he knew the Life that is life indeed. The veil withdrawn, old things vanished; all was new. The Scriptures revealed their pure soul to him; the Gospel stood out clear and luminous; as clear, but not luminous, stood out the mystery of human need. In this experience, the redemption in Christ Jesus, its reality and power, had been to him personally amply verified. He was conscious that he had something to say when he entered the pulpit,—conscious that he

knew what he was talking about. He worked very hard, in every department and stage of his function, in study, pulpit, pastorate; and sought to give the people of his best. His memory was not good, verbally; it was retentive enough, but not quickly reproductive. His discourses, which he began to write as early as Monday morning, he did his best to commit to memory, spending a whole day, and sometimes two, in the process, out of regard to the prejudice then existing against read sermons. His habit was to write out his sermons fully, and as carefully as though they were for immediate publication.

Exercise his memory as he liked, he found it was not to be trusted; so he adopted the plan of writing the whole of his discourse on the two inner pages of a sheet corresponding in size to two leaves of the quarto Bible used in the pulpit. Thus he avoided the offensive practice of turning the leaf; and had all the help his imperfect memory needed, and that was no more than to catch the beginning of a sentence here and there. This was all he desired; for he had no pleasure in speaking to the people unless his eye traversed over them almost as freely as if he had no help from the paper at all. From his manner, and other appearances, none in the congregation could know that he had his manuscript before him. But how did Sandy M'Vicar know? This brings me to the kernel of my story. It was the Communion occasion; and a time of unusual spiritual fervour and elevation; everybody seemed pleased, edified, sanctified; the young minister glad in

his people, and they in him. With a full heart at the close he stept into his little vestry. It should be mentioned that on a previous Sabbath a challenge grant of £10 additional (from the Augmentation Fund of the denomination) had been intimated to the people if they would raise a similar sum, to increase the minister's salary; which challenge, the due meetings and deliberations having formally taken place, was most heartily responded to, within a month's time afterwards. But, meanwhile, here is Sandy with the pulpit Bible, which he lays on the vestry table; then, straddling his best before the youth, drawing himself up to his full height, anon bending a little, as if to convey something confidentially, he said, "Weel, minister, you're no to expect the folk to raise that £10." "Why not?" said the other. "They canna do't." "How do you know they cannot; have they tried?" "They winna try unless ye gi'e up reading your sermons; they a' tell me ye maun throw awa' your paper."

In a moment the minister took in the whole situation; his heart sinking to his toes, in humiliation at the thought of the impiety and baseness of the man, especially after the solemn service in which they had just been engaged. With steady gaze he looked at Sandy, and Sandy at him. For several minutes the two men stood fronting each other, eyeing each other, still and silent as stones. And then, calmly and quietly —"No, Sandy," said the minister, "it's not true; nobody tells you that; it comes from yourself alone; you're slandering your brethren, making them think

and say what never occurred to them to think and say. I'm ashamed of you! *you*, Sandy, an elder of the kirk, to come straight from the Lord's Table with thoughts like these! Take your Book and read what happens to them that eat and drink there unworthily. No; never again speak to me in that way and on that matter!" Sandy had not a word to say. His features were too hard to blush, or express any emotion whatever. He seemed to feel no more than a cast-iron pillar would. So he proceeded to put the pulpit Bible in the bag as usual, and carry it to the manse; whilst the minister went in to his Bible class. A week, or perhaps two, after that, when the minister, in his lonely manse, late, before going to bed, opened the big church Bible, to take out his manuscript and put it past orderly, as usual, a strange thing met his view,—had it been the devil himself he saw, his surprise could hardly have been greater. It was a lucifer match, placed between the two sides of his close written paper! An angel of light indeed! How came it there; and what for? He stood and gazed at it for a long time; dubious, poor fellow (as the reader may imagine), what to think,—how to deal with it; so transcendently out of keeping with its place; so satanically incongruous with any pious or rational intent in the putting of it there. An outrage on his Master more than on himself, the preacher felt.

He could hardly suppose the "spunk" lay where it did as a protest against unsound doctrine, or as a diabolic threat against the Word of God itself; no; he

knew what it meant; he knew whence it came; he knew how impossible it was to make the slightest impression on the author of this ill-bred insult, or hideous joke,—if joke it was, on the part of one who was as little sensitive to humour as a mason's mallet, or the brush of a chimney sweep. Oh how deeply the young minister felt his loneliness at that moment,—his need of kindly fellowship,—the healing touch of a kindred spirit,—such as that whose mortal remains he had laid, a short while since, beneath the clods of the kirkyard! For what had happened, the young minister did not diverge one hair's-breadth from his ordinary course; and the secret of the "spunk" lay buried in his bosom, as silent as the grave. In course of time, Sandy died, and was buried. In his last moments he was either selling kye or slaughtering them: "and what for no?" so closely kin it was with his appointed task in life. Yet he was not ungrateful when the minister prayed over him, and fed his departing spirit with the sweet assurances of the Gospel.

On one occasion, when the assiduous pastor repeated the Twenty-third Psalm to him, and had come to the last verse—

> Goodness and mercy all my life
> Shall surely follow me;
> And in God's house for evermore
> My dwelling-place shall be.

"That's fine," said Sandy, and expired. If it takes a great variety of people to make a world,—much more,

I should think, to make a *world-to-come*, yielding happiness to those who enter it; and in all probability the grim silence of the Calvinistic Presbyterian is not less welcome at the entrance than the Methodist's unreflecting and fervid "Hallelujah!"

Another character of whom a sketch is preserved is

THE BANKER

He was a very exceptional man: one in ten thousand: even in physical appearance he was far from common: of medium height, well-built, broad-shouldered, unbent, straight as possible under his eighty years, when I knew him; a large head, broad open countenance, ample greyish beard; a speaking eye, intelligent, eloquent, ever full of humour, and tinctured too sometimes with a little mischief: kindly always, even in the sharpest of his sarcasm: a perfect gentleman, from top to toe, courteous, affable, hospitable, wisely and sympathetically considerate for the feelings and oddities of his neighbours. He was the most living thing in the old village where his lot was cast, Bafruin by name, the latter part of which name answered well to the tumble-down condition of many of the houses; these sloped down a long brae facing the mid-day sun; a river at the bottom, and a range of hills beyond.

The banker's house, a little apart, was a handsome building of two stories, the bank below, the dwelling-

house above, and commanding a fine view of the beautiful strath. Not many notable men, in a very wide district, who were not familiar in that house, and who did not wish, in leaving, to be soon back again. The banker was highly educated and cultured; and there were few with whom he could not converse on equal terms. I remember, shortly after I first met him, one evening when we stood gazing on a splendid sunset over the distant Grampians, how he suddenly burst forth with the following Shakespearean quotation, giving it with perfect dramatic gesture, emphasis, and intonation,—

> "The weary sun hath made a golden set,
> And by the bright track of his fiery car
> Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow,"—

words which I thought might well apply to the close of a good man's life, and his hopes for the Beyond; so I caused them to be inscribed on my father's tombstone.

The banker kept a carriage and trap; his man was rather a dull fellow, and while the grooming process was going on, I often heard the master refer to the horse as the nobler animal! He had always some good-humoured banter with the farmers and villagers when they came up on business; and as they were leaving he would stroke his beard with an air of the utmost simplicity and gravity, and ask, "Whatna kirk do *you* sleep in?" Not seldom, taken unawares, they would instantly reply—the Free Kirk, the Established, or the U.P.! Michael was the banker's baptismal name.

By his social habits in youth he caused no little anxiety to his brother Thomas, a quiet, douce old gentleman, of sincere and deep piety, who, one evening when it was getting late, went down to the village inn to bring Michael home. As the elder brother's voice was heard at the front door, the younger escaped at the back, went home with speed, and shut up the house. By and by came repeated knockings at the locked door, unattended to. At last the window above opened, and a sleepy voice demanded, "Wha's there?" "It's me, open the door; I'm your brother Thomas." "Na, na; you're no my brother Thomas; decent man, he's in his bed lang syne, and fast asleep. Gae wa' wi' ye; you're no my brother Thomas, you leein' scoun'rel, ye!" So the window was shut down. Of course the door was unlocked soon after, and mutual explanations made. The banker was never happier than when entertaining ministers; of one of these, well known, popular, and of convivial tendencies, he was used to say, he dined out eight days in the week! In truth, the banker was everybody's friend. For the use of a colony of Irish who had settled in the village, he built a large block of tenements; but these proved a source of great trouble to him; the tenants apparently knowing no other use for doors and window frames but to cut them up for firewood! And often I have heard him say, he knew no better way of humbling a human being than to make him a Bafruin laird.

He told me one of the greatest blunders he ever made was in connection with a visit of Thomas Carlyle to

the neighbourhood. The great man was very old then, seeking repose, and almost violently indisposed to meet with, or speak to, anyone. He was the guest of two sisters, elderly ladies, who lived in a large mansion about two miles from the village. The banker was keen to have a glimpse of Carlyle, if not a word or two of converse with him. So, having business to transact with the ladies, whom he knew well, he had his horse yoked in the trap, and instead of sending his man down with the papers, drove down himself to the house. One lady was in, the other out walking with the sage. The business done, he told what his wish was. The lady said Mr. Carlyle was very peculiar in his temper; but if he chose to risk it, he was to go back by a certain avenue, in which he would likely meet the couple returning. He did so; and met them; spoke to the lady for a few moments, whilst Carlyle gazed round on the scenery. Then, just as the parting word of greeting rose to his lips, his evil genius moved him to say, "You have a distinguished stranger with you." In an instant Carlyle turned, glared on him, and said, with angry and great emphasis, "Tak' a guid look o' 'um, then." The banker felt he had made a grievous mistake, perfect gentleman as he was; touched the horse with his whip, and drove off.

He was a good friend always to his church, and to the best interests of the village. But the ignorant prejudices of the people often stood opposed when he had any reasonable proposal to make. He dealt with them very sagaciously; and caught them by guile, in

the apostolic sense; so that when he would move them in a certain direction, he had no chance of success unless first of all he urged them to the contrary. He was a good man; and with all his playfulness had a substratum in him of deep and sincere and enlightened spirituality.

ELEGY

'Twas his at last the silent stream to cross,
And leave the murmuring haunts of living men;
The strath that knew him well now mourns his loss,
And never more will see his like again.

Like a rare mansion of the olden time
That some forgotten art hath richly graced,
Crumbling at length beneath our wintry clime,
It may be lost and mourned, but not replaced.

New men will come, grow old, and quickly go,
As they have done through countless ages past;
Old Endrick to the Queen of Lakes will flow,
And the Black Wing its ancient shadow cast;

The kine in fields, the wildfowl on the wold,
Where the glad fairies ring the heather bells;
The splendour of the upland green and gold,
Where stand the soft feet of the Fintry Fells;

The tiny ones that cluster at the well,
The rush of happy children at the school;
The rumour when the storm begins to swell,
And showers of brown leaves fall upon the pool;

The slow-paced funeral on the village brae,
The solemn eyes that watch from every door,—
The last look downward, and the falling clay,—
The hope to meet again to part no more;

The rapture when the swain has found his mate,
And social mirth leaps unrestrained and wild ;
The calmer joy within the cottage-gate
When the fond mother first beholds her child ;

The plough, the furrow that it leaves behind,
The braird that heaven doth never fail to send ;
The food God brings for beast and human kind,—
The poor who find in Him a helpful friend ;

The quiet Sabbath morn, the sober face,
The decent dress, the common house of prayer,
The talk outside, the awe within the place
When all in unity have gathered there ;

The week-day when the toiler brings his gain,
With sweat and summer-dust upon his cheek,—
Or takes his last mite homeward through the rain,
With a proud grief that will not deign to speak ;—

These scenes that met the old man in his way,
Engaged his kindly heart and searching eyes,
Still haunt the same old village of to-day,
And will while unborn generations rise ;—

But never, in the days that are to be,
The same old type of true man will be found,—
Many will rise, but none so rare as he,
Till lake and mountain sink into the ground.

The light of chivalry and old romance
Had not departed from his honoured brow ;
A something in his hospitable glance
Well known in Abram's time, forgotten now.

He was as courteous as the knights of old,
And softly gave the stroke that needs must fall ;
His wit was keen, but it was never cold,
And a rich humour sparkled in it all.

Gracious and affable, dignified and wise,
None could so well the churlish soul beguile ;
He pierced the quick, and the hot blood would rise,
Yet those who felt the pain were forced to smile.

Zealous for God, and for his country's weal,
For conscience, truth, and sacred liberty ;
For Church and State his heart's wish true and leal
That both be guided from above, and free !

The children by the roadside in their play
Will miss the accustomed hand upon their hair ;
And from the church he loved has passed away
The benediction of his presence there.

The worship of his pious fathers bore
Its joyous fruit within his heart again ;
And what he craved himself at mercy's door
He gave with liberal hand to other men.

Nor did this "old disciple" ever cease
To give of Mnason's piety the proof,
For many a weary messenger of peace
Found refuge and repose beneath his roof.

No guest will e'er forget the genial feast
Prepared of God for body. heart, and mind,—
How the talk brightened, and the joy increased,
While rarest wit and richest grace combined !

Farewell ! kind friend ; last of a goodly race !
Strath-Endrick holds not thee, but holds thy grave ;
Thy memory long shall haunt thy native place ;
Thy rest is with the blessed and the brave !

The poem is included in "John Tamson's Bairns."

Dunlop was ordained in Balfron on July 23, 1867, and on August 28th of the same year was married to Margaret Carlile, daughter of Rev. Warrand Carlile, one of the missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church in Jamaica. He was a man of highly scientific genius. His son, Rev. Gavin Carlile, M.A., wrote an account of his life, published in 1884, which is entitled "Thirty-Eight Years' Mission Life in Jamaica." Dunlop has left an interesting sketch of his father-in-law's life and character.

WARRAND CARLILE,

A MAN HEROIC FOR CHRIST

Not every servant of Christ, though good and faithful, is worthy of being called heroic. This distinction was well deserved by Warrand Carlile. He was born at Paisley on November 12, 1796, in a pious home, much given to hospitality,—a home which always had an open door for Christ-serving strangers. Thus in early years he was influenced by many eminent men who came round pleading, with lips of fire, the cause of the Bible, or of Sunday schools, or of Christian missions.

How soon grace made conquest of his heart he never could tell. He used to say he could not remember the time when he did not love Christ. As a boy he was zealous in the Sunday school. Afterwards, when he became partner in the business of his father, a thread manufacturer, he made the factory as like a Bethel as

such a place could be. At stated times he gathered the workpeople together for prayer. He was ambitious of winning the souls around him for Christ. This work, he thought, deserved to succeed, whatever else failed. It was done, too, on his part with great tact, very prudently and very lovingly. So that already there was something to be revered, something fatherly, if not apostolic, in the young master's influence. Religious classes were formed for young men and young women, meeting in his own house, or at the mill, and these were kept up with growing ardour for at least twenty years. Sincere, upright, self-denying, gentle, warm-hearted, open-handed—he was greatly beloved. His name became a widespread household word, and continued to be so long after he had left the locality. Many aged people whom in their youth he had blessed, would shed tears at the mention of Warrand Carlile.

He could not rest, however, in a business life. He felt as if it misspent his energies, and cramped his zeal. Accordingly, when about forty years of age, he resigned his prospects, which in a temporal sense were excellent, joined the Christian ministry, and laboured at Carlow in Ireland for six years. In a time of famine he was the chief means under God of saving the lives of thousands. Clear-headed, handy, courageous, fruitful in resource, of splendid organising faculty, he hurried food from distant parts, got boilers erected for the cooking of it on a large scale, and served it out to the pale multitudes, in military good order, most part of the toil falling to his own hand. He never was happier than when

wrestling with a difficulty, for Christ's sake. Still he was not at rest in this sphere. From early years it was the height of his ambition to be a missionary, and now he wished and prayed that God would open up his way to the foreign field. He thought of India, but in a dream, which he ever regarded as God's clear answer to his prayer, Jamaica was set before his mind, and he at once resolved to go thither. On the voyage he made the ship a Bethel, as he had already done in the case of his own thread factory. He asked that the men who were willing might be allowed to come down to evening prayers. The captain, after hesitating for a while, not only consented, but himself and his crew worshipped statedly with the man of God and his family. It proved a rich blessing to them.

Jamaica is the star of the West Indies. An island of fair green hills, of clear cool streams, and as rich as it is beautiful. There is a lovely sea around it, a lovely sky over it. When Mr. Carlile landed, the negroes had not long been emancipated from slavery. Yet they were proud to copy the white men's vices, though already they had too many vile habits of their own. Ignorant, degraded, superstitious, yet simple-minded, and singularly open to impressions, they presented an inviting and hopeful field to the Christian missionary. Mr. Carlile settled at Brownsville, in the north-west of the island, a situation high, healthy, and picturesque, where he found his life's task, and his grave, after a long unwearied service of thirty-eight years. Much had already been done by preceding missionaries. But

there was still much to be done, which only a man such as he could do. His work now was a peculiar joy to him. He maintained it with characteristic ardour, fearlessness, and invincible hope. Nothing could daunt him. His spirit never faltered. His perseverance was like the rising tide; it carried all before it. He was like Paul, in thinking it a glorious thing to battle with a difficulty for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. In this mood he preached Christ from a full heart. With no sparing hand did he lay bare the prevailing sins, and the superabounding grace and mercy of God. His great theme ever was, the love of God, the power of the Cross, redemption through the blood of Christ. To the negroes, still more than he had been to the mill-workers, he was in every way helper and friend, leader and guide in all good works, secular and religious. Nothing came amiss to him that human heart and hands could contrive and do. He fired the people with his own enthusiasm, helped them to quarry stones, to make and mend roads, to cut timber from the woods, to build bridges over perilous torrents. He was the architect and builder of their schools and church; their doctor and nurse in sickness; in all their petty contentions their trusted and impartial judge; their unflinching shield, when no other would venture to oppose the white man's oppression.

He made the people feel that the hand of Christ was in all this. They could not doubt he did it all as a servant of God. It was all Christ's work. He altogether Christ's own: the glory of Christ his aim; the

love of Christ his motive; the word of Christ his rule; the example of Christ his pattern; the smile of Christ his matchless reward. And, shedding a mild radiance over all, there was in him Christ's simplicity. Thus he came to wield extraordinary power over the negroes. In course of years he held a place truly patriarchal. He was like another Abraham among them,—a rich combination of king and father; a high priest, in the best sense; a seer; a prophet teacher,—yet so simple that he never knew how much he captivated their hearts. In 1851 the island had a dire visitation of cholera, by which the inhabitants perished in thousands. Mr. Carlile in this time of trial did his people heroic service, many times risking his own life in preserving theirs. His watchful and skilful zeal was like that of a great commander in the hottest of a battle. He planned, hasted, toiled with almost incredible vigour. A medicinal compound chanced to catch his eye in an advertisement. He procured it, and, finding it useful, had it supplied in gallons to the whole country round, which he divided into districts, each with its own set of officers. But the work chiefly rested on himself. Sometimes he had to coffin the dead with his own hands. He hauled out infected clothes and furniture, and burnt them in the open air. In some cases the cabins themselves he spared not from the flames.

It was a fearful time. But he had his reward. The deaths in his neighbourhood were few. Brownsville was like ancient Goshen. It was strikingly blessed not only with health, but with the healing of eternal life.

Crowds attended the religious meetings, and the awe-inspiring visitation bore precious fruit in the quickening and conversion of souls. About ten years after, Jamaica experienced a visitation of religious revival. The great wave of excitement swept the island, and shook it from end to end. The tumult was tremendous. The people, naturally fervid, became almost frantic. Multitudes were stricken down. Here again were circumstances in which Mr. Carlile, with brave heart, and cool, clear head, stood forth nobly. Like a calm, firm rock in midst of seething waters, he helped to quiet the people by the example of his own tranquility. He tried to teach their frenzy, and what he could not teach he held in rein by his gentle authority.

For about a week the people filled the church, and would not leave it night or day. More willingly they would die than go for food. So that bags, full of bread, had to be sent to keep them alive. Most of their time was spent in singing while they walked in procession round and round the passages of the church. Much permanent good was done. The net had a great haul of bad fish in it, but the good were numerous enough to characterise the work as a work of God. Mr. Carlile's spiritual labours were huge and manifold. He had, too, a strong mechanical faculty which he rejoiced to exercise. He invented, made, and distributed sun-dials of varied shapes and uses; as stated already, he made roads, built bridges, designed and built church and schools. Besides these, his scholarly labours were marvellous. In old age he was as indefatigable as

youth could be in the making of Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldee dictionaries, in learning Spanish for the sake of preaching the Gospel to Cuban refugees, in translating the Book of Job, and other such efforts,—in all which his only motive was the constraining love of Christ. Even though fire, earthquake, and hurricane had destroyed all, left him without home, without church or schools, and without a penny, he would still cheerfully have held up his empty hands in thankfulness to God for the strength to begin again. This good man died in peace, August 25, 1881, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

To show that in thus highly estimating his father-in-law Dunlop was not led away by affection for one to whom he stood in so close a relationship, we subjoin the testimony of one who was not wont to give indiscriminate praise :—

LETTER FROM THOMAS CARLYLE TO EDWARD CARLILE, Esq.

" Chelsea, 12th June, 1867.

" Dear Sir,

" Here is the letter you were so obliging as enclose to me yesterday. I was agreeably surprised to find at the end of it the signature of ' Warrand Carlile,' an estimable friend of my youth, whom I have not seen for five-and-forty years, but have never ceased to remember with respect and affection.

"I knew him always for a man of candour, clear sense, and perfect veracity of word and mind. He, even from the midst of his *Negro* environment, gives beautiful proof of these fine qualities and speaks an opinion which is wholly my own, gathered from a very different point of vision.

. . . . . .

"Sincerely yours and his,

"T. CARLYLE."

One very clever invention of Mr. Carlile's was an instrument for finding the longitude by direct observation without the intervention of an almanac with its information as to the minutes which the sun was behind or before the true time.

We have already noted the fact that Dunlop had met Miss Carlile in connection with the church work of Dr. Davidson's church, and that she was making a home in Edinburgh for her younger brother and sister. Her brother became apprenticed to Civil Engineering, and on her marriage she brought her sister with her to Balfron. The union was a peculiarly happy one: like her husband her nature was poetic. She devoted herself to the work that devolved on the minister's wife, and endeared herself to the people. The light of his home was soon darkened. As a precursor of the severer trial that was to befall him, he was summoned in the month of March to the death bed of his mother. She passed away holding his hand while he with other members of the family were singing for her the 23rd

Psalm. With her failing breath she assured him that he had never given her a moment's anxiety. The link which bound the mother to her seventh son was peculiarly close; the bereavement was felt by that son all the more keenly. This was not all. Within a year of his marriage, his beautiful young wife died leaving an infant daughter motherless. This was the sorest trial of his life:—poor fellow,—only those that knew him intimately and came in contact with him in that season of darkness can have any idea of what he suffered. It seemed as if the very truth of God had become a lie, that she who was doing such valuable work, and was so much needed, should be taken.

But we shall leave him to tell the tale of his spiritual agony himself as he did it in the address to his congregation after the event, of which a portion is given.

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS GIVEN TO THE CONGREGATION AFTER HIS WIFE'S DEATH

"This day I begin the second year of my ministry among you. I began that ministry joyfully and hopefully last year. You had chosen me to be your minister, and I had chosen one who I knew would be a good minister both to you and me. My prospect was very bright, and it was more than realised during the brief period that the angel of her presence abode with me. But this second year I begin with very different feelings. I do not, as I did, look hopefully to the future, but sorrowfully to the blissful past. For light, there is

darkness; for joy, grief; for hope, I dare not say there is despair, but there is sudden and sore dismay. It is true, as you remember, that the shadow of death fell in fourfold darkness upon us at the very beginning of my ministry here. One, and another, and another, and another, than whom there were no better friends of the Church, were stricken down and vanished almost simultaneously. It was a dark providence, and a sore trial to me: but still there was a rainbow in the cloud."

"I can say confidently that God never made a better helpmeet for minister than I had during these ten short months. She was pre-eminently a searcher of the Scriptures, and she was full of them. She knew them experimentally. Her mind was able to enter, as far as any I ever knew, into the mysteries of the Kingdom, and her heart led her into these in search after more knowledge of her beloved God and Saviour."

"You do not need to be told that she was ready to go anywhere like a good minister. She did it among the poor and afflicted in Edinburgh, and did it here. She was eyes to the blind; and balm to the broken-hearted; in the houses of affliction she read and prayed with a voice that fell upon the ear like heaven; and her bright face shone on sick eyes, and revived drooping hearts, like the promises of God."

"The only word I have to say, and it is the deepest, fullest, best, is that first word the Scripture gave me after hearing of her death,—opening the Book at

random, my eye glanced on these words: '*This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*' I would mention one other circumstance that struck me. The evening before her death, I accidentally entered a small church in Edinburgh (it was the Sabbath evening) and heard an excellent practical discourse from these words, and it was no doubt intended to prepare me for the worst,—'*Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.*' "

" When near her end, she repeated many passages of Scripture and psalms and hymns: and the very last hymn she uttered was one that came most gracefully from the lips of a brave, true-hearted missionary's child,—

" ' Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,' etc."

The poem which he wrote later, entitled " The Endrick," may be fittingly introduced here :—

THE ENDRICK

The swallow's light wing lightly dips,
And willows cool their finger-tips,
Fresh lilies hang with scented lips,
In thy waters, winding lonely,
Bonnie Endrick! peaceful river,
Winding in my soul for ever!

So fair beside no stream that flows
The birk waves and the hawthorn blows,
The rowan and the milk-white rose,—
By thy waters, winding lonely,
Bonnie Endrick! peaceful river,
Whispering in my soul for ever!

The music of my bridal day,
How soon in death it passed away!
Brief, bright as Eden was her stay
Near thy waters, winding lonely,
Bonnie Endrick! peaceful river,
Glimmering in my soul for ever!

Oh! could'st thou backward flow, and bring
What happy moments heard her sing,
What rapture in her laugh would ring
O'er thy waters, winding lonely,
Bonnie Endrick! peaceful river,
Echoing in my soul for ever!

She trod thy banks, she cull'd the flower,
Charming the weary care-worn hour,
In many a dim green-mantled bower,
By thy waters, winding lonely,
Bonnie Endrick! peaceful river,
In my soul embower'd for ever!

Oh stay not, or his heart will break
That woos thee, yon impatient Lake!
Alas! the salt rain, for her sake,
In thy waters, winding lonely,
Bonnie Endrick! peaceful river,
Rippling in my soul for ever!

Till thou shalt weep thy fountains dry,
Nor heave thine immemorial sigh,
Shall Sorrow's tide bedim the eye
To thy waters, winding lonely,
Bonnie Endrick! peaceful river,
Sorrowing in my soul for ever!

Thy flood shall cease; yon ancient height
Its *Black Wing* fold from mortal sight;
But the fair vision of delight
By thy waters, winding lonely,
Bonnie Endrick! peaceful river,
Still shall haunt my soul for ever!

A tombstone in the Balfron churchyard attests the keenness of his grief. Dunlop thus began the second year of his ministry with the attitude and aspect of one stricken and maimed. He had no sister of his own to come and fill in any way the blank. So Charlotte Carlile, the young sister of his deceased wife, remained to help with the care of the infant and management of the house. She was little more than a child herself, and her education was nothing like completed. Still she stuck to her post, and took lessons in various subjects so far as the limited opportunities afforded by Balfron rendered it possible. Notwithstanding all the alleviations during the remaining three years of his stay in Balfron, there rested on him, if not a cloud and darkness, at least a settled sadness, that seemed to settle on the manse as well as on himself. Yet at times his ebullient fun appeared. His predecessor had a large library, and had one side of the study filled with built-

in book shelves. As might be expected in a young man fresh from his studies, Dunlop's books did not nearly fill the shelves; in fact, they only filled the middle third of the space. He got two enormous maps and hung them over the vacancies. On each of the maps he placed a large card with the inscription on the one,—"If you wish to learn what you know, look behind." Of course there was nothing. To take away the apparent arrogance of this, on the other card was written,—"If you wish to learn what I don't know, look behind." Again there was nothing: the glaring absurdity of the claim to omniscience removed all sting from the accusation of nescience which he seemed to make against every possible visitor.

Although thus passing through a spiritual cloud during a considerable portion of the time he was in Balfron, the sermons he gave to the congregation there were eminently solid pieces of work. In those days congregations of the type of Balfron where not satisfied with anything short of three quarters of an hour, of sound Calvinistic doctrine. In the volume of his sermons, issued some time ago, one of them was preached then. Any one will see, who compares it with his later sermons, the change his style and modes of life underwent. For one thing the sermons composed while he was in Balfron were all fully written out and read, though not slavishly. Later it was only the skeleton—the leading thoughts that were written. He returned afterwards to his first method of writing out his sermons in full. His stay in Balfron was eminently

a formative period in his mental and spiritual development. His congregation was like most country congregations, pretty much scattered; but also, like all country congregations, they liked to see their minister. He visited among them and got to know them, and they him. His visits to the farmers took him through the leafy woods and among the green hills, and these afforded constant refreshment of spirit.

BRISTO CHURCH

CHAPTER V

BRISTO

The time came when Dunlop had to leave Balfron with all its memories sad and hallowed, modified by those of his earlier happiness. As it was arranged, two years after her sister's death, that Miss Carlile should go to a school in Helensburgh to complete her education, Dunlop would have been left solitary to the sad company of his thoughts. There might in time have been developed a tendency to morbidity in these circumstances. God saw to it that this should not occur. After a year in Helensburgh Miss Carlile returned to her parents in Jamaica. In the call which led to his removal, as in everything else in his history, Dunlop saw the finger of God. As a natural effort to resist the tendency to which we have above referred, he liked at a time to spend a week-end in Edinburgh, where he had many friends, especially John Hume, that friend most intimate of all. On these occasions it was advantageous to get an appointment to fill a pulpit, as the fee came in useful to cover expenses. It so happened that he got an opportunity to preach in Bristo United Presbyterian

Church. There had been rumours that the congregation there were on the lookout for a colleague and successor to their aged minister, Dr. Peddie. Names had been mentioned as under consideration, his was not one of them. At all events he was asked to fill the pulpit, not as a candidate, but simply as ordinary supply. When he preached, however, the people at once determined that he was the man whose message best suited their needs. They at once began to sound him, to see whether he would consider an invitation—to use the technical word—a call, to become colleague to Dr. Peddie.

In the Presbyterian Church it was a serious business, and one that involved considerable expense, to *call* a minister who was already the pastor of another church. Over the church which had need of a minister, the Presbytery had appointed one of their number to be pro-pastor during the vacancy, under the title of Moderator of Session. When the Session deemed the congregation fairly united, and so ready to invite a minister to be their pastor, a congregational meeting was duly called, and if they decided that they were prepared to "ask for a moderation" the congregation approached the Presbytery with a petition that they "should appoint one of their number to moderate in a call:" that is to say, a minister to preside, and see that everything was done in order, so that no party could say he was wronged. The method is now somewhat different, but so it was at the time in question. After intimation on two successive Sundays, a meeting

was held at which a name or names were proposed, and the one in the majority was declared called. Arrangements were made for the signing of the call. At the next meeting of Presbytery the Moderator related what had taken place, and if there were no objections presented, or if these objections were found invalid, the call was sustained as a regular "Gospel Call." One of the points was that due opportunity had been given to sign the call, and that a sufficient proportion of the membership had availed themselves of the opportunity. When these formalities were satisfied, intimation was sent to the Presbytery within the bounds of which the brother called resided. They, in turn, intimated the fact to the congregation threatened with removal of their pastor, and sent a minister to preside at a meeting of the congregation, to learn if they meant to oppose the translation of their minister. If they did so, they appointed commissioners to represent their case. These drew out reasons against the translation, which were handed to their minister. Meantime the assailing church prepared pleadings, also reasons for the transference. Then at the next meeting of Presbytery, the coveting congregation was represented by the minister who was their "Moderator," or temporary pro-pastor, and usually also another minister as representing the Presbytery, and commissioners of the congregation. Against them were similar commissioners of the congregation who wished to retain their pastor. After speeches had been delivered, the minister was asked what his desire was. Sometimes

he asked a month to consider, but usually he answered at once whether he wished to go or stay. A vote of the Presbytery, then generally affirming his decision, terminated proceedings. Originally, sometimes the Presbytery opposed the minister's own decision and sent him, though he wished to stay, or the reverse. After all this a negative decision was a disappointing matter to a congregation, consequently they generally approached the minister privately first. The object of all this delay and these formalities was to secure that both pastors and people knew their own minds, and that nobody was rushed into a decision. The writer desires that what he has written be regarded as a historical record of a state of things that has passed away. Further, it affords an explanation of the lengthened negotiations which the leading members of Bristo had with Dunlop, before he was distinctly called, and decided to go.

His new sphere was in marked contrast to that in which he had ministered for the past four years. The style of the building was essentially the same as that in which the Balfron congregation worshipped, only very much larger. It was hidden in a back court, masked by tenements of four and five stories high. The original building had been erected away back in the middle of the 18th century, for the redoubtable controversialist, Adam Gib, the leader in the split of the Secession into the two portions, Burghers and Anti-Burghers. In those days the Burgess's oath contained a promise to maintain "the religion at

present professed in this realm." Burghers found no difficulty, as they understood that by this description, the Protestant faith was intended : but Adam Gib and his followers maintained that it was the Scottish Establishment that was meant. He was ousted from Bristo Church, and those who adhered to him went elsewhere. The new Burgher Church had as its pastors first a Mr. Pattison, who was succeeded by Dr. James Peddie ; in the forty-sixth year of Dr. Peddie's ministry his son William, afterwards Dr. William Peddie, was elected by the congregation to be his colleague.

Bristo congregation was the first Secession congregation to be formed in Edinburgh. High-handed proceedings in regard to the election of a minister to St. Cuthbert's had led to petitions for preaching being presented to the Associated Presbytery. Some 5000 assembled on the Braid Hills to hear first one then another of the five brethren. After meeting in various places they erected a " Meeting House " near the old Bristo Port, from which the church got its name. It continued to be for long one, not only of the most influential, but one of the largest of the Secession Church, and then of the United Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh. When Dunlop was called, Dr. Peddie was now between sixty and seventy years of age. After due and prayerful consideration, and recognising the hand of God in it, Dunlop determined to leave the quietude of Balfron, and accept the earnest invitation addressed to him by the metropolitan congregation. The welcome he received was most cordial,

perhaps it was all the more so that the prolonged negotiations had brought him in contact with so many of the leading members of the church, and to know him was to love him. From the arguments which had been brought to bear upon him to lead him to consent to leave Balfron, one sees how anxious they were; one was indeed the unanimity of the feeling, another the more commonplace one, the way his voice filled the church, then larger than it is now.

Not only was there a decided difference in the locality of the church, but in the constitution of its membership. Dr. Peddie had declared that his congregation was largely made up of Edinburgh booksellers and retired ministers, or, as he put it, was "howf" or haven for these latter. Although booksellers may sometimes be prone to regard books as "wares," like calico and ironmongery, yet to be successful they must have some power of appreciating the contents also, or they would not know what to stock and what to refrain from. The faculty so developed would be fitted to make them somewhat critical auditors. Retired ministers would be doubly so, most of the obvious texts they must themselves have preached on. Thus the audience was very different from the quiet rural set of people that sat in the pews in Balfron,—farmers, smiths, shopkeepers, wrights, and so forth. His colleague, too, seemed his own antithesis,—to outsiders dry and unimaginative. Yet he made the venture. Short as his stay was among them, his ministry was a very happy one. As to his senior colleague, Dr. Peddie,

there was a sincere affection between them, as may be seen in the beautiful sonnet to his memory.

WILLIAM PEDDIE, D.D.,
FOR 65 YEARS MINISTER OF BRISTO CHURCH

Like some quaint cup, by antique art designed,
Full to the brim—nor yet quite overflows—
With wine of Hebrew faith and well refined,
Which mildly in the evening sunlight glows,
Most gracefully and in old Grecian kind
His life was lived in beautiful repose:
The noble face, the silvery voice, the mind,
All bore it, and the life's calm lingering close.
I loved, as no son better did his sire—
I loved the genial, chivalrous old man;
With more than lover's self-respecting fire
Did I revere the blameless course he ran
With steps so soft, and soul so undefiled,
Till Sleep took to her breast again her weary child.

As to the effect his preaching had, Dr. Robertson, of Venice, who for some time was missionary assistant in Bristo, and so came into intimate association with Dunlop, can be called as evidence. "I remember well how at the close of a service we would linger a little in the quiet courtyard of the church, and how one after another would express admiration of Mr. Dunlop's preaching in words like these:—'Well! I never heard anyone who could open up Scripture as he does,—his spiritual insight is marvellous.'" One who had been a mere lad when Dunlop left spoke, after an interval of more than forty years, of the impression

his sermons made on him. He was felt to be unique. To some extent, the hard experiences through which he had passed, gave that spiritual insight at which they all marvelled. Everyone knows the long severe processes through which a surgical instrument has to pass, before it can take on the fine edge needed. So does God deal with His human instruments. It may be noted in passing, as an evidence of the influence he had on the bookselling portion of Bristo congregation, that most of the intercourse he maintained with his old student friends was through the medium of those booksellers. Sometimes we met him in the shop of one or other of them, or some one of them, hospitably inclined, would advise us that he was in Edinburgh, and invite us to meet him.

Two movements were contemporaneous with Dunlop's ministry in Bristo, by which he was to a certain extent influenced. One was restricted to the United Presbyterian Church. Before the formation of that Church by the Union of 1847, the Relief Church had a hymn book, as already mentioned. Shortly after the Union, the United Synod appointed a committee to form a new hymn book. The result of their labours was a somewhat numerous and miscellaneous collection. In the early fifties, ideas of textual purity in hymns were pretty much absent. Editors had no scruple in altering the tense or rhythm of a verse in a hymn, or even adding a verse or two. Consequently, when the study of hymnology became general, there was found a widespread dissatisfaction with the U.P. hymn book.

Another committee was appointed to compile a new hymn book. Among the members of this committee was Mr. Thin, bookseller, above mentioned, one of the elders of Bristo Church, and well known for his knowledge of hymns and hymn books. At a meeting of this committee, Mr. Thin passed on to the convener, Rev. James Rennie, a hymn in manuscript, with a request to know his opinion of it. He read it, and expressed at once his high admiration, then asked who the author was. Mr. Thin then told him it was his new minister.

"I WILL NOT LET THEE GO"

I cannot, no, I will not let Thee go,
I love Thee so;
Far less Thy love will ever suffer Thee
To part with me.

I know Thou lovest me, but cannot tell
How long, how well;
And all the love that fills this heart of mine
Is drawn from Thine.

I feel no sorrow, and I fear no fear
When Thou art near;
And all my sinful feelings droop and die
Beneath Thine eye.

O let my weary head sink down to rest
Upon Thy breast;
And let me drink in flowing words my fill
Of Thy sweet will.

Thou hast, Thy dear Self, of the pain I bear
The largest share;
My sorest agony is very bliss
When I think this.

When my weak spirit cannot rise in song,
O make me strong!
And when uneasy murmurings will not cease,
O whisper peace!

Upon Thy bosom leaning, let me there
Lose all my care;
And gazing on Thy glory, let me be
Made like to Thee.

O love of Christ! that I can never know,
Nor yet let go;
With Thee all sorrow from my life is driven,
And death is Heaven.

The convener read it with such feeling that one of the members said, "There's no doubt of our convener's opinion;" the result was that the committee unanimously adopted it as one to be introduced into the new hymn book. Afterwards, when the convener was in Mentone, he read it to an Anglican vicar who was interested in hymnology; he was charmed and said, "That might have been written by George Herbert." The other movement involved more or less the whole of Scotland. In 1873 the American evangelists, Moody and Sankey, arrived in Britain, and in the following year they reached Edinburgh. Those whose memory can carry them back to that date will recall the profound impression their mission made. Moody's sturdy directness in statements of the truth, and his evident sincerity, covered what scholars as Dr. Eadie regarded as "Queer exegesis" (exposition); and Sankey's beautiful voice made solos that were defective as hymns

in the eyes of any hymnologist, have the power of sung sermons. Their influence pervaded the city. When one passed a couple of shop girls returning to their work from dinner, their conversation, one gathered, was on what amusements were permitted to one who professed to be a Christian. Young men lunching in a café would be overheard discussing the necessity of engaging in Christian work, to keep spiritual life vigorous. A typical incident may be related :—At a dinner at an advocate's table, of about a dozen guests two were clergymen, the rest belonged to the legal profession in one capacity or another. A discussion arose between an advocate and a Writer to the Signet as to sudden conversions ; the one maintaining that they never could be sudden, the other that they always must be. These incidents prove how thoroughly this movement had pervaded society. Some good people became intolerant in their enthusiasm for these evangelists and their works, and seemed to regard any doubts as to the superiority of Sankey's hymns, words, or music, as symptomatic of a low spiritual state. Even the instrument they used to support their music—the American organ—it was a point of faith to regard as vastly superior to the kindred harmonium.

Dunlop, while giving the movement in a manner his sympathy and his aid, was not carried away by it. His treatment of cases that came under his notice in consequence of it was eminently sane. A young woman, whose mother was eking out a scanty livelihood by keeping lodgers, came to him to assign her some Christian

work. This young girl had, he knew, been somewhat inconsiderately fond of amusement, and left her mother an undue share of the burden. He suggested to her, that instead of engaging in outside work, she should endeavour to be more helpful at home,—that helping her mother, if done for love to Christ, was as really Christian work as visiting the slums. The girl looked crestfallen, but at length acquiesced.

The chronicles of a successful ministry do not, as a rule, contain many events that stand out as requiring to be specially narrated. There is the regular succession of duties incumbent on the minister as preacher or pastor, and the silent, unobtrusive influence which he exerts. We have already referred to the affection which his works evoked. Dunlop, however, did not restrict himself merely to the regular routine work of the ministry. At his prayer meeting he gave a course of lectures on the "Pilgrim's Progress," a subject eminently congenial to him. These lectures we may mention, at the risk of forestalling what we have yet to say as to his later ministry, he edited and gave to his congregation at Bootle. Among his very latest literary work was preparing these lectures for publication in a weekly paper, and which have since been reprinted in book form.

With Dunlop, his prayer meeting was not a matter to be cobbled up half-an-hour or so before speaking; preparation for it cost no little expenditure of thought and emotion. While he was in Bristo I had occasion to see him one evening shortly before his weekly prayer

meeting. I found him in the church, reclining on one of the benches in front of the pulpit, occupied by the elders on sacramental and other special occasions, with an open Bible on his knees. I understood him to indicate that he somehow felt himself better able to realise his audience and feel what shape his message to them ought to take, while thus in the place where prayer was wont to be made, and where he could, in fancy, see each member in their accustomed places. I remember well the wearied look he had, as if the preparation were causing him a struggle; to extract the truth from the passage before him, and to suit it in application to each individual of his audience. All his congregational work cost him effort; his message was as water drawn out of great depths.

Although his pulpit work absorbed so much of his thought and feeling, he yet found time to write a brief and graceful memoir of his friend, Rev. Hugh Barr, of Kettle. He entitled it "Too late for martyrdom." He saw in his friend's determination to fight for what he regarded, and willingness to suffer for it if so required, the martyr spirit that was only baulked of the martyr crown by chronology. While he was pastor in Bristo Church it was thought well that the building should undergo a renovation, during which time the congregation worshipped in a hall. As this process of repair was to last several months, its pastor got from the congregation three months' leave of absence. These months he occupied in paying a visit to his father-in-law in Jamaica. He published an account of his impressions

of the island, and of his experiences on his journey thither and back, in the United Presbyterian magazine. He afterwards condensed this account into a lecture, which he delivered several times. It was published also in pamphlet form. The description he gives of sea sickness is humorous in the extreme. However he might make free of *mal de mer* later on, he always dreaded it, and this dread came between him and a possible visit to the Holy Land.

At the time I spoke of seeing him thus preparing for his prayer meeting, another matter was occupying him, which went also to explain his aspect of weariness. He had come to the conclusion that he must sever his connection with Bristo Church. We have already told how, when he married, he took to his manse his wife's young sister. Much younger than her sister, she was little more than a child when the tragedy of her sister's death darkened the home. We have told how she gallantly undertook the care of the infant left motherless, and the responsibilities of housekeeper in the manse which was always hospitably open. His intention to marry Miss Charlotte Carlile brought him to the decision to sever his connection with Bristo Church. There was the barrier of prejudice to be faced. Although on any legitimate interpretation of Scripture there is nothing against such a relationship in law or Gospel,—equally little is there any objection to be drawn from nature. The law of the land, however, was against such a marriage. The United Presbyterian Church had, after a strenuous debate, asserted the

illegality of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. It was really an inheritance from Romanism, only it was made stricter in Protestantism. With the Romanists, dispensations could be granted on payment. It was open to Dunlop to have done what he felt to be right, and to reopen the controversy. He took the better and more peaceful way—however painful it was—to resign his charge. Though his friends knew the real reason why Dunlop had determined to resign the ministry of Bristo Church, and sever his connection with the Church of his fathers, he never publicly avowed it ; in this way he avoided raising anew the controversy. We would subjoin his own statement of the motives for leaving them, given in his words of farewell to Bristo congregation :—

" My dear friends, whom I have tried to serve in the ministry of the Gospel, I leave you with great sorrow. It has been my privilege and happiness to minister to you and to your children. I have come to regard you as a congregation like one man, and that man a very dear friend. It is four years since I came to you ; my attachments to you are as strong as if they had lived, not four, but forty years. When I came, my mind was fixed, because I felt it to be the right course for me to take ; but it was a step in the dark. I did not know whether my foot would fall on land, air, or deep sea. I have found you worthy of all confidence and praise. I have formed with you a friendship of rock-like firmness. I do not flatter when

I say you are a people whom any minister might be proud to serve. The members of session, all of them I regard as personal friends. I could not be associated with more congenial men.

"And I have been most happily situated as regards my honoured colleague in the ministry. He and I have laboured most harmoniously together, and, I think, grown in each others esteem and confidence. It would have been the joy of my heart to stand by him to the last, to take on whatever burden his years might lay upon me, and to let his revered head go down softly to its well-earned rest. How then has this change come to pass? My sole reason for leaving is to increase my usefulness as a minister of Christ. Situated as I have been, in some respects, apart from those of a congregational kind, I have felt the conviction grow upon me that my strength must soon give way and my spirit fail altogether. Of course I felt it my duty to prevent this if I could. And it seemed to me, as clearly as I ever saw the light of noonday, that God had provided for me the help I needed. Had I believed my usefulness confined to this spot of the earth, perhaps I should not have taken the step I now propose to take; but I did not think my usefulness was so confined. I saw that every other Christian country in the world opened its door to me, and I saw my way plain to enter one of them.

"Indeed, it sometimes occurred to me that the very inducement of a wider sphere which *you* offered to bring me from my country charge, might be awaiting

me to enter on another sphere perhaps wider still in the land of my adoption. For Christ's sake I came to you, and perhaps my well-known manner of life may justly lead you to conclude that nothing but the hope of doing Him better service would ever induce me to leave. I have often preached self-denial for righteousness' sake, and I now shew that I am not unwilling or ashamed to practise it. Few who know me, or know my case, will believe me to be moved by mere personal or selfish considerations. I am only doing what I am sure in my circumstances any reasonable man would do, who takes Scripture for his guide and the Spirit of God for His Interpreter. It is with great anguish of spirit I leave you, my dear family of kind and attentive hearers. I thank God for the opportunity I have had of serving you, and judging from my present feelings, I would right gladly have continued to serve you till the end of my days. If I have done you any good, thank God for it; and forgive me in so far as I have done you wrong, or failed to serve you as I should have done.

"This old sanctuary will ever be sacred in my memory—old Bristo, for the love I bear it, it seems as if I had spent a jubilee under its roof. But if one place more than another will be sweetly remembered, it is the side-room of the sanctuary where our prayer meetings have been held. And if one class more than another will make a blank in my happiness for a long time in the future, it is the children of this church, for whose sakes I have occupied the most anxious of my

studies, and spent the happiest of my ministrations. Now, my brethren, I trust that if any of you disagree with me in regard to the step I take, you will not grudge to let your good wishes follow me, as regards my ministerial life at least. I trust also that no harm will happen to the congregation by this change: and that one more worthy will soon be in my place. If I have in any way served you, I should like to know this as my reward, that by what I have preached in the past, you will, when I am gone from you, stand more firmly knit in love to one another, in fidelity to the interests of the congregation, for Christ's sake, and in loyal attachment to the honoured father, whom it has been my pride and happiness to help in the Lord's work, and whom I leave with profoundest feelings of regret. It was a painful sense of duty that took me from my retirement in the country, and brought me as a stranger to his side; and you will give me credit for conscientiously stating the truth when I say, that it is only a sense of duty, still more painful, that takes me away from his side *now* when I know and value him as a friend, and feel conscious that he needs me more than ever.

"But I go, in God's name, believing that He has appointed me to raise a testimony at home, and to do some better work than I have yet done, if spared to go abroad. I have only this to say, further, that if the ministry be blamed on account of what I now do, those only who trample on my conscience and cast the blame will have to answer for it. My own conscience blames me no more than this, that in the step I now take I am

doing my humble part to magnify God's law, and make it honourable."

It will be seen that in this address only in a cryptic way does he refer to his contemplated marriage as an obstacle, confined "to this spot of the earth" which hindered him making full proof of his ministry, but which did not exist in other countries. As such marriages were legal in America, and from its vast opportunities, Dunlop's mind fixed itself on that country as the place where he could find a sphere for himself, and build up a home again.

CHAPTER VI

AN INTERRUPTED VOYAGE

He had taken goodbye of the Bristo congregation, and specially of its Session, with many of whom he was very intimate. He had taken goodby of his little daughter. A group of friends—few compared with what would have been had they known the day he was leaving—on the platform of Princes Street Station, were waiting to take farewell on August 20th, 1875. Some had duties that called them elsewhere, but in the case of most it was ignorance of the time of his leaving : all lamented his going, all agreed with the rightness of the course he was taking, though some of us felt that his future wife might suffer more from the effect of unreasoning prejudice than he imagined. There is fortunately an autobiographical fragment which recounts his journey to Liverpool, and how he was met by his friend, the Rev. A. Scott Mathieson, with whom he stayed the night. As he was not leaving till the following Thursday, after Dunlop had secured his berth on the " Parthia," Mathieson and he went to pay a visit to Wales. They spent the Sunday at Colwyn Bay, and returned to Liverpool on the Wednesday. When he was on his way to the ship, he was stopped and

asked to preach the following Sunday in Bootle. He did not see at first how it was to be managed, as he had paid his passage and taken his berth. However, all difficulties were swept away—all this is told in the fragment of autobiography.

1875, Aug. 20th.—Good morning, Edinburgh, and adieu! You are very beautiful and very kind. Perhaps too much letter in your religion, and too little spirit. Goodbye. Sorry to part and good hope of seeing you again. A sadder parting this than I had with you three years ago. Unbidden tears stand between me and group of friends on the platform outside my railway carriage door. A few drops fall on my unused newspaper; many more fall in, which my heart can keep for future sorrow. To me the future is dark, but full of God, in whom is no darkness at all. I am like one in a dream; or like one dying to one world, and entering on another. I have a past history to be thankful for. I cannot imagine what the future is to be; but I can hope for even better things than the past has had. We, in our compartment, are a silent company of railway travellers As the poet says, "We are seven." Chiefly, two young girls returning from school. They wept and kissed a great deal on parting with their friends. Steam power soon ended the kissing, and another power mightier still ended the weeping almost as soon. One of them took to light literature immediately; the other read nothing. The latter, I fancy, will turn out a good maker of dumplings in her English

home; and the former a troublesome dreamer of dreams. I offered them some sugar candy, and they did not refuse to take some twice.

Railway travelling gives most people an opportunity of appearing ridiculous. Few can enter or leave the carriage gracefully, especially if they have anything of size to carry. If a sheep barely gets its slender head through a fence, it will struggle to the death without seeing any reason why the stoutness of its whole body should not get through also. Many men, in this respect, are no better than a sheep. At Preston I saw a man try to get out of the carriage with two parcels which made him so much wider than the door as to suggest the camel and the needle's eye. The more he felt the difficulty, the more he hasted and struggled to get through. At last, and in some unaccountable way, the three things lay spilled outside, on the platform;—the parcels none the worse, and the man in great wrath against railway companies for their stupidity. Arrived in Liverpool, and reached my friend's house in safety and much weariness. After refreshment, my friend took me to an official of the Cunard Company,—a sturdy man, whose face had stood many sea-storms unflinchingly, and I noticed occasional gleams in it, of as sweet light of human kindness as I ever saw. It strikes me that no man who has been much out on the great sea can be himself small. He can scarcely fail to be of generous nature, and liberal in his opinions, though truly, in his conduct, he may be as wayward as the waves are.

Aug. 21.—Saw the ship, this morning, in which three days hence I am to be imprisoned for ten or twelve more, and saw a good many sailors on their knees. They were doing their best to make the greatness of the "Parthia" clean. The amount of merchandise about the docks is stupendous, and to me something awful. Beside these grand erections of ship carpentry, and massive bales of cotton, I feel how paltry and insignificant it is to be a man! My friend and I left this forenoon for a sight of Wales till Monday. The steamer is crowded with Welsh people, and excursionists like ourselves. After leaving the river we are too far from the shore for land scenery, until a good many hours have passed and we are near Llandudno, at Great Ormes Head, the first landing-place. Here, between two bold headlands, there is a spacious half-moon bay, sandy beach, and a stately row of cream-coloured houses beyond. A famous place this, for those who have got tired of trees, and love rocks and sand, and calm salt water, and well dressed human society. We land here, and a Welsh acquaintance gives us dinner at a hotel. The Welsh, I notice, are simply Scotch people who have mistaken their locality, and corrupted their language somewhat. In features, temper, and religion, they are much the same. They are deeply interested in all matters connected with churches and religion. We had a very pleasant talk with the captain of the steamer, evidently a respectable, God-fearing man, humorous and Calvinistic.

Spent Saturday night and Sabbath at Colwyn, a quiet seaside place, about a dozen miles off. Our hotel is retired on the high ground off the shore, and near the woods, a quiet enough house, smart, genteel-looking, but not well organised. We asked for tea, and in reply the waiting-maid looked and spoke as if we had asked her for a loan of something. We had scarcely sat down till we heard bickering among the domestics, reminding us of the north country, and of the way in which the Scotch shew their love for one another. In this house they have all needful things, but don't seem able to lay their hands on them when wanted. You get bread, but where is the knife to cut it with ? You have got the teapot and cups before you, and if you ring four times you will probably get the hot water, served, however, in a milk jug ! In your bedroom you may get soap to wash with, or water, or perhaps both. In the former part of the Sabbath, we heard a young man preach in the Presbyterian church ; the audience was very small, the discourse delightful for its pointedness, taste, brevity, and simplicity. The subject was Jonah, and I could not help thinking that some Edinburgh people might be viewing my vagrant self in that connection. The God of Jonah keep me, and I am safe anywhere, at bottom of the sea, or on dry land !

In the evening we worshipped in the Parish Church, —before entering, worshipped the Giver of the sweet sunlight and splendid scenery, and in the fine old House worshipped Him as the God of free grace, and Friend of sinners. By one minister the prayers were chanted

in good mechanical style; and by another, the Scriptures were read and a sermon preached, with great vigour and manliness. Next day we went to Bettws-y-coed, the choice place which every one who visits Wales must see. It is a convention of well wooded hills, with the river Conway at their feet, some beautiful houses here and there on the hillsides, and a tidy little village close by the river. We climbed one of the hills, and found at every short distance, in some quiet nook, a cotter's house with every sign of peace and comfort about it. In Scotland the lairds brush these cots away, as housewives take the cobwebs from the corners of their rooms. After a wearisome journey by rail, through a flat country, fearfully disfigured in some places by man's work and enterprise, we were again in Liverpool at a late hour, having crossed the river at Birkenhead. In mid-Mersey after dark, the spectacle all round is very grand. Thousands of lights gleam from shore and ship, a splendid illumination, which the great city makes unconsciously. It was curious to see some of these lights flit about from place to place, very much as I have seen fireflies do in the West Indies.

Aug. 24.—I am appointed to sail to-day. My bags are locked, and my straps buckled. I turn my face to the great West, and my back to merry England. One word of hearty goodwill to this same England. To a Scotchman who looks at it with unprejudiced eyes, it is a much happier place to live in than his own land. The climate is more genial and the people more frank and generous. My countrymen are theologically kind;

Englishmen humanly so. If I may so speak, my countrymen, in general, are a race of Jews, who, unlike Jews, have no toleration for good Samaritans. Before they shew kindness to a man, they put their nose to his faith. But an Englishmen usually has no scent except for a brave and honest man, and can prize such, wherever he may chance to find him. English men and women, boys and girls, are all trained to give attention in their manners to what is beautiful and pleasing, they seem to study how best to make life agreeable to others, and grudge not to do what they can to be helpful in that way. It is plain that there is a higher civilisation south of the Border. You can see this, too, at a glance in the designs and decorations of the houses. No two dwellings seem alike, and while the variety and design is boundless, you can scarcely find anything offensive to good taste. Down to the poorest dwellings, at least in the suburbs of this town, you find outside touches of ornamentation, very varied and very pretty, put on for mere ornamentation's sake, which a Scotchman would rarely think of doing. Almost everywhere you find prettiness in the houses people live in, and in the dresses they wear. On every hand you see fresh green blinds, and fresh white curtains at the windows, the snod grass plot, or flower border at the door, everything clean and well kept, from chimney pot to doorstep, and from mistress to scullery maid. The children are early trained to tidiness, to be high-spirited and honourable. It is refreshing to a northerner to see how readily they run to do an obliging or kind

service to anyone, and how quick they are to discern what is wanting to make one feel at home and comfortable. Dear old Scotland, I wish it were less theological and more civilised !

This was written in 1875, when about to sail from Liverpool. The paper was laid aside with other MSS. and forgotten. It was found in 1915, when his papers were being arranged and put away in preparation for leaving home for the winter months. The postscript was added just before his last illness.

December 13th, 1915.—Reading the above after an interval of forty years, I feel I ought to add an appendix to make the narrative complete. Especially as what I add contains an extraordinary incident, which I must always regard as a direct interposition of Divine Providence. My reason for going to the United States was to have freedom to unite myself with my deceased wife's sister ; a step then illegal in this country ; but not now. I wished to move away from my church in Edinburgh, with the softness and silence of a shadow ; making no fuss, and allowing none to be made concerning me. At the same time I felt that if any Christian people in this land wished me to minister to them, I was quite ready to do so ; but I determined not to advertise myself, or seek any such situation,—the situation must seek me.

So I came to Bootle ; and on a Tuesday morning was going down the steps of the old Exchange Station,

my little bag in my hand, my friend (Rev. Scott Mathieson) by my side, on my way direct to embark on the Cunard steamer,—when a stranger stopped us on the steps, and said to me, "Have you any engagement on the other side?" "None." "Then you are not going to-day!" "Yes, I am. I took my ticket out before I left Edinburgh for to-day; I must go." "We'll get your passage transferred till next week; and you'll preach for us at Bootle on Sunday." This was done. The transference was made for another week, and then the passage dropped altogether. The people I preached to were few, but very enterprising, meantime meeting in a public hall, but had begun the building of a very handsome church. Not one of them had the least objection to the course I proposed to take. The result was a unanimous and most hearty call to be their minister. Thus, arrested at the water's edge by the hand of a mysterious and wonder-working Providence, I began my task on October 10, 1875; and continued in it, most happily, and with a large measure of indisputable success, for the long space of thirty-seven years!

As he relates, the result of his preaching was that he was invited to become the minister of this comparatively recently formed congregation. He has said, also, that he felt no special call to America, and would naturally have preferred to stay in Britain, did he get the opportunity,—although he would not, as he has said, advertise himself. In all its circumstances this

invitation had all the marks of a Divine call, and he took it as such. He regarded matters of Church government things of secondary importance. As the congregation in Bootle had seen in his Presbyterianism no obstacle to inviting him to be their pastor, he did not see in their Congregationalism any barrier to hinder him accepting the invitation.

Perhaps Dunlop's acceptance of the position of Congregational minister was made all the easier by the fact that, of the Presbyterian bodies in Scotland, the U.P. was that which assimilated most to Congregationalism. From its history, congregations occupied a much more independent relation to the denomination as a whole, than either in the Church of Scotland or the Free Church. It had been built up congregation by congregation, and each separate congregation had its own constitution. In all these constitutions, the general membership had a more direct share in the government of the church than in either of the other two larger Presbyterian bodies. History confirms this view. The most prominent minister of the Congregational body in the earlier portion of the last century, Dr. Wardlaw, began his studies in connection with the Secession Church, which, with its union with the Relief, became the United Presbyterian Church. Many others have followed his example. There have been not a few cases of a contrary movement. It would seem to one who, like myself, is in ecclesiastical matters, pretty much of an outsider, that behind unessential technicalities, Congregationalism and Presbyterianism are liker each

other than either recognises. The decisions of Presbyterian Church Courts are effective only if they are backed by public opinion in the church and outside. On the other hand, the mutual help which congregation can give to congregation is becoming more and more systematised, and united consultations of pastors and representative councils are more frequent among congregationalists.

In regard to the matter which had led him to break away from Bristo Church and the United Presbyterian denomination, the Bootle people found no difficulty. The deacons of the church recommended that he should be married, before he entered on his duties. He and Miss Carlile, accompanied by the Rev. A. Scott Mathieson, travelled to Neuchâtel in Switzerland, where they were married on 28th of September, 1875. After the briefest of honeymoons the newly wedded couple returned to Liverpool, and on Sabbath, 10th of October, he began his ministry. After an interval of fully six weeks occurred the Recognition Services. It may be noted that in the volume of annual reports before us, there is a portrait of Dunlop, along with the account of the Recognition Services. Those who knew him well cannot fail to be struck with the unwonted sternness of expression. The conflict concerning his marriage is written on his face.

Let us now say a little about the congregation over which Providence had given him the oversight in such an unexpected way. Bootle itself had been originally a quiet, rather rural suburb of Liverpool. Gradually

there had spread to it docks, and shipbuilding, and the industries connected with these. When in the middle of last century Bootle was still something of what Southport is now, the first attempt was made to set up a Congregational place of worship, but unsuccessfully. Meantime Liverpool had been growing larger and larger : her American trade had become huge, and her shipping to all quarters was vast. With the introduction of steam, this increase had proceeded by leaps and bounds. The seafront of Bootle was taken up with docks : more and more accommodation was needed for loading and unloading ships. The possession of ships and shipping necessitated shipbuilding. Steamships meant more ships and engineering works, and the constant clatter of hammer on anvil. Although there were still residential districts, with roads bounded by villas, they had to move further back from the side of the sea.

As Edinburgh was a contrast from Balfron, so was Bootle a contrast on Edinburgh. The predominant atmosphere of Edinburgh is that of Law, Literature, Fine Art, and Education. In Bootle it was the Mechanical arts and Commercial enterprise that were prominent. Edinburgh was mediæval, Liverpool and Bootle with it, was and is, modern. There were other features which Dunlop was swift to notice. In England, even in Bootle, there was, if no Academy erected for the teaching of Fine Art, a sense of the artistic evidenced in the houses. While in Scotland houses repeat each other, what struck Dunlop was the variety. Ruskin inveighed against the monotony of Edinburgh street

architecture, in which square window succeeded square window in unbroken similarity: not a moulding or lintel to relieve the severe sameness. The English desire for separate cottages, rather than flats, gives one the sense of variety, and breaks the monotonous line. Personally I have not noticed this. In London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, many streets in the various suburbs seem to me as monotonous as they are round Edinburgh or Glasgow, only they are not joined so as to form one unbroken line. One thing is to be yielded, if brick does not make so much for solidity or comfort, the colour makes for beauty as compared with sandstone usually smoke blackened in Edinburgh, and still more in Glasgow, or with the granite of Aberdeen.

There was at least one great contrast between the congregations to which our friend had previously ministered, and this to the oversight of which he had been called. The congregations he had ministered to in Scotland had been old. Balfron Church had been in existence nearly three quarters of a century when he was called to be its pastor, and Bristo was about half-a-century older. All their methods of carrying through church work were not only fixed but stereotyped. Their mode of collecting church funds and administering them had behind them the tradition of two or three generations. They both had church buildings which, if by no means beautiful, were yet commodious, and were already hallowed by memories of those who had gone before. Each of these churches belonged to a closely

articulated system in which, if each was supposed to help the others, each in turn had its freedom limited and restricted by the others.

We subjoin an account of Dunlop's introduction to his new sphere.

RECOGNITION SERVICES

(From the Liverpool Congregational Magazine)

On Tuesday evening, November 23rd, a public service, in recognition of the Rev. Thomas Dunlop, the newly appointed pastor of Emmanuel Congregational Church, Bootle, took place in the Molyneux Assembly Rooms, where the congregation temporarily worshipped. There was a very numerous attendance. Mr. William Crosfield presided, and he was supported by a large number of ministers and laymen of various denominations. The proceedings commenced with the singing of the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name."

The Chairman, after expressing the pleasure which he felt at the settlement of Mr. Dunlop as the pastor of the congregation, gave to the reverend gentleman, on behalf of the other congregational Churches of the district, the right hand of fellowship. The choir then sang Mozart's "Gloria." Mr. I. Oliver Jones read a statement, in which he sketched the history of the congregation from its formation in 1871, and the circumstances which led to the pastor's settlement. He spoke of the esteem in which their late pastor, the

Rev. G. P. Jarvis, was held, and the pleasure they felt in knowing that, although Bootle was not the sphere of labour suitable to him, he was happily labouring at Dunmow, Essex. Since Mr. Jarvis left, the public worship had been conducted by supplies from their various colleges, and also from other churches. During the year two subjects had mainly occupied the attention of the church and congregation—namely, the erection of their new church and the choice of a pastor. The cost of the church, including vestries and furnishing, would be about £6250, towards which £4050 had been promised or contributed. A desire to open the church free from debt had been expressed, and contributions towards an opening fund had already been received. As to the choice of a pastor, their friend and neighbour, the Rev. A. Scott Mathieson, introduced to them very recently the Rev. T. Dunlop, then on his way to the land of the Pilgrim Fathers to seek greater freedom than this country (or at least its House of Lords) had yet been willing to grant. Mr. Dunlop conducted their public services on two Sundays, and the result was a unanimous call to him to become their pastor. Mr. Dunlop, before he came to Bootle, was the co-pastor of the Rev. Dr. Peddie, of the United Presbyterian Church, Bristo Street, Edinburgh; and from good testimony they knew how highly Mr. Dunlop was esteemed by that large and influential church. In the hope that in asking Mr. Dunlop to become their pastor the hand of God had guided them, they now tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop a very sincere and cordial welcome.

The Rev. Thomas Dunlop then gave a brief statement of his views of Christian truth, and proceeded to speak as follows respecting his personal experiences of religion, and the spirit in which he entered on his duties as pastor of the church :—

"This is the truth I hold respecting the way of salvation, and I hold it with *double* firmness, because I have experimentally tested it. About fifteen years ago I had my feet planted upon this rock on which I stand ; and what I had received by hearsay became quick and powerful as matter of personal experience. A fellow-student told me his case, how that, when a shepherd on the hills of Dumfriesshire, he wrestled long with God for pardon, and at last suddenly he felt the joy of it, with newness of such ecstatic life as the lame man once felt whom they found walking, and leaping, and praising God. This item of human experience was strange to me and wonderful. It opened a new land of promise in religion, and, feebly at first, I tried to enter. By this warm touch of life my own death was awakened to a faint self-consciousness. And, in course of time, by the grace of God, the same sharp agony took place in me. I was not a sinner in man's eyes, nor anything like it ; I had been well brought up, and I was what is called *welldoing*. But I felt something radically wrong, far off from God ; He at one end of the universe, and I at the other, cold and comfortless. I firmly resolved to test and try to get near as my friend had done. God's word was not sweet to my taste ; I knew it was sweet to his. He could say 'blessed Jesus ;' I

could not. There were many things Bunyan, Newton, Chalmers, M'Cheyne had said and felt with which I was not in sympathy. But surely, I thought, the same God that favoured them would not cast me out. And I began to wrestle as one who was sure to win. At last, and suddenly too, light came and joy to so great a degree as to be to my weakness insupportable. God drew so near that I had, as it were, to stretch forth my hand to thrust Him back a little until I could bear it better. It was then I realised a personal Saviour in the Lord Jesus Christ. From that time it was a new Bible to me, more sweet than honey to my mouth. It was also a new heaven and a new earth to me. Old things were passed away, and all things made new. Now, I make this statement in order to account for my *presence* here to-night, and the *position* I take as a Christian minister. I speak because I have something to tell; and I am here because God has led me to the spot. Ever since that time of my new creation, I have most earnestly striven to will and do the will of my God; to make His glory my aim, His love my motive, His word my rule, His Son my example, and His Spirit my teacher, guide, and comforter. He has often led me where I had no wish to go, and given me work to do for which I felt no fitness. But I have learned afterwards that His thoughts and ways were better than mine. I have given Him unceasing praise for His guidance, and for His grace, whereby that which once seemed an impossible task became a labour of love and of great enjoyment.

"He first placed me as a Christian minister in the quiet vale of Strath-Endrick, in Stirlingshire, where He was pleased to visit me with the severest affliction a man could bear. After ministering for upwards of three years to a people who gave me more gratitude than my poor services merited, God turned my steps out of that valley of the shadow of death, for such to me it was, and brought me to the finest of earth's existing cities, for beauty of situation, for art, education, and refinement, where for about four years more I pursued the work of the ministry in most enviable circumstances, and associated with a large circle of congenial friends. Had I been politic and careful to serve myself I should have been there still; but as I had preached self-denial for righteousness' sake, I was not unwilling to practise it when it seemed my plain duty to do so. The right course for me to take seemed to my conscience as clear as noonday; but an old popish barrier, which some Protestants mistook for an erection of their own, stood in the way. I had no wish to raise strife about that same barrier, and for Christ's sake I did not feel inclined to wait until commonsense removed it, or until it fell through its own inherent rottenness. I took what I thought the most honourable and dignified course, told the people my intention to leave, and why—in order to enjoy a natural, reasonable, and scriptural privilege in a foreign land, which my own land and Church denied me. The parting came, with inexpressible pain on both sides, and I had reached the water's edge on my outward bound way; but God,

who fixes the bounds of our habitation, ordained that I should go no further. I quote the very words I said to my friends on bidding them farewell. *My future is all dark, but God will give sufficient light for next step always, and no more I need.* It was so, and has turned out so. I had no prospect of settlement anywhere. I left, with the few trifles I could call my own, not knowing what my fortune would be, or where my lot would be cast, in the whole wide world now opening like a dreary wilderness before me. In my own house, whilst I had one, and in contemplating that strange new outset in life, I often said to myself that if any congregation in this country wished me to minister to them I should be happy to do so; but I did not feel called on to advertise myself, or to make inquiries after such a position. I kept on in the even tenor of my quiet way, judging that if there existed such a congregation God would make it known to me in due time and guide me to it. And just when I had concluded that none such existed, your friendly hand laid hold on me, and this meeting is held in recognition of the fact. You asked me to stay and become your minister, and I at once consented, feeling that if ever a call came from the Lord, it was the one you addressed to me. You have welcomed me with great cordiality and kindness, and, to my mind, during these seven weeks of my pastorate among you, proved yourselves such a flock as any shepherd might be proud to serve. And I trust that on your part and on mine there will in the future be nothing but multiplied evidences to

confirm every one's conviction that our union was the Lord's doing."

The foundation stone of the new church had been laid by Sir James Picton on October 19th, 1874, and on the 17th of February, 1876, not quite six months after Dunlop had begun his ministry, the church was so far completed as to be ready for occupation. It was opened by the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, on Thursday, February 17th. He was regarded as the representative man of Congregationalism in Scotland. It was Scotland giving her blessing to her son on being transplanted to a new soil. The evening service on the same day was conducted by Rev. Enoch Mellor, D.D., of Halifax. On the Sunday following the new pastor took the morning service. In the afternoon at three o'clock Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown (Baptist) preached, and in the evening Rev. S. Pearson, M.A. (Congregational), of Liverpool. On the following Tuesday evening a service was conducted by Rev. Alexander Raleigh, of London, and on Thursday evening, by Rev. Newman Hall, also of London. The services on Sunday, the 27th, were conducted in the morning by Rev. Charles Garrett (Wesleyan), of Liverpool, and in the evening by the pastor.

Dunlop wrote a special hymn for the occasion, which was sung during the opening services.

EMMANUEL:

A HYMN OF DEDICATION

King of Zion! God of Grace!
With Thy Glory fill this place:
Make this house we consecrate,
House of God and heaven's gate:
Here in all Thy beauty dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel!

What we give is all Thine own—
Heart of love and house of stone:
Thou didst cause the work begin—
By Thy grace we enter in:
Help, and we shall prosper well,
God with us, Emmanuel!

Grant communion when we meet:
Solemn worship: service sweet:
Noble praise: prevailing prayer:
Gospel truth and joy to share
More than we can ask or tell,
God with us, Emmanuel!

Bind in one both great and small,
Rich and poor, and bless them all:
Then let each, the blessing found,
Bear it hence and spread it round,
Till Thy name all know full well,
God with us, Emmanuel!

Shield the lambs within our fold:
Strengthen youth, and cheer the old:
Every soul to new life raise:
Every mouth fill with Thy praise:
Let Thy love each bosom swell,
God with us, Emmanuel!

Helper and beloved of all!
When our charity is small:
Weak hands wish for idle ease:
Faints our zeal on feeble knees:
Let Thine own strong love compel,
God with us, Emmanuel!

Life of all that live or die!
Hear us when too weak to cry:
When doth fail our heavenward hymn:
When love cools and life grows dim—
Show Thy face and all is well,
God with us, Emmanuel!

It may be noted that in the annual report of the congregation issued a year after they entered into their new church the membership had risen to 153. It had stood at 111 just before the opening of the church. Another thing to be noted was the adoption of an absolutely freewill offering system of giving in regard to the support of church ordinances. Dunlop had always a feeling against seat rents, with varying prices for pews, as savouring of the differential treatment of rich and poor, denounced by the Apostle James. The church door plate, the system then most common in Scotland, was liable to the curse of ostentation,—a curse which was intensified in the lists of subscribers to church funds, with their subscriptions subjoined. He thought that this was lessened by bags sent round the congregation, but not quite removed; and further there was a certain pressure exerted,—one could not resist an appeal thrust on him by the bag. A box was placed in the church porch, into it the worshipper could

put his offering. To the objection that the piety of most churches is not sufficiently high to make this plan a practical success, he repled, " Surely, with common honesty in a Christian congregation, it will not take a large amount of piety to yield abounding success." He adds, " If anyone is so poor in spirit (in the unblessed sense) as to take advantage of our free system to give little or nothing, let us not grudge him sitting room among us, for his improvement's sake and his conscience sake ; he would probably be less fortunate elsewhere."

At the same time he urged on the members the duty of arranging what they intended to give for the year, as " it would scarcely be just for one to allow his annual support to be determined by the chance number of his weekly attendances on public worship." We have to note that he offers thanks to those who cheered him by attendance at the week night service, and special thanks to those who assisted him in conducting it. Thus we may end the first section of the history of his work in Bootle. Emmanuel Church was opened ; all the various agencies were at work. Still there was something to do. Better premises for the Sunday School were to be thought of ; an organ fund was being subscribed to.

EMMANUEL CHURCH

CHAPTER VII

BOOTLE MINISTRY

In considering the previous portions of our friend's history, there have been marked periods, and these, after he had entered the University, have been of nearly the same length. With his going to Bootle there is a change. From 1875, when he became pastor of Emmanuel Church, till 1912 when he retired, there are no such overtures as when he left Balfron for Bristo, or Edinburgh for Bootle, and this single period is as long as his whole previous life. Every year involved a slight change, and as change succeeded change, in the aggregate they became considerable. Coming to the pastorate of Emmanuel Church in the fulness of his early strength, physical and mental, he spent that strength ungrudgingly for those committed to his charge. Never very robust, he had been liable from student days, in his mental eagerness, to overtax his strength.

The deacons of Emmanuel Church were observant of this, and were always ready to give him seasons of rest, and that not merely when he expressed a desire for them. He came to the pastorate aged 37, and when he resigned, he had passed the Scriptural limit of threescore and ten. Though his body was enfeebled, mentally his

natural force was not abated, save so far as mental effort implies physical exhaustion. This process, as we have already said, was necessarily gradual. The mental change was one of deepening piety, and increasing breadth of outlook. To us, who renewed an intimacy that had been limited by reasons of geography, during his Bootle pastorate, these changes were felt. Of course we ourselves had changed, but the changes we had undergone had been little observed by ourselves. Yet what is said above indicates the result as seen by friendly eyes.

There was one element in the worship of the sanctuary that Dunlop found in harmony with his nature, that was the music. Organs were rare north of the Tweed when he left Edinburgh, and had been, till shortly before, forbidden. The opposition to the "kist o' whistles," as it was called, sprang from the days of the Covenanters, when the Presbyterians were driven to worship on the hillsides and the mountain glens, and were liable to be shot for doing so. They had been persecuted in the name of Episcopacy, and the Episcopalians had organs, therefore organs were hated, and arguments were found declaring them unscriptural. It was very illogical, but very natural. Even the modest harmonium that was sometimes used to aid the psalmody was doomed to derision by being named "bum-skreigh." The prejudice had waned considerably as to the latter, when its cognate instrument, the American organ, was consecrated by the use made of it by Sankey.

When Dunlop came to the free atmosphere of England, he found the organ in full possession. But the organ is not everything. If the organist is reverent and throws himself into the services, the Voluntary may subtly attune pastor and people to the service to follow. A man need not be so irreverent as the organist who secured his dismissal from the post of organist to a Parish Church by fugalising the dominant phrase of a popular comic song, and using it as a Voluntary! In Mr. Workman, Dunlop had an organist, not only skilful, but eminently sympathetic. He had led the praises in the hall that preceded Emmanuel Church as the meeting place of the congregation, so Dunlop found him installed in office when he became minister. Mr. Workman was only a boy at that period, but he had talent and aptitude, and was able to take full advantage of a thorough musical education. The testimony which Dunlop bore to his musical colleague at the dedication of the church tower cannot be passed over:—"His life and character have been as uniformly and finely harmonious as the finest music ever produced by his skilful fingers,—and that is saying a great deal."

In looking over the church Annual Reports, one is struck by the increasing number of directions in which the activities of the congregation found scope. There was a Sunday morning prayer meeting, in which the church members met together to pray for the Divine blessing on the church services. Ordinary church members do not realise how much the spirit of the officiating minister is upborne by the feeling that the

blessing of God has been besought on his words by those who have come to hear him. Then there was the weeknight service. At this, Dunlop gave a short but carefully prepared exposition of a passage of Scripture. During his later years at Bootle he took as his subject of address the Sunday School lesson for the following Sunday. This was found helpful by the teachers of the Sunday School. He had, as most ministers have, to hint that more of the members might encourage him by their presence; at the same time he recognises with his wide charity the number of engagements that render it difficult for a business man to secure regularity one night a week. There was early a Mothers' Meeting and a Choral Society.

The Society in which Dunlop's interest went out to a great extent was the Mutual Improvement Society. From the beginning his interest in it showed that his desire for the welfare of the people, especially of the young men, had no narrow outlook. Knowledge, Art, Literature were in his view good gifts of God, to be not only enjoyed, but to be consecrated to His service. Dunlop instituted early in his ministry at Bootle, a ladies' afternoon class for the study of the "Pilgrim's Progress." In his mind it was a suitable study for those looking forward to joining the church. Bunyan gives an account in his allegory of the course of the Christian life: it was well that those about to enter on the pilgrimage should know something of the way that lay before them. He had a special affinity for the works of the inspired tinker; the allegorical naturally appealed to him.

In 1885 he began a class on Sunday evenings after the service, to which all were invited. This was called "The Pastor's Theological Class." In the manual for 1887 the subject of study is the life of St. Paul, and an abridgment of the Westminster Assembly's Catechism. He says, "This class has been well attended, and has proved fruitful of good to young and old. It has helped to ripen young men and young women for sincere, intelligent, open profession of faith in Christ, and has given clearness and revived interest to many in the study of sacred things. It is a great joy to the pastor to meet here with enquiring minds, not for controversy, but for kindly, sympathetic conversation, in the free unreserved interchange of honest opinion." A man to conduct a class of that kind would have to keep himself very alert, and be himself well up in all questions likely to be raised.

This class, which he called latterly his "Conversation Class," was a source of comfort to Dunlop. The members were encouraged to ask questions by putting a note in a box ready for the purpose. Like all ministers he was liable at times to be haunted by the fear that he was not reaching his audience;—through the medium of these questions he was relieved of this fear. In the pastoral letter by which he introduces the manual for 1895, there are a number of very interesting instances of this. One case he gives (not, however, made known to him by medium of the class) which is, I suspect, somewhat rare in a minister's experience. "A grown-up lad, whose parents had great difficulty

in persuading him to attend the services,—they seemed to him so directly personal to his case. He thought I was always aiming at and describing his secret life in every part of my public ministrations." Another quotation which may be given bears out this peculiarity of Dunlop's ministry :—" I think I have said to you before how often in your sermons you seem to touch upon things I have been thinking about." I am afraid most ministers have found a tendency in their auditors to pass the truth on to other auditors.

Once while ministering to a congregation in the West of Scotland, it chanced I had as one of my audience the late Dr. George Matheson, the blind preacher, who was supposed to be very advanced in his theology. My sermon had been on Matt. xiii. 52, " Bringeth out of his treasures things new and old." My theme had been the necessity at once of retaining old truth, and at the same time having the ear open to every new message that came to us. Dr. Matheson visited me in the vestry after the service, and after making sure by the resonance that we were alone, said,—" I wonder you ventured to preach that sermon, and Bailie —— hearing you ;" naming a leading member, a noted champion of orthodoxy. I met that member the following morning, and he said, " I saw you had Matheson there,—did you know he was coming ? You gave him some things he would be well to think about !" Each auditor had been considering how the truth would affect his neighbour !

Some ministers may like their congregations to be simply receptive,—that their mental attitude to their

pastors should be that of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer:"—

"An' I niver knaw'd whot a mean'd, but I mowt 'a 'ad summat to saay,
An' I thowt a said whot a out to 'a said, an I coom'd awaay."

But pre-eminently Dunlop was not of their number. He delighted to have his audience stimulated to think for themselves, and even combat his positions, provided the controversy was conducted on the loving lines of mutual respect and reverence for truth, especially the truth as it is in Jesus.

The historian of Emmanuel Church is able to trace the course of events and evolution of the congregation from the Annual Reports. All of these begin with a Pastoral Letter, more or less extensive. The pastor takes up various subjects in these letters, and the subjects are always of a permanent import. As an instance of what we mean, we would note that the subject of his letter in the report of 1879 is on "The Free Will Offering, an Act of Worship." One paragraph touches on a general topic:—"I believe worship is rarely thought of except in connection with the praises and prayers of the sanctuary. For example, I used often to hear it said that Episcopalians paid more attention to worship, and the Presbyterians more attention to preaching, in their public services; as if it were no part of worship to apply one's reasoning faculties in giving or receiving expositions of the Word of God."

This error is frequent all over England and Scotland. The idea of worship is the expression of our submissiveness to God. In the music of our praises,—in the poetry of our hymns,—in the architectural beauty of our churches, we offer the submission of our æsthetic faculties to God. That is the worship of feeling. The essence of prayer lies in the submission of the human will to the Divine Will. The third petition in the Lord's Prayer is the generalisation of those preceding ;—the desire that God's kingdom should come, and that His Name should be hallowed, are but particular phrases of the desire that His Will be done in earth as in heaven. But man is not only Feeling and Will, but also Intellect. Surely it must be that this side of human nature also can worship ! This, it seems to us, is seen in the sermon. The preacher submits himself to the Divine, in taking God's Word as his text,—his subject,—and the auditors submit, in the same way, to be taught. When we join in the worship of the sanctuary, it is not understood that the individuals seated in the pews necessarily acknowledge themselves inferior in knowledge or attainments to the preacher. They regard him as the messenger of God to them for the time, and yield themselves to be taught. Even when the sermon is poor,—as George Herbert says,—" The Spirit takes the text and preaches patience." It is but an expansion of the doctrine expressed in the phrase " *laborare est orare* " (to work is to worship) ; as Dunlop maintained in the beginning of the letter before us—gifts,—the devotion of our substance,—the product of labour, is also to pray.

Meantime the church was prospering in other directions. After the church buildings were completed, a large and well equipped Sunday School was built. On Friday, 7th June, 1878, the memorial stone of the new school building was laid by Mr. James Lee, J.P., Manchester, and was occupied on the first Sunday of 1879. The cost of the building was £4400. The scholars were divided into 34 classes, including an Infant Class, and Senior Bible Classes. The Sabbath School was well organised, and now also well housed.

In another direction congregational activity found scope. From very early in its history, the church had occupied itself in Home Mission work. Mr. Gabriel Thomson acted as missionary. The district was Miranda Road, Kirkdale, in which they had hired premises. The congregation of Emmanuel Church decided to defer the erection of the spire of their church, and devote their gifts to the building of a Mission Hall. Freehold land in Marsh Street, Kirkdale, was purchased for £554, and a spacious building was erected. The cost of the whole when it was opened amounted to £1800. After some years of devoted service Mr. Gabriel Thomson found it necessary to resign his position in consequence of failing health. He was succeeded by Mr. Robert Gibson. When he resigned, after a few years' work, the congregation decided that the work would be better carried on by a regular pastor, who would also be able to give his services at the church when need arose. The Rev. William Thomas was invited to become mission pastor, a position which he still occupies with

acceptance and success. The Mission Hall was formally opened on August 26th, 1886, by the Rev. Andrew Mearns, of London, editor of the "Congregational Magazine." He, like Dunlop, had passed from being in Scotland a United Presbyterian, to be in England a Congregationalist. It may be noted that in April of the same year in which the copestone may be said to have been put on the Home Mission enterprise of Emmanuel Church, Mr. Gabriel Thomson, the must esteemed first missionary, died. It is gratifying to be able to chronicle a very great increase in the various agencies connected with the Mission, following the erection of the new buildings. In the Sabbath School this has been peculiarly marked. The Mission work had Dunlop's constant sympathy and support; an evidence of this is seen in the enthusiastic tribute Mr. Thomas gave to his memory.

From Annual Report.—"In celebration of the completion of the pastor's twenty-first year of ministry at Emmanuel Church, a very pleasant reunion took place in the large hall adjoining the church, on Thursday evening, October 5th, which was largely attended. The room was prettily decorated for the occasion, and refreshments were served to the company, an enjoyable programme of vocal and instrumental music being contributed by a number of friends, under the direction of Mr. A. E. Workman, who also acted as accompanist. An additional feature of interest in the proceedings was the presentation to the Rev. T. Dunlop of a hand-

some illuminated address and a purse, together with a beautiful case of cutlery for Mrs. Dunlop, and a valuable bracelet for Miss Dunlop. The presentation was made by Mr. Irvine, who prefaced his remarks by saying that a much respected and revered friend—the late Mr. I. Oliver Jones—whose memory would ever remain green in their recollections, had seen this day and rejoiced. Mr. Dunlop, in returning his thanks for the handsome gifts, said the presentation had touched him deeply, and afterwards referred to his work among the congregation, which he trusted to be able to carry on with renewed vigour in the future. The programme of music was then proceeded with, and during a brief interval an address was given by the Rev. George Lord, the company subsequently separating after a most pleasant evening."

Dunlop's keen sense of literary form, and his interest in literature, particularly in poetry, made him delight in having round him young people who shared in his sympathies. All his life, especially his later life, he was an eager and painstaking student of Shakespeare. One of the members of his Shakespearean class writes: "It was in the classroom, which formed the meeting place of the Shakespearean class, that the late Rev. Thomas Dunlop was most intimately known. In the atmosphere of homeliness, freedom of speech, and the interchange of opinions and ideas had full play. . . . His love and enthusiasm were so great that his students became embued with the same passion

for the great master as he himself was, making the study a real delight to both teacher and taught." Dunlop completed a series of lectures on the plays of the great dramatist, besides giving other papers on "Shakespeare and the Bible."

It was not only Shakespearean studies he gave to the Literary Society. Under date March 14th, 1892, Dunlop gave a sketch of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends." The subject was congenial to him in the truest sense; there was a spiritual kinship between our friend and the "beloved physician." During Dunlop's residence in Edinburgh, as student and minister, a frequent sight in Princes Street was Dr. John Brown, looking with kindly eyes through his spectacles at the passers-by, accompanied by a great St. Bernard. Dr. Brown was regarded as in some sort the personal possession of every citizen of Edinburgh; his opinions, his sayings, and his actions, were always undergoing a kindly canvass. The admiration was to some extent mutual. When the Bristo Church was on the look out for a colleague to Dr. Peddie, Dr. Brown spoke to some of the leading members of that church of Dunlop's preaching power, and specially of certain sermons which he had heard. This element of secret history Dunlop did not know at the time, and I do not suppose ever knew.

Dunlop also gave to the Literary Society a paper on one who, on every ground, must have been to him a most congenial subject, Robert Burns. Anyone who reads the volume of poems which Dunlop

published, entitled "John Tamson's Bairns," will see how great an influence the elder bard exercised on the younger. In this long lecture, he announces that his purpose is not with the life of Burns, or even directly with his poems, but with the man. Few persons there are who have produced in others so much affection, or so much reprobation, as Robert Burns. Affection had certainly begun, even when the lecture was delivered, strongly to predominate in all. Henley's estimate, in his life of Burns, was a return to an earlier mental standpoint. Anyone who has heard the strictures Dunlop passed on Henley,—passed, in some respect, more in sorrow than in anger, would see how thoroughly his sympathies were with the inspired ploughman. In fact, his theology is broad enough to permit him to say,—"I cannot help the conviction that Burns suffered and even sinned, in a kind of vicarious way; that there might be wrung from him, such sweet strains of penitential woe, as would be the richest possession of the world, ever after." The fifty-first Psalm justifies that position, however startling it may appear at first sight to some. Something of Dunlop's thought may have been in Burns' mind when he wrote,—

> "But yet the light that led astray
> Was light from heaven."

One might easily spend a long time culling passages from that able lecture. It is full of profound thought, and sympathetic analysis. We should have liked to consider his lectures on Defoe, Doddridge, and Milton,

and also more general subjects, such as "Bad Coin" and "Good and Bad Literary Style," but we have occupied too much time already to have space for anything like adequate consideration for those others. They would be well worthy of being separately published.

While it was with his own congregation that his interests were most deeply engaged, his sympathies went out largely to any cases of sorrow or bereavement. On one occasion he was called up in the night to convey the news of the sudden death of her husband to one whose own minister was away from home. He undertook the sad duty without a moment's hesitation. He several times said that he felt that the most important work of his ministry, and what he felt he could do best, was ministering to the sick and dying, and speaking words of comfort to the sorrowful. He had a power of sympathy that could see the loveable and the Christlike in characters in whom others saw nothing to like. All this was straining, physical, mental, and spiritual. It came to something like a crisis when on Sabbath, January 31, 1898, he intimated his resignation to the congregation. This intimation came with a shock, and caused no little stir and astonishment among them. Needless to say the people were distressed at his announcement, and expressed their feelings of regret with such warmth and kindness, both personally and through the deacons, that Dunlop agreed to withdraw his resignation, and promised to stay on. Consequently he supplemented his former intimation by another on the following Sabbath.

STATEMENT TO THE CONGREGATION, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1898.

"Dear Brethren,—I thank you for your great goodness to me during this past week. Last Sabbath I startled you, and perhaps wounded you not a little, by my abrupt intimation. The impulse was upon me, and could not be resisted. Forgive me if I have wounded you in any way. I meant no harm but good to you. Since then you have surprised me by the amount and warmth of your sympathy. I always loved my people, and loved to minister to them; but I did not think I had their affection and gratitude to the extent that has just been revealed to me. I feel it would be a great wrong to leave you. Henceforth I hope to be more worthy of you in my work. You will help me to rear in this place a church that will be beautiful,—not attractive by secularised methods, but beautiful simply by the indwelling of God, through the Holy Ghost. My ambition always has been to make this house and these services a refuge and resting place for weary souls, where they might come statedly, and be sure to find a purer atmosphere to breathe than the outside world afforded, and so, amid the cares and toils of life, be soothed into some measure of Divine quietude and peace. It was a heart-breaking to me, to think that this ambition, sustained so long, should fail of its accomplishment; and not feeling well, I took a darker view of the case than I should have done. You have most emphatically shewn that it is your ambition too. You mean to hold by it; and so do I.

"You have asked me to take rest. I have an impression that I do not myself know how much I need it. For your sake, no less than my own, I shall take the rest you have so spontaneously and generously granted me. Meanwhile the best possible will be done for your pulpit supply; and I do trust that the best possible will be done on your part to welcome and encourage that pulpit supply, by your personal attendance at the services, and by well sustaining your own ministry in any department of church work. My faithful friend and helper, Mr. Thomas, will be at hand in time of need. The time will not be long till I am again in your midst,—I trust a stronger man, a better minister,—in midst of a happier and stronger people; not more kind, for I am sure a kinder people could not be than you are already."

It will be seen that he was induced to take a long and much needed rest. In writing to a friend about this time, he declared himself suffering from "spiritual and emotional exhaustion;" not nervous exhaustion, this he in terms disclaimed. At that time a visit to Palestine was spoken of, but the dread of the lengthened sea voyage, with its attendant sea sickness, prevented his making that tour. He had friends there at the time, who would have been only too glad to have had him as a guest, and would have been delighted to show him some of the more interesting scenes in the Holy Land. He was greatly restored by the rest he then enjoyed, spending about two months at Crieff, and

getting much benefit from the bracing air. He had some pleasant weeks also with his brothers.

Some six years later he was again suffering from overstrain, and wrote to the deacons tendering his resignation, and saying that Emmanuel Church now needed the pastorate of a younger man. Neither deacons nor people would agree to his absolute resignation, and arrangements were made that he should have an assistant. The Rev. Alfred A. Lee was invited to share with Mr. Dunlop the spiritual oversight of the church. For five years they wrought together most harmoniously. In the sketch of the History of the Church, Dunlop speaks in appreciative terms of his colleague, and still more so in private. Mr. Lee was called away to another sphere in 1909.

In congregational life thirty-seven years is a long period, not far short of the average duration of human life. Members die or remove, and are succeeded by others. On the whole there was increase. From 85 the membership had gone up to more than five times that number. In a place like Liverpool, including its suburbs, there are continual opportunities of going abroad to business openings, and equally continuous returnings from foreign parts: changes are frequent. But even within the radius of large cities, people move about from one suburb to another from the desire of change. This causes alterations in the persons who make up the membership. Some of those with whom he came most in contact, Dunlop commemorated in

prose or verse ; of others, when their names occurred in conversation, he has spoken in warm terms. Every removal of a friend by death he felt keenly, notwithstanding his firm faith in a happy reunion in a glorious future. His sympathy went out to the bereaved in a way that told on himself.

It has been said, " Happy is the country that has no history." To some extent that is true of ministers also. A ministry that proceeds on like a fertilising stream, continues on year in, year out, without any event that calls for comment, yet it effects untold good. The relationship was always cordial and kindly between Dunlop and the church. As an example of this, at the end of his pastoral letter for 1888, there is a postscript which tells how the congregation had arranged that he and his family should have a change of climate during the early spring months. So much for the one side. Three years later, Dunlop, finding or fancying that paying his stipend was a strain on the congregational finances, offered to take, instead of a fixed salary, whatever sums " the worshippers may be pleased to give of their own freewill, in the way of quarterly contributions." While they accepted his " unselfish proposal," they took the opportunity of expressing their high appreciation of his valuable services. With so much mutual appreciation and consideration, the relation between pastor and people in Emmanuel Church could not fail to be a peaceful and pleasant one. That very fact, however, renders it a difficult matter to chronicle its history. It is at all events impossible to

treat it analytically; and it is unnecessary, as the history of the church has been succinctly given by Dunlop himself, in connection with the dedication of the tower.

However, Dunlop's interests were not restricted to his church. We can only refer in the briefest way to his frequent visits to the Continent. He had a friend, Mr. A. B. Paton, of Liverpool, who, endowed with wealth, and having a delight in the conversation of the good, used to take him and other ministerial friends to travel with him. This company of friends visited Switzerland more than once, Germany, especially the Rhine Valley, France, Austria, and Italy. From 1891 to 1905, under the guidance of his friend, and as his guest, Dunlop visited the Continent nine times. The first of these visits he has immortalised in a long poem, "A Reminiscence of Travel," which the reader will find in "John Tamson's Bairns." In it is exhibited, not only his fine sense of the beautiful in Nature, but also the generous welcome he gave to it when found in the productions of Art. The snow-topped mountains of Switzerland affected him as they have every one with any soul in him,—

> "Mountain on mountain towering high
> Where never foot of man hath trod;
> Great stairs descending from the sky,
> Stained by the pure white feet of God."

Of the treasures of Art, pictures and statues, although I knew he appreciated them, their beauty

did not affect him as did the cathedrals. Brought up a Presbyterian and a Seceder in the strictest sect of his religion, ministering to a Nonconformist congregation, one would have expected his whole soul to go out against Popery and everything associated with it. Had he denounced these magnificent cathedrals as temples raised by human pride to the destruction of the real temples of human souls, one would not have been surprised ;—other worthy men have done the same. But Dunlop had imbibed too thoroughly the spirit of his Master, and in a wide charity saw the meaning of it, the effort made by these souls to express themselves :—

" Were these by superstition raised ?
Conceived in brain of sin, forsooth ?
Then be the Prince of Evil praised,
And perish all our hopes for Truth !

" Milan ! thy priestly rites to me
Are motes of dust in purest air ;
Thy Pile whate'er thy mummeries be,
Itself is worship—God is there !

" Those marble hosts in magic rows,
Do all but heave the human breast,—
Still choir, whose anthem ever flows—
Our God is worthy of the best !"

On a later visit to Rome, Dunlop produced twelve sonnets. One on the Pantheon seems to us remarkable as shewing how, in his wide charity, even heathenism had a place in his scheme of worship.

THE PANTHEON

This, too, is Upper-room and festal hall
  Where supper table for the Christ is spread ;—
  The pagan gods here own Him for their Head,—
They went before obedient to His call,
Prepared the feast till the fit time should fall,
  When, Master, all things ready now, they said ;—
  He came, He poured the wine, He brake the bread,
He bless'd and held communion with them all :
The lord of power, the queen of female grace
  Are here, and he whose altar drips with blood,
The god of fluent speech and rapid pace,
  The god of fire, and he who rules the flood,
She of the serpent-swathing helm and shield,
They of the peaceful hearth and fruitful field."

We have seen how little Dunlop valued the ceremonies of Rome, but even for them he has a kindly place in his heart. He saw an aged ecclesiastic celebrating the Mass, and this is what he writes :—

THE COMMUNION

AT ST. PETER'S, ROME

There was an angel in the old priest's face,
  If angel blest might be with snow-white years,
  And eyes all dewy-wet with unshed tears ;
He, only he, did consecrate the place
With breathing balm, and founts of heavenly grace ;
  To look on him was death to low-bred fears,
  And life to hopes laid out upon their biers :
His every feature bore in every trace
Melchisedec : his smile a sacrament,
  The gorgeous edifice had been but poor
Awanting it, and Art's great wealth ill-spent ;
  Some old-time minister on Scottish moor
He might have been when martyr blood was shed,
And 'neath the lapwing's cry the feast was spread !

The sonnet which follows this continues the subject, and shows the multitude coming to receive the Sacrament, and with it the old man's benediction. We should like to call the reader's attention to the sonnets on the graves of Keats and Shelley, but restriction of space hinders. One incident connected with the Continental trips has to be referred to, as it has found publicity in a shape which, while correct in essentials, is mistaken in some points. In returning from one of these trips,

the host of the party, Mr. Paton, elected to stay some days longer in Paris, but Dunlop found it imperative that he should proceed at once home to Liverpool. He had to spend the night in London, and found in the morning that he had miscalculated, and that he had not money enough for his ticket to Liverpool. He had several friends in London, but was impelled to go simply to the station to wait : he was sure the way would be opened up for him. While he was waiting, his host of Paris came into the station. He found shortly after Dunlop left that he too must hurry home to Liverpool, and coming by a quicker route met him at the station and franked him through to Liverpool. However, the incident has been recorded by himself in the account which we subjoin :

I had been abroad, and was on my way home to Liverpool. After paying my bill at the hotel where I stayed overnight, I found I had not enough money left to pay my railway fare. I was surprised to find myself so destitute, but not alarmed. Somehow, I had the impression that I did not need to be alarmed, whatever might happen.

I left the hotel, went out into the streets to spend the time till train-hour in the afternoon. It was a dark, dismal day ; a drizzle of rain, so thick that you could hardly see through it—so chill that it cut into the bone—was falling, and everything it touched was most uncomfortably soaked and grimy. It combined with my inward state of feeling to mantle my soul with melancholy, such as I never felt before nor since.

Drifting into the National Gallery, I looked at the pictures—always a great delight to me; then, on the dripping steps outside, I chanced to cast my eye over to the old church near, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The gate was open, as it always is, day by day; and I entered, because the prayerful mood possessed me. Something seemed to give me the invitation which Jesus once gave to the disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile:" for there were many coming and going. I obeyed the summons, and was glad to find myself alone in the silent place of worship—cut off in my sensations from the noisy and crowded thoroughfares, as far as the heavens are above the earth. It was indeed a refuge; but I found another there, better still. Everything in the place, the pulpit, the pews, the stained windows, the altar, the organ, the breathless air, the almost invisible shades of daylight, seemed to have but one voice, and it was this, "Let us pray."

I prayed; and the comfort of it was "unspeakable and full of glory." It convinced me I had one Friend living in the great city. The forsaken and forlorn, destitute feeling left me, and I sat musing for a long while in perfect peace. The east-end window I had been gazing on with interest, and on going near to see what the motto was, I read: "I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God." To me, the words had the force of a revelation. I read and gazed on them dimly through wet eyes. They were vested with life and personality. I felt in

company with Jesus, and heard Him speak. I had listened to *His* whisper, and now He listened to mine: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee!"

So, when the time came, I went to Euston Station, and sat down on one of the benches in the large waiting hall, my little travelling bag beside me. I did not puzzle myself much as to how I was to get home, having no money. Sometimes the thought occurred to me that perhaps the booking clerk might trust me with my ticket; but I had no plan, no purpose—and no worry. I was surprised at my own tranquillity, and it seemed impossible for me to do other than just simply *wait*.

Do not mistake me as encouraging anything like carelessness, or neglect of means. My trust was at the time *passive*, because in my bewilderment I knew not what else there was to do. I saw the crowds hurrying to join my train, and the time for it to start was near. Suddenly a friend came up, whom I did not expect, who had intended to go down next day, but somehow changed his purpose. "Had I got my ticket?" "No." Nothing more was said. He paid for mine along with his own, and we travelled to Liverpool together. On the way down, I took the opportunity of a quiet moment in the dining-car to tell him what he had done, what my extremity had been, and how he had been God's unconscious instrument in compassing me about "with songs of deliverance." And I am sure, when he knew it all, he felt thankful, no less than I did.

In 1906 the congregation decided to complete the church buildings by the erection of a tower, instead of the spire originally intended. When it was finished there was a service of dedication, when he took occasion to enunciate the doctrine which we have seen he proclaimed in regard to the cathedrals of the Continent, that there could be, and there ought to be worship, by means of architecture. He took as his text Psalm 96, 6, " Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary." He held that the tower expressed these two qualities. He expressed his firm belief, that a gross materialism is the curse of Christendom. " It is a sure sign of decay in a nation, when the places of business that adorn its streets are finer than the places of worship." At the same time this Beauty and Strength, he required, should be manifested in the spirit and life of the individual member.

Mr. Lee was succeeded by the Rev. Basil A. Yeaxlee, B.A., who remained for a year. In 1911, Mr. J. W. G. Ward, then a student in his last year, came to Emmanuel Church as assistant to Dunlop. In the following year, Dunlop having now passed the Scriptural limit of threescore years and ten, and feeling the need of complete rest, definitely resigned. He had been for 45 years a minister, and for 37 pastor of Emmanuel Church. Children had been born and baptised into the church, and grown up to manhood and womanhood. Now he could leave the people to his successor with every confidence that they were in safe hands. Above all, he had faith that the great Head of the Church,

who had supported him in all his labours among the people, would not forsake the work of his hands.

We give a portion of his letter of resignation to the late Mr. J. Ambrose Lloyd, then Secretary of Emmanuel Church :—

> "In view of the state of my eyes requiring immediate operation, or if not that prolonged and perfect rest, so as to prevent them failing me altogether as at present threatened, I should like you to tell the deacons and the church that I feel as if Providence were clearly indicating that my public ministry should now close, and be left entirely in the hands of a younger man ; and also that this should be promptly done, and in the quietest possible manner. On October 10, 37 years ago, I began ; and on that date this year, by the kind goodwill of the friends, would I close. The pain I feel in urging this is almost equal to the glad consciousness I have of my privilege in having been spared so long, and sustained so well, in ministering to one of the most kind and appreciative, most peaceable and spiritually minded Christian churches that ever existed. My love and admiration for Emmanuel Church is very great ; and I shall be well pleased if for that only I am remembered."

The congregation still wished him to remain among them, and only undertake such duties as he felt possible; but he decided that complete rest was necessary, and

bade farewell to his people in the briefest manner possible, finding the strain of leavetaking more than he could bear, in his enfeebled state of health. Generous and considerate provision was made for him by the church with which he continued his connection as minister emeritus. The silver tea service presented to Mrs. Dunlop on leaving Bootle bore this inscription :— "Emmanuel Congregational Church, Bootle—To Mrs. Dunlop from the ladies of the congregation, in loving appreciation of all her kindness and work during the thirty-seven years of the ministry of the church of the Rev. Thomas Dunlop.—October 10th, 1875,—October 10th, 1912." A watch bracelet was also sent to Miss Dunlop, as a token of the loving remembrance in which she was held.

CHAPTER VIII

CLOSING SCENES

When he had resigned his charge, Dunlop never thought of staying on in England, though the people had been most loving, and he had reciprocated their affection. Like other Scotsmen his eyes naturally turned northward when he had to choose where to reside in retirement. Although the West of Scotland had given him birth, and Ayrshire had many hallowed remembrances, and was the home of most of his surviving relatives, yet it was the east coast and Edinburgh to which he turned. Some people have called Edinburgh the Mecca of Presbyterians, and although he himself had ceased to be Presbyterian, most of his College friends and those made in the Divinity Hall were resident in Edinburgh. We have already noted that his church in Edinburgh (Bristo) was a "howff" for retired ministers: more so than ever in these days do retired ministers gravitate to Edinburgh. Although there is not the literary society now in Edinburgh that there was in the days of Sir Walter Scott and Jeffrey and Cockburn, yet ministers *emeriti* always find numbers of brethren like themselves, who have retired from active

work—Presbyterians chiefly, but also Congregationalists, Baptists, and Methodists. Naturally they tend to associate with each other, and, when they meet, discuss matters of interest to them as ministers,—texts of the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament, or the prophecies of the Old, come in for review.

When freed from the responsibilities of the pastorate, the retired ministers gravitate naturally to the suburbs of Edinburgh. As everybody knows, the centre of the city is filled with tall houses, narrow streets with " closes "—narrow lanes running off them : the relicts of the time when an English invading army might at any moment appear. The shorter their circumference, the easier was it to defend the walls ; so the houses of the inhabitants were piled over each other, five, six, and seven stories. Even where on the north side of the dividing valley the " New Town " rose, still this method of building was continued, though the buildings were not carried to the same height. Habit explains this to some extent ; perhaps to some extent the habit was due to Continental influences. Gradually the insanitary result of this method of crowding the population so closely together was borne in upon the Scottish people, helped possibly by the habit of their neighbours south of the Tweed. Houses more of the villa pattern were built in the outskirts, with gardens,—small it might be,—before and behind. This characteristic was to be observed most in the houses erected in the southern outskirts of the city. Thither, in consequence, the majority of the ministers *emeriti* betook themselves.

Of one road in this district a retired professor said it reminded him of the Kyles of Bute, in which narrow channel, Government, a score of years ago, had moored some dozen or more of superannuated ironclads. In almost every second house on both sides was the dwelling of a retired clergyman.

Readers of the literature of the beginning of last century,—of its novels and popular essays,—will not fail to be aware that a portion of the city of Edinburgh was, as said above, called the "New Town," and was situated on the northern side of the valley, which runs along the foot of the castle rock, and on which the tall tenements of High Street look down. A newer town sprang up as last century passed its fifth decade toward the south. Two main thoroughfares led away toward the sunnier regions; to the west, Lothian Road;—along it sprang up the Merchiston and Morningside suburbs. To the east, an older street passed along the bridges that spanned the valley, and held on passed the University which stands where stood the fatal Kirk o' Field, where Darnley met his death. Along this line are the suburban villas of Newington, and further out of Liberton. It was in this latter region that Dunlop selected the home of his retirement. Most of his old student friends had abodes not far off. Findhorn Place, where he settled down, is a quiet street, in a pleasant neighbourhood.

The house in Bootle was broken up in the end of September, 1912, Dunlop having preceded the rest of the household by a week or two. He had hoped to

complete the thirty-seventh year of his ministry, but as the anniversary of the beginning of his Bootle pastorate approached he shrank from the ordeal of taking farewell of the people to whom he had so long ministered, and to whom he was united by so many ties of affectionate memory and sympathy. He went without previous arrangement to a meeting of the congregation that was being held in the schoolroom : told them that he found it best to leave immediately, and said goodbye. He left Bootle the following day. His last sermon in Emmanuel Church will be found in the collection of his sermons and addresses, " The Diffidence of Faith," text, Isaiah lv. 10-11.

His new abode was near the outskirts of the city. A short walk takes one beyond the streets and even the villas, into open fields bounded by hedgerows. Often his friends would meet him stick in hand, pacing his way outward, his back to the city, and on his face that far-away smile which his friends knew so well. Although Mrs. Dunlop or his daughter generally accompanied him when he went into the city, or had to cross crowded thoroughfares, not infrequently he was alone when he set his face southward. As my house was on that southward way, I sometimes got the benefit of a call in passing,—a benefit shared by other friends similarly situated.

It was not long till friends began to gather into the study at Findhorn Place, to renew or begin intercourse with the poet-preacher. At an angle between the window and the fireplace, so that the light fell on it,

was placed a devonport; it was in such a position that one seated at it got the benefit of the fire as well as of the light. At this the visitor, when ushered into the sanctum, usually found Dunlop seated, either busy writing, or correcting proofs. I do not think I ever found him in his study, unless another visitor had preceded me, but he was so engaged.

As above noted, the derelict ministers to whom we have referred tended to form societies for the study of the Scriptures, mainly those of the New Testament. One such society had several members in his neighbourhood. He was asked to join, and readily acceded to the request. It met monthly in the houses of the various members in turn. As this society did not meet save in winter and spring,—from October to April,—and Edinburgh winters and springs are severe, Dunlop was only able to be present at one or two of these meetings. He relished this opportunity of exchanging views with his brethren, and they, for their part, felt that the remarks he made were distinctively illuminative. His constitution proved less able to resist the biting winds of Edinburgh than he or his friends anticipated, and he was frequently laid aside with cold: hence the "Senior Ministers' and Elders' Society" saw less of him than they would in more favourable circumstances have done.

Although thus hindered from exercising directly his influence on his friends, those who visited him found him ready at any moment to interrupt his writing or correcting, to have a talk with any conversible friend.

The subjects under discussion were very various, but one that frequently emerged in conversations with the present writer was about what may be called religious psychology. As an example of what is meant I related to him my own feelings of repulsion when a Tyneside Scottish woman who, with her husband, had, from their migratory habits, drifted out of church membership, on being asked about her religious condition, said, " Ou ay, I've been through conviction, conversion, and all the rest o't." The conversation turned on the question of how far my repulsion was justified; was it possible that the apparent flippancy was merely superficial ? or was it ingrained ? and were the spiritual experiences to which she referred more or less consciously the result of acting ? He seemed inclined to take a more charitable view of the woman than I. When I urged that her attitude was a symptom all the more serious, that it did violence to the reticence in regard to spiritual matters so characteristic of the Scots, his answer was that she had engrafted something of English openness in these things on her Scottish nature, and that my repulsion was partly due to the incongruity of the conjunction. Sometimes literary questions came in course. He admired some of the Russian novelists with whom my acquaintance was scarcely even rudimentary, the sole exception to this ignorance being Tolstoi. For my part, I was audacious enough to regard Tolstoi as very much overpraised; that his power of writing a delicate character sketch, which is really great, was not conjoined with any proportionate power

of building up a lengthened narrative. Without combating my arguments against Tolstoi, he directed me to certain novels of Turgenieff, whose spiritual instinct he regarded as very high.

He was, as a critic, at his best in criticising hymns. Many seem to regard hymns as being little more than vehicles to carry sacred music. Save that sacred words have to be introduced, they are expected to differ little in poetic value from the songs, sentimental, patriotic, or comic, that every season sees emerging from the presses of the London music publishers. He could not away with mixed metaphors or self-contradictory similies. I regret that I did not more carefully treasure in my memory the talks we had, but we had no fear that death should so soon separate us. Had there been some kindly Boswell to record them, how we should have valued those notes now!

When Dunlop returned to Edinburgh he first attended Bristo Church, to which he had formerly ministered. When, through failing health, he found the distance too great, he worshipped in the Fountainhall Road Church, and listened to the ministry of the Rev. Pollok Watt. He enjoyed intercourse with the ministers of both churches, alike with Mr. Findlay, the talented young scholar who had succeeded him after the interval of thirty odd years in Bristo, and that of the genial minister of Fountainhall Road Church. The questions that occupied the minds of ecclesiastical politicians in the United Church did not interest him. When they were introduced into conversation, he

usually sat silent; rarely troubling even to assume the aspect of an interested listener. His interests were still largely with the denomination he had left, as might be seen when the men and questions that were stirring the Free Churches of the south were referred to.

This tremendous war occupied Dunlop's thoughts naturally, as it did the thoughts of every one. No one more definitely than he looked at the moral side of the question involved. Some of us, when the war broke out, tried to believe that the Kaiser was a good, pious man, but was forced into war by his military entourage; we were prone to take his appeals to the Almighty, at their face value;—as the appeals of a man who, however mistaken, believed in the justice of his cause. Our friend would have none of this;—he declared that Kaiser Wilhelm would go down to posterity as William the Hypocrite. I confess that events have led me to be more prone than I was to accept this view; the only alternative being, that there is a strain of madness which makes him ready to believe any delusion. The answer of the English Theologians to the appeal of the Theologians of Germany seemed to him altogether too submissive. He was sure it would utterly fail in its object—an anticipation which has been shewn to be correct by the German rejoinder to the English answer. Personally, I felt difficulty in believing that some of those theologians, whose names are appended to these documents, had much to do with their composition; it looks as if the appeal rejoinder had been drawn up by some official in the Government bureaux, and the

theologians were significantly informed that they were expected to endorse the statement put forward. If they do adopt them *ex animo*—still more if the documents have been drawn up by these theologians in consultation,—then there is shewn an utter inability to balance evidence, which ought to make the theologians of every other country hesitate to accept any decision which they may arrive at in theology or science, unless otherwise probable. This conclusion holds even on the other hypothesis; for advantage to themselves they endorse that as truth, which they have good reason to suspect is untruth. Opinions may be announced and supported in regard to the most sacred subjects, not because the promulgators believe them, but because they covet the reputation of being original thinkers, and the consequent chance of academic advancement. Thus, in either way, the credit of German Theology ought to be seriously damaged. Our scholars are, I am afraid, too much inclined to bow down to the Baal of Germanism to be logical on their own account.

As we have already observed, the climate of Edinburgh proved very trying to Dunlop. He took frequent changes, but these did not produce any lasting benefit. In the October of 1915 he let his Edinburgh house, with the intention of spending the winter in West Kirby, Cheshire. In its genial climate he seemed to revive greatly, and was out every day when the weather did not forbid. As it was within easy distance from Bootle, he was gladdened by many visits from members of his former charge. Altogether he enjoyed

his stay there, and was anxious that some of his friends who felt Edinburgh east winds trying, should manifest that prudence which is the better part of valour, and betake themselves, like him, to Cheshire. I subjoin a letter—one of several—which I received while he was staying in West Kirby. Though it is undated, the post mark proves that it was sent off about a fortnight before his death.

"Dear John,—Thanks for your recent letter. You will be very busy; and so am I. I work incessantly; and am never happier than when I sit down daily at my desk to write, correct, cut down, amend; so much so, that I grow oblivious often to the work of other people. So the *Masoretic Recension* must wait. At present I am indifferent to that Oriental lady. A better acquaintance by and by, however, is not impossible. I hope you keep free from malarial attack. I get out daily for short walks, weather being favourable. Kindest greetings to Mrs. Thomson and yourself. Adieu!—Thomas Dunlop."

This proves at once the bright spirit of the man, and his indefatigable industry. Dunlop continued writing for the "Kilmarnock Standard" almost up to his death. Two poems especially are to be noted; one appeared on the day preceding his death.

He had no intention of settling in the South, however pleasant residence in West Kirby might be. He hoped to return to Edinburgh, and to the society of his

friends there. A few days after the above letter was sent, he took a chill, and one of his old complaints set in. His family were not specially anxious ; the attack did not seem to be any worse than several which had preceded, and which he had been able to throw off. But notwithstanding all favourable prognostications, he passed away from heart failure on Sunday, December 26th, the day after Christmas—passed from the earthly Sabbath to the eternal Sabbath keeping—the rest that " remaineth for the people of God."

It is impossible for one who knew and loved Thomas Dunlop to judge with cold, critical appraisement what he has written. To us who, when we read, hear his voice, and see his mystic smile, there always is something added in which no stranger can participate. In some respects the contents of the present volume give a better idea of him as a man than may be formed from his sermons and addresses. The public must be left to judge.

MY OLD CHIEF

A JUNIOR MINISTER'S TRIBUTE

By Rev. Alfred A. Lee, of Manchester

The Rev. Thomas Dunlop's pastorate of Emmanuel Church, Bootle, was one of the most remarkable ever exercised in Liverpool and District Congregationalism. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that scarcely any minister of the English Free Churches influenced more people more wonderfully and lastingly than he did ; people at once so varied in character, so scattered in residence, so diverse in position and outlook upon life. This may seem an extravagant claim to make, especially in a district that boasted of the ministries of John Watson, Charles Garrett, Hugh Stowell Brown, and others. But I believe the contention could be successfully upheld.

The Bootle of 1875 (when Mr. Dunlop's ministry began) was very different from that place to-day, and many of the features that have become so characteristic did not exist. It was not exactly a seaside resort, as it once had been, but it was still a pleasantly situated township, offering refuge from the grime of the north end of Liverpool. Merchants and shippers had their homes there, and the fine, broad roads and stately

houses still witness to a glory which is only slowly, if surely departing. A very good description of the district as it was years ago is given in Mr. Dunlop's poem, " Breeze Hill, Bootle."

> Wellnigh the summit of this gradual hill
> I please my roving eye and wanton will,
> With varied scenes that lie in prospect round
> On lazy slope of slow-descending ground ;
> While from my gladsome window, gazing down,
> I view the distant sea and neighbouring town
>
> I look beyond, and see the patient fields
> All waiting for the dower that Autumn yields ;
> In some, long ridges, like the rippling wave,
> Hold the earth-apple in its hopeful grave ;
> And some that now seem desolate and cold
> Will soon be corn-lakes warm with waving gold.
>
> Beyond, I scan the varied landscape o'er
> From distant lighthouse on the Crosby shore,
> To Litherland and sea-washed Waterloo,
> And Seaforth with its saintly church in view.
>
> In constant haze the leftward scene appears
> Where Liverpool his thriving greatness rears,
> And nearer still his brawny arm extends,
> And plucks our flowers with toil-stained finger-ends.

Amongst the members of the church were men able and in high repute, holding important positions in the commercial and public life of the district. Time and again, the highest civic dignity was conferred upon some member of the congregation, and public officials, in stately procession, visited the church for their annual

civic service. Yet it would be erroneous to suggest that Emmanuel was only a rich man's church, fortunate in having big and influential congregations. Seldom in any church was the Scripture word better fulfilled :—

> " Rich and poor meet together,
> The Lord is the Maker of them all."

Always some of the best workers, most honoured by the church and given place and authority therein, have been men and women not richly favoured with this world's goods. Mr. Dunlop was never tired of referring to those who in quite humble circumstances had helped to build up the church and increase its usefulness. He was more indifferent than most men to the social rank of those around him. He moved with equal ease and equal grace amongst high and low alike. Concerning his long ministry, nothing better could be said than he has said himself, though never for a moment thinking that it would ever be quoted. (The occasion was the dedication of the new tower in 1906. The text of his address was from Psalm 96 : " Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.")

" From the first it has been my aim to reduce to the lowest possible in our church life and worship all ostentation, all unreality, all vulgarity and cheap embellishment, and to lift up our character to the utmost possible in that quiet dignity and sanctified reserve and warm brotherly sympathy and spirit of ready, willing, ungrudging sacrifice which comes from

fellowship with the Highest, with the most High God and Father of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

" Hatred of ostentation, vulgarity, and cheap embellishment, quiet dignity, sanctified reserve," these were some of the main features of his work and character.

He could not bear show or fuss in any degree. He just delighted to go on his way from day to day in quiet earnestness, assured of that Divine care which is over all, and in which we may all abide without worry and without fretfulness, if only we are faithful. With such a temperament it is not surprising that he sometimes found himself out of sympathy with modern Church life and methods, and felt it impossible to associate with others in certain forms of religious activity. Not that he was for one moment the " superior person " looking with disdain upon the efforts of those about him. He simply could not bring himself to believe that such activities were either conceived or executed in wisdom from on high. The word " Demonstration," and all that it stood for in the life of the Free Churches of England, he could not abide, and he would not countenance the special activities of the " Free Church Council." Yet no man was more brotherly in his relations to his fellow-ministers. He was a most respected member of their various associations and fraternals, and his unique contributions, both in papers and in discussions, were always highly and heartily welcomed. He was listened to with keenest interest and the whole circle loved him. He took his

part in the meetings of the denomination, and though he was never much appealed to by Church Courts and Ecclesiastical Assemblies his brethren delighted to honour him. He was elected to the chair of the Liverpool and District Union of Churches, and was chairman also of the Lancashire Congregational Union, the largest county association in the country.

Though in so many things Mr. Dunlop went his own way, he was not a recluse living his life apart from men. Few knew more of the world than he, and you only had to listen to his criticisms and comments of men and things to know how much *in the world* he lived.

It was his "humanism" (and "humanness") and wonderful insight and understanding which made his ministry so helpful to all sorts of people, who had very little time for ordinary parsons and preaching. Men and women came from all parts of the city to hear him,—Philistines, Pagans, Bohemians,—call them what you will for all their unlikeness to the "unco guid,"—and found in his message inspiration and help. Abnormal types of religious development appealed to him, and he was capable of meeting them and understanding them. And all the time along with his power over these, he was prophet and priest to simple souls who turned to him as sheep to a shepherd. Hungry, they looked up and were richly and abundantly fed. In all cases of sickness and trouble, he most perfectly performed the function of one who had the "cure of souls." He shone brightest in the sick chamber and in the house of mourning. It was often suggested by those

who knew him, that on his retirement from the ordinary work of the ministry, he should be appointed lecturer in Pastoral Theology, with special reference to the clinics of the subject. Because of his pre-eminence in this respect he always had a visitation list extending far beyond the boundaries of his own church. People from all parts and from all denominations used to send for him, and few men have more frequently lighted the lamps of the dark valley for frightened pilgrims. And if " the final test of a minister is that people turn to him in times of trouble," then in an incommunicable way Thomas Dunlop stood alone.

Mr. Dunlop had been pastor of Emmanuel Church for twenty-nine years when I was appointed to assist him. He had been unwell for some time, and had felt the strain of so large a church. His people, ever devoted to him, now persuaded him to have a colleague in the work and I was invited to occupy the position. His welcome to me could not have been more cordial. He greeted me as " his son Timothy," and through all the five years of service together he remained my best, my truest helper and friend. Within a few months of my settlement at Bootle my own father died, and Mr. Dunlop became, not only my senior and chief, but a father also. And because his treatment of me reflects so well his own heart and mind, I refer to it at some length. Also, it may serve to suggest something of the relation that may be possible between two ministers labouring together in the same church in perfect harmony, good fellowship and love.

As to work, it was arranged by mutual agreement, though he was my chief, that he should preach in the morning of each Sabbath, and I should take the evening service. He preferred this, partly because the older folk could be out in the morning, and also because before evening he became more or less fatigued. But for two or three years he attended the evening service to encourage and support me, though he might so well have claimed release and restful absence. He would receive me in the vestry after the service, compel me in kindness to the easy chair, and say some appreciative word, however poor the sermon or uninspiring the service had been. Any criticisms—and no man was more capable of the most searching analysis—were reserved until we met later in the week. Then I might hear something, but it was always in love and for my profit, and without any trace of scolding or sense of his own superior achievements.

He suggested that it might be mutually profitable if we read our sermons to one another before the Sunday came on which they were to be preached. *It would help him*, and he said it *might help me*. This was so like him. Yet, he had everything to teach, and I had everything to learn. So we continued for quite a time, and I had the double advantage of having my own poor work corrected, and his fine work set up before me as my example and constant challenge. Later, periods of illness made it impossible to carry out this programme week by week, but always he was glad to give any counsel he could as to reading or preparation of any

kind for the work of the ministry. I counted the years with him as a time of incomparable opportunity and development.

In addition to the Sunday service he took the mid-week service and presided at all church meetings. The Wednesday evening meeting, as conducted by him, became for the little company who attended a "Way-side Altar," a place of spiritual rest and refreshment set up in the midst of the toil and din of the busy week. Besides the Sunday evening services I was expected to superintend the Sunday School and organise the work amongst the young people as far as possible. The Sunday School premises at Emmanuel Church were among the most handsome and best equipped in the country. They had been designed in keeping with some schools in America, visited by one of the deacons of the church—schools far ahead of those in the old country, in attractiveness and regard for the needs of the children. And the school itself was worthy of its fine home. Interested in every part of the church's work, Mr. Dunlop was specially interested in the school, and visited it on every possible occasion. He was always the most welcome visitor and never seemed happier than when talking to the boys and girls and watching them at their lessons.

Each New Year he gave the scholars a motto text, and whenever opportunity came he catechised the children in a most delightful way. There was no "trembling away into silence" because the minister had come! He taught succeeding generations to love

the Holy Book, and he ever sought to impress its truths upon young minds. One constant practice of his is worthy of reference. Again and again in the school he would ask, "What is the great invitation?" and he taught the boys and girls to say in answer, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then he would enquire, "What is the great response?" And for reply he taught them this—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O! Lamb of God, I come."

It is safe to say that no child left the school without knowing at least this much of the way of the great salvation. In a playful tone he would promise the little ones "A new bawbee" if they would learn and repeat to him some short psalm or familiar passage of Scripture. So he cared for the "Lambs of the flock!" As to his love for children, see his poems—"Toddlin' Tammie," "Gavin's Birthday," "A Child's Prayer;" also his sermon to Sunday School teachers.

Mr. Dunlop would have been the last to talk of the pulpit as the Preacher's Throne (he didn't believe in thrones for preachers, and had a quiet and justifiable contempt for much of the extravagant adulation of so-called "Pulpit Kings and Princes.") But in the pulpit there were few men to equal him in that power which makes a service a "means of grace." He was blessed with a rich, deep voice of splendid range, and

he always "stood well" to his work. However exhausted he might be after a service, there was little sign of weakness during the conduct of worship. His sermons were always carefully prepared and written out beforehand in a small, neat handwriting, and for their fulness in word and punctuation they might have been intended for publication.

His early connection with the Press made him thoughtful and particular in this respect. He commanded a fine literary style, although he always said that the best style was to be without one. Still, he could not abide a badly phrased sentence, and I sometimes used to think that if he had to choose between alternatives he would have preferred the wrong thing said well to the right thing said badly. In support of this I remember the preference he showed for the "Saturday Review," the opinions of which he did not always admire, rather than the "Spectator," whose sentiments he shared rather more, but whose style he sometimes disliked.

There was always something original in his sermons, and you felt how entirely they were "his own." Very few men could be less dependent upon the thoughts and words of others. They were full of insight and human sympathy, and of most *uncommon* sense. As an example of his freshness in sermon thought and treatment, take his sermon on the 23rd Psalm—"The Psalm of Psalms" as he called it. Is there any new thing that anyone could hope to say about this "jewel in the casket of jewels?" Yet there is nothing quite

like his short but sublime rendering of it in the volume, "Diffidence of Faith." His theology, while true to no particular "school" except his own, was for the most part "an uncompromising maintenance of the essential doctrines of grace." As to what might be called the "non-essentials"—well, heresy hunts have been instituted before to-day for milder heresies less mildly expressed.

Mr. Dunlop was remarkable for his knowledge and use of Doxologies and Benedictions, and it was a beautiful reflection of the spirit of the man that he should excel in this respect. He seemed to have ransacked all literature for gems of praise and prayer, and few ministers could command so many and so varied renderings when occasion required. The following short selection has been made from Devotional Papers contributed to the Liverpool Congregational Magazine. It will be seen that some of them are from other than Biblical sources.

DOXOLOGY.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."—Rev. i. 5, 6.

BENEDICTION.

"Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings."

Henry VIII. v. 1.

DOXOLOGY.

" Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me."

Psa. lxvi. 20.

BENEDICTION.

" May the good Father, who knows all hearts, keep you always and comfort you in all your wayfarings. We shall meet, if it be His will, and not part again."

Thomas Carlyle to his mother.
New Letters, No. 29.

DOXOLOGY.

" Now God be praised ; that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair."

Henry VI. (2) ii. 1.

BENEDICTION.

" God's benison go with you !"

Macbeth ii. 4.

DOXOLOGY.

" Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Psalm ciii. 2.

BENEDICTION.

" God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, Charity, Obedience, and true Duty."

Richard III. ii.

His long prayers were always marvels of helpfulness, expressing in tenderest and choicest terms the aspirations of the most varied congregation. He would weave together most naturally and happily Scripture phrases and passages, and make them serve the purpose of praise and petition, and nearly always he concluded this part of the service with the ancient ascription :—" Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

A " Communion Service " conducted by Mr. Dunlop was a service to be remembered for its seriousness and simplicity. Let his own words suggest his thought about the Communion :—

" We may be sure our meeting at the Lord's Table will be for the best in every way if we meet in simple-heartedness, in the simplicity and sincerity of God. By the straight gate, by that humble door, all must enter, who enter for their own good and for glory to God in the highest. Great minds and small—great sinners and small ones too, if there be any such, have to enter at the same humble spot, at the common door, where sincerity like a meek flower grows, yielding the ' incense of lowliness.' "

Always the Communion ended with the old Levitical benediction, pronounced with almost patriarchal

earnestness :—" The Lord bless thee and keep thee : the Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee : the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen."

He followed the order customary in Congregational Churches, but he invested it with something of the peculiar and special reverence associated with the Covenanters. The time of " individual cups " had not yet fully come, and had it been I do not think he would have consented readily to the change. He declared that no case could be made out for their introduction, and challenged anyone to quote a case of harm or hurt of any kind from the use of the common cup. Certainly the Communion plate at Emmanuel was not to be lightly set aside, for it was as handsome as such things could be, the gift of affection and devotion from one rich in both qualities.

All new church members were received and welcomed at the Communion. A simple Confession of Faith drawn up by Mr. Dunlop was signed by the young people admitted to church fellowship for the first time, and frequently by others. This is so simple and yet so sufficient that it might be adopted more widely if it were known. It is given here as set forth in the Church Manual, year by year.

CONFESSION OF FAITH

Everyone is welcome to join the membership of our church who can in truth make the following confession :

So far as I know my own heart I am convinced of these two things—

That I need a Saviour ; and

That Christ is just the Saviour I need.

I therefore do, with all my heart, accept Him and resolve to be henceforth His true disciple and servant in all sincerity and faithfulness.

It was Mr. Dunlop's custom to give the right hand of fellowship at the Communion service to each new member and a motto text, and it was often noted how wonderfully appropriate such text was to the particular member being received. I often wondered whether the passages were selected beforehand or called up from memory at the moment. If the latter, then the appropriateness of each was more remarkable still. His felicity in welcoming members to the church was only exceeded by his felicity in giving farewell to those who had been associated in the fellowship of the congregation—especially those passed into the great unseen.

His obituary notices were perfect in expression and in restraint, and it has always seemed a wonder to me that no collection of them has been made for all the interest they would have, not only for those who knew the " dear departed," but for all who are interested in character analysis and the mirroring of human personality. Such notices can so easily become hackneyed

and commonplace—full of platitudes and superlative commendations. But with Mr. Dunlop every tribute was distinct, as distinct and individual as the life just ended had been. With unfailing genius he laid bare the good and true ; and with equal genius he refrained from " praises faint that could the more condemn." More often than not he concluded his memorial reference by quoting the hymn that was always a favourite with him—Bruce's :

> " Where high the heavenly temple stands,
> The House of God not made with hands,
> A great High Priest our nature wears,
> The Guardian of mankind appears."

No account of the Bootle ministry would be complete that omitted all reference to the Shakespearean Class which Mr. Dunlop conducted for years. Next to the Bible, " Shakespeare " was his great study, and he was never happier than when discoursing on the passages and personalities of the " immortal bard." The class was held after the mid-week service as a rule, and was introduced by coffee and friendly intercourse. Then the little circle would be formed with the beloved teacher in the midst. The company included people of all grades—social and intellectual : students, graduates, teachers, bank managers, two parsons, busy hardworking housewives, ladies of leisure and refinement—such a mixture of folk, yet all in happiest fellowship, contributing of their ignorance and wisdom to the amusement and interest of all. The

play for the evening would be read, each member present reading in turn whatever the part might be. Then explanations would follow, or be interjected at the time, explanations as to words and phrases. All sorts of questions were invited—literary, historical, philosophical, and theological, and at the end there would be a wonderful summing up and setting forth of things by the master who always claimed to be the humblest disciple and learner present.

An old friend, the Rev. T. H. Darlow, M.A., in writing of him, said :—" Dunlop loved paradoxes ; indeed he was a paradox in himself. With his childlike faith he combined much Scottish shrewdness as well as a rich vein of humour." It was not less true that having a name as a man of peace, he was also a man of war; and it seemed almost incredible that this most gentle and kindly of souls should have delighted most of all in the profession of the soldier. He was like Robertson of Brighton in his appreciation of and enthusiasm for all things military. He delighted in every sight of a soldier's uniform, and in student days was happy if he could walk in step behind a man in the King's clothing. He would follow for quite a way with a boyish glee and satisfaction. And when this last great war came, his regret, constantly expressed, was that he should be too old to shoulder a gun or render any military service. And one may be permitted to imagine his joy and pride as he welcomed his eldest son on " the other side," who had fallen in battle and died a soldier's death.

The following letter reflects the man alike for affection, humour, industry, and the mutual regard which was my pride and his satisfaction :—

" 69 Findhorn Place,
" Edinburgh, Jan. 28, 1914.

" Dear Old Friend,—the photo. of my namesake is very good and before us always. Give Alan my heart's central love. Have been in bed five or six weeks very poorly, and often in much pain ; but now I am getting out into my study. I have lots of work on hand—about 62 vols. in all styles of lit., but not to be taken too seriously, as no more may be heard of them. It was a happy time for you and for me when we were under the same yoke. I had little or no care ; and you had no fear of me and a light burden of anxiety. Good, very good to look back upon. You ask how I am ? In one word—' Am-waiting-for-the-first-fine-spring-day-to-lead-me-out-into-the-open-air-and-the-merry-genial-sunshine.' Love to Mrs. Lee, yourself, and the boy of boys, first and second !

" Yours sincerely,
" Thomas Dunlop.

" Rev. Alf. A. Lee."

The " namesake " was our second boy (David Alan Dunlop Lee) whom he christened and whom we called after him. The little fellow is now with his great namesake within the veil.

PRAYER

(BY THE REV. A. A. LEE)

AT MR. DUNLOP'S MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD IN EMMANUEL CHURCH, DECEMBER 31ST, 1915, AT THE HOUR OF THE FUNERAL AT WARRISTON CEMETERY, EDINBURGH.

Almighty God we praise Thee for the life of Thy servant now so peacefully ended.

For all the thoughts we have of him at this time we bless Thee.

For every memory that arises fragrant and beautiful,

For all his powers of mind and heart,

For his gifts of imagination and utterance,

For his character so gentle yet so strong,

For his spirit always radiant and full of hope,

For all his faculties so entirely consecrated to Thy will and service, we praise Thee, O God.

For his long and faithful ministry in this place,

For his knowledge of Thy truth and his boldness in proclaiming it,

For his never-failing sympathy with all troubled men and women,

For his grace to comfort such as mourned and his readiness to help the lonely and the weak, we bless Thy Name.

For all his labours in pulpit and home and by printed page we praise Thee.

For all who have called him blessed, and for the number of those who shall yet rise up to do so we magnify Thy Name, O God.

Not lonely, not unwelcomed will be his passing into the Heavenly City. A great company receive him and rejoice in his arrival "safe home." For him and all the saints who from their labours rest—Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Hallelujah. Hallelujah.

It is hoped that this memorial volume will recall to many friends "the fragile figure, the Doric accent, the prophetic fervour, the winning smile, the intense conviction which made Thomas Dunlop a preacher and a friend whom they can never forget—whose loss was for them as

"'A star extinguished, a grace withdrawn.'"

CONTRIBUTED BY A MEMBER OF EMMANUEL CHURCH

Mr. Dunlop was essentially a pastor to his people. The title came naturally, when applied to him. Strangers who did not know him might think it strange and quaint. He was essentially, too, a man of faith. His life was ruled by faith ; and he looked for it in his people.

A special characteristic of his ministry was the frequent use of Scripture he made. He was at home with the Bible, as if, too, his thoughts naturally culminated in Biblical language. The opening Sunday morning prayer might be the psalm—" God be merciful unto us and bless us ; and cause His face to shine upon us ; that Thy way may be known upon earth, and Thy saving health among all nations," to the end of the psalm. At another time his prayer would be the Scotch paraphrase—" Father of peace and God of love, we own Thy power to save," repeated right to the end, and so given as if no other words but those could offer up the petition that was in his heart for himself and his people. His sermons and addresses were rich in apt scriptural passages, which seemed to focus his thought to his hearers in Bible words. It made his ministry fruitful and enduring—the very bread of life.

Among his warmest adherents could be reckoned the young people of the church, who had grown up under his ministry. Little companies of them, as year by year drew to a close, came seeking for church fellowship, that on the first Sunday in the New Year they might join in the Communion service. Many of them simply signed the "Confession of Faith" which was always printed in the Manual for the year.

Throughout his ministry his first care and thought were for those who were in trouble and sorrow. His first visits were to them, poor and rich alike. His very presence brought strength and comfort. Many times have his people said after times of bereavement, "We shall never forget what he was to us at that time." His quiet sympathy brought with it needed comfort and strength. He had been through deep waters himself, and knew how to go with others there too. Many outside his own church sought and found his help at such times.

IN MEMORIAM: THOMAS DUNLOP

[The writer of this poem had no knowledge of the intention to publish a Memoir, and it seemed a coincidence that it should have been forwarded while the volume was in the Press. Unfortunately it was considered too long to be included entire, and Mr. Glasgow has kindly made a selection of stanzas from his beautiful poem.]

Ten years and more are gone
Since last I saw that face serenely bright,
Those eyes, that brow, whose earthly lineaments shone
With Heaven's authentic light.

And now beneath the sod
That form lies, and that spirit maiden-fair
Has passed into the marriage-house of God,
The spousal bliss to share.

Joy was in Heaven that day:
What burst of unpremeditated song
From the angelic host in deep array,—
What silent rapture long.

For not as aliens come,
Dubious of welcome, halting, and unsure,
But as an heir, long absent, to his home
Came that meek spirit pure.

Ah ! joy for Heaven, but we—
What grief on this war-stricken earth for us,
Sorrow to sorrow comes too heavily,
With cruel over-plus.

Yet were it some relief—
If from our loss an art-built shrine could rise,
Lifting his virtues, and our love and grief
For ever to the skies :

If o'er that sacred head
Might breathe such magic melodies as mourned
Young Lycidas, or Adonais dead,
And Death himself adorned.

But Fate withholds her gifts ;
And for those songs which shall not pass away,
Only my rustic muse her voice uplifts,
And mourns her little day.

. . . . . .

Heaven which about us lies
In blameless infancy, but fades away
As life's fierce sun mounts in the morning skies,
Was with thee all the day.

And even as Satan bore
Hell in his breast, where'er by vengeance driven ;
So thou, shy visitant from the Heavenly shore,
Could'st not escape from Heaven :

But where thou cam'st, light shone,
And pious thoughts in alien minds had birth;
The benediction of thy presence, brought down
A little Heaven to earth.

. . . . . .

What rapture of desire
Quickens the heart, when in some minster old
Breaks into shrill song the sweet-voicèd choir:
While from its mouths of gold

The mighty organ breathes
Tremulant thunder, and clouds of incense, come
From swaying censers, roll in dusky wreathes
To the dark, vaulted dome.

But deeper ecstacy,
More intimate sense of the Unseen was mine,
When without pride of pomp or pageantry,
To a far lowlier shrine

Thy ministering footsteps came;
Then was the waiting soul with reverence awed,
For on thy brow I saw the sacred name,
And knew thou cam'st from God.

. . . . . .

Ah! little of our praise
Thou reck'st, and little will the world give ear,
They only know thy worth, who saw thy face,
And communed with thee here.

Innocent gentleness
As of a gracious child,—a heart as prone
To utterest sympathy with all distress,
As e'er Distress hath known.

Unswerving loyalty
To Truth; and scorn of all earth-bounded gain,
That looked on fame with an indifferent eye,
On fortune, with disdain.

A mind that thought no ill
But ever strove another's fault to shroud
With its own purity; a steadfast will,
Unbroken and unbowed.

Aspiring thought that flew
Far-questing, high as human thought may dare,
Yet had her home where faith and reverence grew,
And bird-like nested there.

Great heart in narrow room
Content to toil, kin to all things that are
Lovely, and loving all, thy native bloom
Life's rough hands could not mar.

Yet thou knew'st sorrow; and pain,
Unquiet guest, sat often at thy board;
And vulgar thwartings, judgments harsh and vain
Pierced thy soul like a sword.

So that thy spirit sank
Depressed, and Life's rich wine was oft to thee
Bitter as that dread cup the Master drank
In lone Gethsemane.

But mid the gloom was light,—
Whispers divine thy fainting spirit cheered,
And bright against the darkness of the night
The radiant Cross appeared.

This was thy steadfast creed,—
This was thy well of hope for ever new,
From whence thy spirit in her bitterest need
"Secret refreshings" drew.

So did'st thou live and die,
Leaving earth sweeter for thy pilgrimage,
And unto us a fragrant memory,
Our priceless heritage.

Farewell, might we yet meet
Though long delayed, but how shall I aspire
To climb to those calm heights with wandering feet
Stained with Earth's dust and mire?

. . . . . .

GEORGE GLASGOW.

MY FRIEND. MY RESTING-PLACE

I.

The Heart of God lies near to me in thee,
  Dear friend, my hope, more bright with fleeting years ;
Nor hath the love of mother ceased to be,
  Though she long since hath dwelt beyond the spheres ;
Her love still lives in thine, celestial, free,
  Full of unfathomed gladness and of tears ;
  Breathe thou but one kind word to greet my ears,
It speaks of all the friends I ever knew—
  Thyself more rich to me than all the rest,
  More high than highest, better than the best ;—
Bear thou me up, Kind Heart, and bear me through ;
Thy loving deeds, though great, are all too few ;
  Were any flower of half thy charms possess'd,
  'Twere fit to grace—not mine—an angel's breast !

II.

Here from the strain of toil too strong for me,
Thankful, I turn aside to rest awhile ;—
Within a space not large but well-embower'd
With trees, and rich in fragrant flowers,

My peaceful dwelling stands ;—it is a place
To me all redolent of sweeter balm
Than worship ever found in golden fanes ;—
This flower-bespangled sod my temple is,
Girt round by leafy walls of evergreen,
And arch'd by that blue Infinite above :
Great God, my God, permit my own poor praise
To mingle with the incense of the rose,
And worship of assiduous ants and bees,
For all my work is Thine, and Thine my rest.

A REVERIE OF THE BEREAVED

In Memory of James Warrand Dunlop.
Born June 23, 1879 ; Died November 7, 1880.

It was soon told, the child's own simple story—
'Twas hardly yet begun till it was ended,
And from this gloomy vale to heights of glory
The softly-falling footsteps had ascended ;
What wondrous power with weakness here was blended !

No sainted prophet, Heaven-inspired and hoary,
Laden with some deep secret from the Lord to tell,
E'er had so much to say, or said it half so well !

Panting, we press the little feet before us,
Led by a way we never should have taken—
Light from the better country breaking o'er us,
And the old world we seem to have forsaken ;

The meanwhile in our weary hearts awaken
Strange echoes of the old angelic chorus,
When from the Father came a Child of Peace to men,
As if it had revived when one returned again.

Yet for our child how can we cease repining?
More than he brought he took when he was dying—
From the bright sun he took the golden shining,
And beauty from the green earth underlying,
And freshness where the open breeze was flying;
Wherever light and love were intertwining
They sank, as daylight-sheen in Arctic ocean dips,
When the soul passed the stainless marble of his lips.

We could believe in one so frail and tender
A true Omnipotence was calmly sleeping,
The universal Maker and Defender
Who holds all creatures in His all-wise keeping;
He dwelt in one scarce old enough for weeping,
And when we tried our poor vain help to render,
The child-eye glowed with utterance: it seemed to be—
Ye do it unto "one of these" and unto Me!

Oft of the future we were fondly dreaming,—
All trials, we, for his dear sake, could bear them;
And when he rose where fame's high goal is gleaming,
His honours too—we humbly hoped to share them!
The dreams are past and gone, and we can spare them;
There is a land where life needs no redeeming
From errors of the child, and from the parents' pain,
And where the hope of loving hearts doth never wane.

But oh! we could have kept him still beside us,
A beam of love before our faces playing;
We recked not what the future might betide us
While he his soft cheek close to ours was laying,
With babbling lips some kindly thing was saying,
Or stretched his hand to fondle or to guide us!
O God! he made us know how loving Thou must be,
And now we find and follow him in seeking Thee!

AN EXCURSION TO THE VALE OF BACA

I did not choose it for myself. It was in the plan made for me, like so many things in our mortal life. I had to go ; and I am not sorry that I had to go, now that I can look back on it as a thing accomplished, and not fruitlessly. As suggested in Samson's riddle, I have got meat from the eater and sweetness from the strong.

> "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on your head."

I reached my destination by way of a seaside watering-place, where I had hoped to be lifted out of my low bodily condition, but things did not go well with me, and I sank more every day. Then I made a desperate effort to get home, and just managed it. Infinitely thankful, I lay down in my familiar "nest," but so greatly shattered that I did not expect ever to rise again. Now was I in that Vale which the Hebrews were well acquainted with, and where, in most unpromising circumstances, they digged a well, and drank

refreshment; and it is a running well to this day, as the following reflections will shew.

What dread there is in the approach of evening to the invalid who cannot sleep! Way of escape he seeks, and seeks; but there is none; and every effort to find one adds to the gloom of the prospect. Down, down comes the darkening lid in slow gradation, with the pressure of an increasing and nameless misery. My eyes were closed; but there is an eye behind the eye, not under our control. That eye would not close; and before it flitted a fearsome panorama of ghoul-like shapes; they seemed alive, and active as gnats in the sultry evening air, changing their features and relative positions every instant, and every succeeding change more hideous than the last. Where could one look? What could one do? One could only face it, in the spirit of stubborn, yet not untrustful, endurance.

Only in such circumstances can one feel the loneliness absolute which Jesus seems to have felt when in the garden and on the Cross both Heaven and earth forsook Him; and there was no help for it. The last three of His friends, whom He relied on, dropt asleep; and even the Father in Heaven did not stand by as the sufferer fain would have Him do. In our most distressful experiences we are, and must be, alone; the trial of faith demands it, and the finest bloom of character we are capable of. The love, the service, of the most loving ones about us, avails not, in that secluded and exclusive little sanctuary. And as in the case of

our great Master, faith in the Divine Father's sympathy does not diminish, but rather intensifies, our craving for the sympathy — however imperfect — which the humbler fellow-creature sources may be expected to yield. Are not these as the cups of cold water which the Divine Hand makes use of to comfort the parched lips ?

So did I feel myself in the Valley of Humiliation, and of the shadow of Death, as Bunyan describes it in the experience of the pilgrim. Oh, how lovely death itself seemed, as compared with this hideous semblance ! And I thought how welcome, if it had been mercifully so ordained, that one could walk out of life as by the lifting of a door-sneck, or the turning of a handle,— when it had ceased to be tolerable ! I felt I could almost join those who would call in *Euthanasia* Pagan sister of Mercy, to those who are quite crushed, and of no more use in the world ; whose only task is to suffer, and cause suffering where, in the other case, it would not be there.

But the Hebrew seers came in to prevent me from going too far in that direction. They made me see, it is the crushed ones, the incapable and useless ones, whom the world needs most of all. The doing of the real work is theirs ; the others only seem to do it. And all this by Divine appointment. " The Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." So mine was a *sent* trouble ; to be endured ; not to be impatiently rejected,—in ignorance and cowardice. Why not see it through ? As so many of my fellow-

creatures were doing at the moment all over the world : as Jesus did, till He could say, " It is finished !"

I thought of Turgenev's " Living Relic," a beautiful young woman, leader of song and dance, now utterly disabled by accident, lying in an open shed day and night, unable even to wipe her eyes or stretch her limbs, yet with a full heart, wanting nothing, thankful for everything, in an ecstasy of delight over the flight of a swallow, the chirping of a sparrow, the humming of a bee, the gay fluttering of a butterfly, or the baby-like nibblings of a mouse. No royal progress could have charmed her half so much as the procession of mother hen and chickens past her open door. She never could forget one night whose sleepless sorrow was tinted by a heavenly vision : she saw Christ, who held out His hand to her,—" Fear not," said He ; " My bride adorned, follow Me ; you shall lead the choral dance in the heavenly kingdom, and sing the songs of Paradise !"

But the Hebrews, and none else, are the soul-physicians and comforters for all mankind. I had it borne in upon me more than ever, how priceless the boon when a young soul is brought close up to those old Hebrews, and embued with the spirit of their Scriptures. The effect of it in after years becomes simply stupendous. I could test the absolute sameness of human experiences, all times and places, when, in the melancholy night watches, Job's words sprang up and set the heroic man at my bedside, and in my ears rang the music of his sad complaint (vii. 3, 4) : " Wearisome

nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone ? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." It was worth while (was it not ?) his enduring it, since in the end it meant a change for him from mere hearsay to clear vision—" I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear ; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes !" (xlii. 5, 6).

Thanks to godly parents, and faithful teachers in Sunday School, I had my mind stored in childhood with the Psalms especially ; and their spiritual music, most often in the Scotch metrical version, which upon the whole is most melodious,—would now frequently break in on my solitude, in welcome snatches, spontaneously, and as choicely selected as a mother's breast is to the lips of her famishing child. For instance this :

" When I do Thee upon my bed
Remember with delight ;
And when on Thee I meditate
In watches of the night,—
In shadow of Thy wings I'll joy."
(lxiii. 6, 7.).

Of all things I did, the one thing I imagined I could do with the least measure of blundering and unsuccess, was visiting the sick ; and I sometimes wondered what would happen to myself in sore sickness. Then would come up to mind one of the most helpful and tender

thoughts that ever found their way into human literature, as expressed so sweetly and familiarly in another of these wondrous old-world lyrics; and the problem was solved:

> "Blessed is he that wisely doth
> The poor man's case consider;
> For when the time of trouble is,
> The Lord will him deliver:
> God will give strength when he on bed
> Of languishing doth mourn;
> And in his sickness sore, O Lord,
> Thou all his bed wilt turn."
>
> (xli. 1-3.)

If I had it, I would give any man a thousand pounds who would shew me anything finer than that is, rightly understood. It is no appeal for wage or reward. I do not suppose the Psalmist was more greedy for recompense than the best follower of Jesus is to-day; but he had the reasonable thought, which we all share, that it can be no vain thing to serve God with steadfast loyalty of heart, and especially in seeking to meet the most clamant needs of distressed humanity.

Notice, in particular, how here he presents the Almighty in the guise of a mother making the bed of her sick child, turning the hot pillow cold side up, sweeping the crumbs away, smoothing the ruffled surface, undoing the tangle of the bedclothes and spreading them out, so carefully and neatly, for the utmost possible of coolness and of comfort! "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

We are indebted for this to an ancient people, who would now be regarded as living in a half-civilised condition; and yet, in spiritual vision, they seem as far beyond us as the stars! One prime element in their vision should not be left unnoticed. Those old Hebrew seers and singers never take us far away from home; they are always in the precincts of family life; near to the fireside, and a father's knee, and mother's apron-strings,—to their praise be it spoken!

And now, for a moment or two I speak of other seeds of Abraham, not so far off as Canaan or Chaldæa, who came to me, more than once, and did not know how well, how refreshingly, they recalled the Saviour's identity with all sufferers, as witnessed in the divine words, "I was sick, and ye visited me."

Last, but not least, there was a young friend, whose name, for several nights together, the finger of my imagining wrote once and again in lines of light upon the canopy of midnight blackness above me; and I looked up to it, and read it, and pronounced it, when I was sinking under a desperate need of strength to wait and to endure: it gave me what I needed. She was a young woman moving in a sequestered sphere, unnoted and unknown, whom I had never seen display courage in the depths more than ordinary, but there was a distinct something in her demeanour that convinced me the courage fit for anything was there; and I felt too that, under the eye of Heaven that name was a name to conjure with.

We are told, there is a sense in which we can strengthen the Omnipotent, heal the Healer, save the Saviour: "I was hungry, and ye gave Me meat; thirsty, and ye gave Me drink." Never would it have occurred to that young woman, that her influence was so miraculously great, through words she had never spoken, and deeds she had never done; and that she could minister healingly to her old minister, though far away in time and place. Sweetly and unconsciously she did it, as it is being done by countless multitudes of the faithful ones all over the world. The reader will pardon me for quoting these words of hers: "If I have been kept from fainting in the day of adversity it has been through the strength of Him whom you have so consistently kept before us by your life and teaching."

A SECOND VISIT TO THE VALE OF BACA:

WITH AN ANCIENT HANDBOOK FOR THE JOURNEY

Again I took my way down the familiar Vale. It was sunset. The canopy of night was drawn about me by an invisible hand. I held in my grasp an old Handbook for the journey: a curious compilation, combining in perfection both qualities of guide-book and lantern,—the lantern also gifted with the twin-attributes of making clear my immediate steps and of revealing the right line of advance towards my further off destination. The light whereby I read the book came from within itself; and the twin attributes I have just referred to brought to mind and fixed there the correct rendering of a passage often made senseless by misquotation—"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Of course, I mean by the ancient handbook the Psalms of David. A learned brother at my elbow tells me I must not call it that—David, he says, did not write one of them! He has been sitting in his back room, in this twentieth century, and then thought it all out, and found that the contemporary Hebrews, and those that followed after, age after age, century after

century, down to the present, were all wrong, and he is there to put them right, as to dates, and authors, and historic circumstances, and so on. All very astonishing : as much so, as when some learned Patagonian arises in the 50th century, as he is sure to do, to inform his generation that Burns's poems and songs were not written by Burns at all, but were a fortuitous gathering from many different authors, living centuries apart, and that the Burns Federations and Banquettings and Immortal Memories of our time were simply a delusive means contrived to give to the so-called Burns literature a personality and a unity which never had any existence !

The Hebrew Psalms, in Scotch metrical version, I was familiar with from early childhood ; but never knew them as I do now, in their manifold excellencies, —and chiefly as the fruit of this second excursion of mine. That version is usually harshly judged, as being itself harsh, uncouth, unmelodious. In truth (not speaking of all, but of very many), no lyrics in existence can compare with them for sweet melody ; for simplicity ; for wealth of sentiment ; for loftiness of tone ; for efficient power, exquisitely tender, to heal and comfort the stricken heart of man.

As in Wordsworth there are prosaic patches, and in Coleridge silly ones, so in this metrical version there are passages awkwardly rendered, and not musical ; but it is nothing less than slanderous to take these as characteristic of the whole. Nothing could be more unfair or untrue. Upon the whole, to the discriminating

mind, they are as choice in their language, and as quaintly sweet to the musical ear, as anything to be found in lyric literature; besides that, they are (as I have just said) out of sight incomparable as a balm for the afflicted human spirit.

To my infinite relief, I found it so. The Handbook of old-time testimonies charmed me with good hope and good cheer at almost every step of my downward path. It was most interesting to reflect that, a long time ago, some talented folk had trodden that same way; and had had the same sad and painful experiences; and had burst into song over these; and never since, had that song ceased to well up in the hearts, and break forth in the voices, of the faithful, in their pilgrimage, in all the after ages and centuries. So I felt myself in a long line of spiritual comradeship, from the beginning downwards; and there was not a phase of my trouble, in body or soul, in mind or spirit, that I did not find quaintly, delightfully, most appropriately and artlessly expressed, and charmingly set to music, in the contents of that miraculous Handbook.

It was the Scotch metrical version I used; and that, I think, corresponds best with the original. The Hebrews never used rhyme in their lyric compositions; and the rhythm which they did use was never regulated into formal lines and stanzas as our verse-making usually is. To the ancient Hebrews the idiomatic genius of their language, and their literary taste, forbade the use of that outward form which is almost imperative with us. These differences are very noticeable

between ancient and modern times, between Oriental and Western peoples. Think how much would be lost to our song and ballad literature, and our hymnology, if deprived of the grace of rhyme, and the accomplishment of well regulated verse!

It follows, therefore, that, other things being equal, the best translation of the Hebrew psalms must be the metrical one, which, though different in form from the original, answers better to the intrinsic spirit. The old original lyric requirements cannot possibly be so well fulfilled amongst us by the chanting of what are called the prose psalms. The Hundredth Psalm, for instance, in this form may be chanted by a trained choir very beautifully; but a great popular assembly could not give voice to it in that way, as a great audience has often been heard to do, with supreme effect, when the psalm was sung in rhymed and regulated verse.

So with myself in the Vale. My heart in secret could sing the metre, could hardly avoid doing so; and could slip more easily into the sentiment, and keep it fast in the memory, and more promptly reproduce it when required. Often too was I led to reflect what a loss it must be that these psalms are not sung as often as they used to be in public worship. No other compositions can, or are ever likely to, replace them. Surely, the future church will resume singing them with more zest than ever.

In regard to form, as an example of perfect lyric grace,—and in regard to substance as an expression of the true spirit of worship, the thankful spirit, and the

enthusiastic spirit of love, and love's fidelity,—what could be better than—what could be brought from universal song literature to compare with—the following four lines, and I quote them as only a sample of numberless others of like kind—

> "Since better is Thy love than life,
> My lips Thee praise shall give;
> I in Thy name will lift my hands
> And bless Thee while I live!"
>
> (lxiii. 3.)

In the Vale I recalled our use of them in family worship. I was a child again; awed and inspired by the service; by the father-priest's reverential tone, which I have never heard equalled in any pulpit. It was put on,—he never had it at any other time; but it was put on from within; it was the heart, or inner spirit, affecting all else outside itself: "Let us worship God:" "Let us sing to the praise of God:" then he who never sung at other times led the singing; and he who had no gift of speech read and prayed with an eloquent unction, and dignity of choice language, and high apostolic fervour and tone, which would have done credit to an archbishop, and not disgraced the most solemn cathedral service that ever existed. Nor was it exceptional in my father's case. Cottars, and peasants, of every grade, if they were God-fearing and heads of houses, all had it. How they came by it is a mystery; but that superb training, which a thousand universities could not have educated them up into, they somehow acquired of their own choice and effort, personally and

independently, by the sheer strength of their simple piety, and a sense of sacred duty which an intelligent grasp of religious principle awakened and sustained within them.

Recalling all this in the Vale, one thing in particular, and very naturally in my circumstances, drew my attention: the frequent and very tender allusions made in these psalms to bodily conditions,—to the frailty, the weariness, and suffering of the human body—

> "For He remembers we are dust,
> And He our frame well knows."
> (ciii. 14.)

It is indeed a feature of all the Hebrew literature, and lends a peculiar charm to it, that temporal things, things of the senses, food convenient for man and beast, and such like, are so often alluded to,—implying that the Maker of the body keeps watch over His handiwork, with the deepest interest, and especially when it has come to grief—

> "Those that are broken in their heart,
> And grieved in their minds,
> He healeth, and their painful wounds
> He tenderly upbinds.
> He counts the number of the stars."
> (cxlvii. 3-4.)

Notice the close familiar intimacy which the trouble brings about between the humblest and the Highest. The patient does not know the doctor till he needs him.

Here is the Omnipotent in one breath doing hospital duty to a poor sufferer, and in the next He is amongst the stars, counting the numbers and giving them their names!

In a previous article I quoted the passage where the Divine Womanhood, or Motherhood, is represented as bending over the restless child, and making his bed for him—

> "And in his sickness sore, O Lord,
> Thou all his bed wilt turn." (xli. 3.)

But similar pathetic touches are met with constantly:

> "All thine iniquities who doth
> Most graciously forgive;
> Who thy diseases all and pains
> Doth heal and thee relieve.
> Who with abundance of good things
> Doth satisfy thy mouth." (ciii. 3 and 5.)

In Shakespeare, and in poetic literature all through, there are exquisite lyrics, which yet are utterly alien and incompetent, if applied for help to one who is in life's crisis down in the valley; but oh how different with such an old-world strain as this—

> "Such pity as a father hath
> Unto his children dear,
> Like pity shews the Lord to such
> As worship Him in fear;
> For He remembers we are dust,
> And He our frame well knows:
> Frail man, his days are like the grass,
> As flower in field he grows:

For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
It shall no more be known.
But unto them that do Him fear
God's mercy never ends;
And to their children's children still
His righteousness extends." (ciii. 13-17.)

Notice not only the sweet musical rhythm of this, but the combination it presents of delicate tenderness and sympathy with rock-like righteousness, a quality which the Hebrews always attributed to Jehovah's own character; and they held it was the chief thing He sought to produce in the character of His people:

"Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps." (cxxi. 3.)

We marvel at the number of mistakes we are allowed to make; we should marvel more if we knew how many slips we have been prevented from making! Here again, what a touching allusion is made to the Heavenly Nurse who never droops an eyelid,—the Unsleeping God, who may be trusted to be ever promptly at hand for help to the sleepless one, tossing to and fro, in the night watches!

"Behold He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not nor sleeps." (cxxi.)

My sojourn in Baca brought me near and nearer still to the Heavenly Father's footstool: that is to say, the child-spirit of Jesus grew and grew until it possessed

me well-nigh altogether. I can say, in no unreal sense, that I met Jesus in the Vale, and had close confab with Him. "You are familiar here," said I. And He replied, "Oh, yes: it is My native air; I would rather be here than anywhere else; it is the joy set before Me to transform the inner quality of things here, without changing them at all in their outward appearances. Water of life abounds here; but they have to dig wells to get it, —wells of salvation, whence those who take the trouble draw water with joy."

Then I remembered how one of those old Hebrews had borne testimony, true and stupendous, to that very thing—

> "Upon my heart, bestowed by Thee,
> More gladness I have found
> Than they, ev'n then, when corn and wine
> Did most with them abound."
>
> (iv. 7.)

It is implied, of course, that they had robust good health whereby they could enjoy these mercies to the full; but the Psalmist, in extreme temporal needs and distresses, found (as I too humbly have done) that these unlikely agents can yield, through the working of Divine grace, a celestial satisfaction and joy unspeakable which it is not possible for all other things in combination and at their best to do. And so, to conclude, my excursion down to the depths of the Vale of Baca, costing me so much, nevertheless may be said, therefore, to have paid all its own expenses, and a great deal more!

MINISTERIAL REMINISCENCES

I.—DONALD AND HIS WIFE

As suggested by his name, Donald was a Highlander, born on the verge of Culloden Moor; and he had in his possession, held with sacred preciousness, relics of the battle which took place there; these handed down by his ancestors, who had taken part in that disastrous conflict. He was a short, thick-set man, with broad shoulders, and would have been called massive had he been a little taller,—his head being uncommonly large, and his face in proportion; he wore a long shaggy beard and moustache, and a heavy shock of hair covering his head, and drooping almost to his shoulders. This looked so like a part of himself that I never suspected it to be a wig during the long period of my five and twenty years' acquaintance with him; yet so it was.

He was a shy man; his movements were slow and orderly; he spoke little, but what he did say indicated a well-informed mind and clear intelligence. This was manifest also in the expression of his countenance. In manner and in spirit, too, Donald was a perfect gentleman. He bore himself on all occasion with quiet dignity and propriety; ever ready to oblige; incapable of

meanness ; and with a great admiration for what was really admirable. I can bear witness that he was a devout man ; his demeanour in the house of God showed it, without possibility of doubt ; and the closer one's acquaintance with him became this unobtrusive feature of his character was the more confirmed. But owing to his modest reticence and dislike to be in any way singular or conspicuous, few of those in daily intercourse with him knew that the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the poems and songs of Robert Burns were the chief sources of his soul's inspiration and delight.

His position was too humble to give him any social standing. He and his wife were plain working people, as countless generations of their ancestors had been, in all likelihood ; and day by day they lived from hand to mouth, earning their daily bread. But in manner and feeling they had both a remarkable refinement, not common in their class. She was a true lady ; and he, as I have said, a true gentleman. She, in earlier life, had been a nurse in a well-bred and cultured family ; and this no doubt had a refining influence upon her ; but refinement was native to her,—she was born with it, gifted by Nature with gentleness, kindliness, perfect courtesy, and that divine element of charity which is invariably kind, thinketh no evil, and seeketh not her own. This, I believe, was ineradicable in her character ; and she would have been the same had she been born in Billingsgate.

I did not know this worthy couple till they were well on in years. Donald was then employed in connection

with one of the big steamship companies. His post was one of extra trust. He had charge of the valuables which incoming passengers desired to leave with the Company till they returned from their travels. In this and other services he had been with the same employers for over forty years, with a continuous clear gain to his character and reputation. Then when somewhat disabled by infirmities he retired from the Company, with a small pension. In course of time a gratuity of five pounds was given instead, and the pension stopped. This troubled the old man ; and I went to headquarters and asked if exception to the new adopted rule could not be made in the case of one who had served so long and so faithfully. The answer was an emphatic no. Had the personal influence still held that used to prevail in that big business, I am sure the answer would have been emphatic opposite. But now Donald was a mere numeral in the estimate of the impersonal, soulless Company.

Being frugal in his mode of living, he had managed to save a little money, little bit by little bit, as the years went by. This amounted to £100, which he invested in the Dock Board, and there it lay for some years. But soon after the pension ceased the worthy couple began to feel the pinch in their resources ; and they resolved to transfer the £100 to the Savings Bank, where small sums could be drawn from it conveniently.

One day Donald and his wife went into the city to carry out this intent ; he, a frail old man ; she, much the younger and more active of the two. The money

was drawn ; the notes put into the inner breast pocket of his coat, which was then buttoned close up. There was another bit of business for them to do before they returned home. An old sea captain, retired, and very infirm, who lodged with them, had asked if they would kindly call at a certain office on his behalf, as he was unable to do so himself ; and they readily consented.

They made their way to the office ; she, mounting the stairs ; he, waiting till her return at the mouth of the common entry. She had not long gone when a man came hurriedly down to tell Donald that his wife wanted him upstairs ; and he proceeded to pull himself up by the bannister. Meanwhile, another man came down and shoved the old man aside, saying he had as good a right to the bannister as he ; immediately two or three other rude fellows came, pulled Donald's hat over his eyes, and hustled him about till he was perfectly stupefied ; finally, they left him, and he reached the upper landing, to find that the summons was false, and that his packet of £100 was gone. What a sore heart it must have given to these well-doing and admirably honest souls ! They at once made their way back to the bank ; told what had happened ; ascertained the number of the notes ; and communicated with the detective department at the Police Office ; and then went quietly home, not over-excited, but as melancholy and forlorn as creatures of God's making could be.

A short while afterwards, when hope of the money being recovered seemed vanishing, Donald called on me, and told what had happened. He said he did not

wish me to hear it first from any other source. A paragraph had appeared in the newspapers concerning it; but chanced to escape my notice. My sympathy with the worthy man was as deep and sincere as it could be. I learned what had been done; and told him I would do the utmost I could myself. Never was I better pleased with him than when he stood before me with this crushing sorrow resting on his soul: the chief thing in his demeanour was tranquillity, and a quiet submissiveness to what Providence had in store for him.

That night I wrote out a brief statement of the case, in the form of an appeal to the general public; went in to town with it next morning; went first to the head detective, who said there was no chance whatever of the money being recovered; the notes had been passed in some London hotels, in the ordinary way, and nothing further could be traced, nor was ever likely to be traced.

I showed him my appeal. He approved of it; but suggested that if I mentioned his name, and what he authorised me to say, it would no doubt add something to its force. I did so. Then I went to the newspaper offices with my appeal, which was kindly and sympathetically received. They had noticed the dastardly outrage on the old man, and most willingly would do what they could to restore the savings of a lifetime, to one who had no other hope for the future of supporting himself and his wife, and keeping a home roof over his head. They promised to receive subscriptions, which they would publish day by day. On entering one of the chief banks to secure similar help, I was met by a

friend, a man of business, who when he understood what my purpose was assured me I would get all the money I wanted, and more.

It proved so. The appeal was made public on Tuesday, and on the following Saturday evening I had the joy of restoring to the old man his lost hundred pounds, with twenty more to the good! The subscription list had to be closed, or I know not how much farther it might have gone. Contributions, larger and smaller, came in promptly from all quarters, far and near; even from the decks of outward bound ocean-going steamers. The personal gratification I felt, for Donald's sake, was boundless; and also, at the thought that the soul of the public was embued to so great extent with the charity of Heaven; and needed only a real authentic trouble to call it forth.

Donald lived for some years after this, in content and peace; and when the end came he died as a Christian should, with good hope, and with a grateful sense of the goodness and mercy that had been following him all his days. His chief hobby had been the collecting of old coins, ancient and modern; he had a large collection; this he bequeathed to me, with the stipulation that it should be kept intact. I entrusted it to the local museum, where it now is, bearing his name.

Donald's wife was always frail; and when her last illness came she did not want for kindly attentions. Her spirit breathed sweetness, as it had ever done. Gentleness, as I have said, and a lady-like courtesy were native to her. I never knew her fail to say and do

the right thing; and it was done and spoken always with the quietude and grace of an angelic visitant. Her life was lived not more in piety than in good taste. An air of refinement and sweet charitableness was around her at all times, and in every place. It was "the savour of Christ," if ever that existed. She adorned the world, like Him, during her stay in it.

II.—THE TWO SISTERS

When I first knew them they were in good circumstances: lived together in a comfortable house, well furnished, full of curious things from the Far East, India, China, Japan—these sent by a kind brother whose business led him into those distant places. Alas! he died, and the two sisters were left alone in the world. This misfortune was followed soon after by another—the breakdown of a northern bank: and another still, the failure of a shipping company in which they had a commercial interest.

Their fortunes were quite wrecked. Their house had to be given up; their furniture and all their quaint beautiful curios sold; their very watches had to be sacrificed to meet liabilities. The case was most pitiable: for they were well-born, well-bred, well-educated ladies of superior intelligence: bright, sunny, sociable in their temperament, with more than a touch of Scottish pride and independence. So that the most

part of their sore trial was endured in secret and in silence. They could smile over it, but not complain.

I see them both in my mind's eye while I write—the one tall and robust: the other small and slender: the one somewhat imperious in her air, as though she could play the empress well, and laugh over the deception: the other, although the elder of the two, diffident, shrinking from notice, and as though ever ready to make apology for lifting her head up and laying her foot on the ground. They were both exquisitely gifted with humour: not only could see the joke, but see it afar off: and usually their life was lived in an atmosphere of cheery laughter.

I lost sight of them for some years after the catastrophe came. They glided softly out of view, and said nothing, before anyone had time to ask how they felt or what they thought of doing. Then, after an interval, they drifted back to a crowded locality near where they formerly lived, and had been some time there before I knew of it. At last Lizzie, the younger, came and told me they had gone to a country town in Scotland and tried a little business in the baby linen line, but it had failed, and now she was a stewardess on board one of the Cunarders: whilst "wee Mary," who meanwhile had become quite blind, sat alone in their lodging knitting during her sister's absences.

It was a poor lodging—one small room, the bed in it, and a little table, on which their frugal meals were spread; a few books also, and some other trifling things which they could call their own. Many a visit I paid

there, trying to cheer, and was myself greatly cheered by the brave spirit and apparently boundless good humour of the two sisters when I chanced to find them together : and even the lonely one, when alone, proved a very cordial to her visitor. One afternoon I saw her groping her way in the street by the railings, and spoke to her : she knew my voice at once—knew my tread almost—so we walked, prattled, laughed, till her dwelling was reached. She was carrying a tiny jug with a drop of cream in it for her tea.

By and by her strength began to decline : not so her natural vivacity. There was always a curious blending of pathos and brave cheeriness in the case. Not because sorrow was not felt did they hardly ever allow the least symptom of it to be seen. During the illness of the little woman help was needed, and I obtained it for a good many years from a Society for the help of Decayed Gentlewomen in Edinburgh, who very kindly sent me ten pounds annually for the purpose. Sometimes the sisters made an appeal to me for an advance on what was coming, and I always granted it : though not always could I escape their just eagerness to " square up " when they could, for they were most scrupulous in matters of that kind.

Many times I visited the invalid in her frailty and sad loneliness, chatting with her, reading a little, exchanging jokes, as I sat by her bedside in the small comfortless room. The landlady was not unkind : but on the invalid, for the most part, devolved the cheerful task of nursing herself. There was no help for it. She

could not now knit or employ herself in any way: she could only lie still, suffer, and think, counting the days and hours till Lizzie should come back from sea.

Lizzie got leave of absence for a voyage: and during that period I spent an hour or so one evening with the two sisters. They seemed very happy: and we were almost hilarious, although we all felt quite sure the little one would never rise again. She said something that struck me. I asked her to repeat it. Then I recognised it as a quotation from Shakespeare, and I said, "Do you read Shakespeare?" "Oh, yes; father loved him, and we girls learned to love him too by hearing father read and recite so many fine passages. Lizzie has just been reading Richard the Second to me: and though I'm no sae miserable as the puir king, I want nae mair—

> "'A little grave, a little, little grave:
> An obscure grave.'"

So said wee Mary. That same night she died. By the aid of a few friends I got her decently buried, buying the ground, and giving the title to the survivor, who, on the way back from the funeral, remarked to me that she had nothing to live for now but to put a stone over wee Mary's grave.

When Lizzie resumed duty I went down to the Cunarder and saw her off. She conducted me over the ship, introduced me to some of her official friends, and seemed greatly pleased that I had come to relieve somewhat her life's dismal loneliness. In her presence once

or twice, I felt a whiff of something stronger than water: had never done so before: but in the circumstances I thought it not unnatural, and although I would rather it had not been there, I did not think it ominous. A voyage or two later I learned that she was dismissed. No charge was possible against her of neglect of duty. She was most alert, attentive, obliging, capable in every way: but the passengers complained —so they said—and the credit of the Company was at stake. She herself attributed her downfall to the jealousy of two or three. She knew she could do her work better than most.

At all events, she had to go from the Cunard service, and all my efforts to get her reinstated were in vain. Her breadwinning business was gone, and nothing else to rely on. The small sum sent annually from Edinburgh had ceased with her sister's death. I tried and tried, to the extent of my wit's end, to get her a situation one way and another, but every effort failed. What I could spare in the way of money she was very welcome to, and she knew that. At first she came not seldom, and got what I had to give: but as time went on she seemed more reluctant to come as (no doubt) her sense deepened of my willingness to help. She was a true lady, well liked by the best bred, cultured passengers, some of whom in high rank she corresponded with long after they sailed with her; and from them, I fancy, some degree of aid came to her in her trouble.

Her one bad habit did not cease. Only once did I see her unsteady, but the flavour was usually there.

One day a card came to say she was off on an Australian liner in the same capacity as before. Perhaps a year or so after, she sent a postal order from Teneriffe for thirty shillings, in part repayment of her debt to me. I wrote in acknowledgment, and said I would keep the money for her future use as I did not want repayment. I never heard from her more. Years again passed. One Monday morning a messenger came to report her death in her lodging about two miles away. He had tried to find me the previous night, but could not, through insufficient address. He told me she had fallen downstairs the night before about eight o'clock, and though still breathing seemed quite unconscious. In the small hours of the morning she breathed her last. No word passed her lips. She gave no sign whatever. How the accident happened no one could tell. No one saw her fall. She gave no cry. She had fallen backwards, having, as it appeared, a water caraffe in her hand. As she was a tall, heavy woman, the shock must have been great.

It was her custom, I was told, when the ship came back from the voyage, to come down from London and occupy her old lodging until sailing time came again. I could understand why she still hovered about her sister's resting-place. She had but one thing to live for—the stone memorial over wee Mary's grave: and I learned she had made enquiries not long since as to how much it would cost—it would cost twenty pounds. I went out at once, and gazed on the still, strong, handsome face. A former landlady was in the room, whom the deceased trusted absolutely, and who had been sent

for when the accident occurred, and had lingered on—and glad she was she did so—till life went out: and then, in arranging the body, noticed a small cord round the neck with a small bag attached. This she gave to me, and in her presence I took out the contents—between notes and gold pieces there was exactly the sum of twenty pounds!

On Saturday she had been summoned to rejoin her ship, and had sent off her box to London and paid all her liabilities to the last mite. They said she was looking better, brighter than usual: and nothing at all to be seen that one would rather not notice. The fatal thing had happened just as she was about to leave the house to catch her train south—her little handbag on a chair, packed and ready. Two letters, dated a few days ago, were in it, both from Scotland—one from a lady, thanking "dear Lizzie" for some gift sent: the other from a gentleman, speaking of the pleasure he had had lately in spending a day with her whilst on a brief visit to Liverpool. The two had been bairns together, and never lost acquaintanceship, although a good many years had passed since they had met before.

In response to my telegram he came to the funeral, which I arranged exactly as in the former case. He was a very silent man, and melancholy—an artist, he told me; and after tea in my house, before returning north, he confided to me that he felt life very lonesome and dreary, with nothing in it worth living for. He was only a lodger, but his great ambition had always been

to have a little house of his own, with Lizzie for his housekeeper!

The precious legacy found round her neck and near her heart I spent as I knew she wished it to be spent. I got what I thought most appropriate, a large unhewn block of grey granite, just as it came from the quarry, and set it up over the two sisters' grave, with a small bit, shield-shape, polished in front, to receive the names and dates of death, and also the quotation from Shakespeare that fell from wee Mary's dying lips :—

> "A little grave, a little, little grave:
> An obscure grave."

This, surmounted by the Old Testament "Ebenezer," and succeeded by the New Testament "God is Love."

I do not suppose I can ever feel more satisfaction than I felt when I saw that stone set up in its place, and when I stood beside it, with a full heart, reflecting on the good providence of God, whereby those two hapless women—dear, tender souls—should, in spite of all oceanic, Antipodean, and other hazards, be brought at last to the fulfilment of their heart's desire, and sleep their last sleep, as it were, in each other's arms! "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord."

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"Low liest thou—
'Neath sun and cold starlight?
All time thou tread'st our path,
Guiding for aye!

Low liest thou—
With lips for ever mute?
We hear thee in thy song,
Singing for aye!

Low liest thou—
Beloved—in thy grave?
Earth's sorrow 's here and ours,
Thou liv'st for aye!"

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